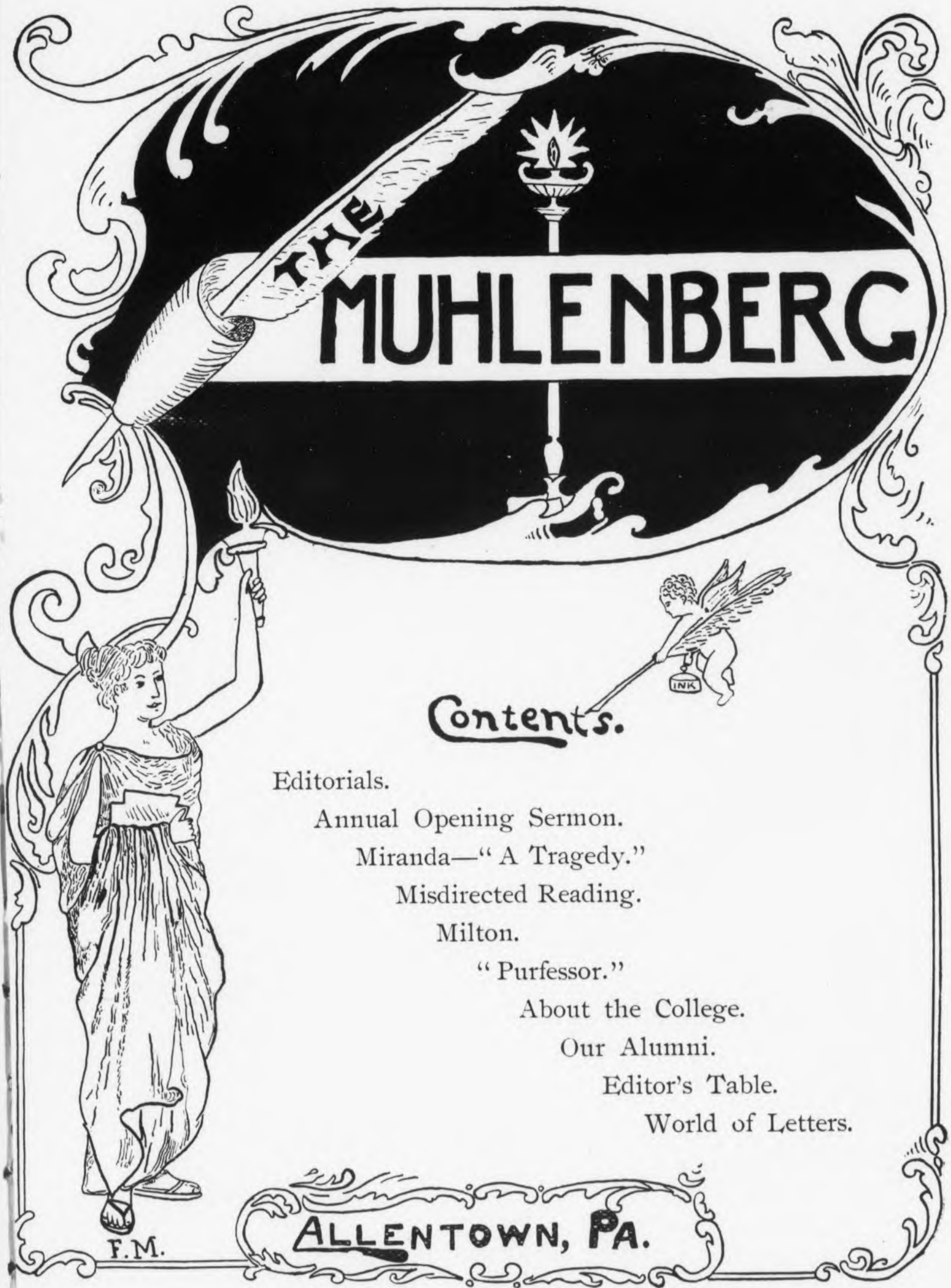
THE MUHLENBERG



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ALLENTOWN, PA.

HEADQUARTERS

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The Muhlenberg.

"Litterœ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIV. ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 1.

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Editorials.

WITH this issue of THE MUHLENBERG begin the duties of the new staff.

Realizing the great advancements that have been made in college journalism, we have deemed it necessary to make many improvements in our own monthly, and this number is the result of our labors.

The size of THE MUHLENBERG has been reduced, but on the other hand the number of pages have been increased, and this with a new cut gives our journal an exceedingly neat appearance, and at the same time a journal of which our students and alumni may well feel proud.

The contents will also not be neglected, and the short story and poem will receive prominence.

But to accomplish our purpose we need the hearty co-operation of all the students.

We need contributions.

Under our present system of conducting THE MUHLENBERG it is utterly impossible to ascertain who are our good essayists, our good storiette writers and our good poets, especially so is this the case with the lower class men. Therefore, help us out

of our difficulty. Send in your contributions, for this may, in some future time, insure your election on the staff.

Fellow students! We invite your criticism.

ONE of the several improvements made around the College, during Summer months, was the renovating of the reading room. And a timely one it was too, for it was long an eyesore to many a member of the association. No longer, on opening the door, are we greeted by those wonderful works of art on the sides, made by many a wooly head with innumerable mixtures of hair dressings, but in their stead hangs a wall of paper of such hue as to give the room an indescribable cheerfulness.

The floor has also been renewed, and the chairs repaired and polished, so that one may not be so rudely awakened, when interested in some fascinating serial or engrossed in the great financial problem, by a sudden unsteadiness in the legs of the chair, then a crash, and in imminent danger of being hurled into the apartments below.

True, many are the improvements that might yet be made, but now that our reading room can once more be called a reading room let us do our duty.

Let there be no more of that miserable purloining of papers and magazines as has been so much in vogue for several years past.

Let us not for the lack of a gymnasium take our exercise with one of the chairs, as an Indian club and reduce it to kindling wood, or even indulge in other gymnastic feats.

At the last meeting of the Association the curators were instructed to enforce all the rules and regulations, and it is hoped that they will do their duty.

WE are under obligations to Mr. Francis Miller, '97, for the new cut of THE MUHLENBERG, which appears on the front cover.

Annual Opening Sermon.

BY THE REV. J. A. KUNKLEMAN, D.D., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

[Delivered at the opening of the Thirtieth Scholastic year of Muhlenberg College, in the Chapel,, Thursday morning, September 3d, 1896.]

1. TIM: 4: 14. "Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

Paul and Timothy were close friends, had been associated as fellow-laborers, and Paul being the elder, regarded Timothy as a son in the faith.

After having given kindly advice in many directions, Paul addresses Timothy personally in the words of the text.

By "gift," the Apostle meant the qualifications for the work of the ministry. These, he was to cultivate, exercise, make useful.

Any endowment, physical, mental, or spiritual, may be regarded as a "gift" of God. All such gifts are intended to be useful, and it is the duty of all upon whom they have been bestowed, to cultivate and make the most of them. Hence, I commend this precept of Paul to Timothy, to all the students of Muhlenberg College.

I ask your attention to two thoughts—First, The advantages here afforded—and Secondly, The proper improvement of these advantages, and of the gifts conferred by the Creator.

I. The advantages.

1. *The location* is beautiful, healthy, and in every way favorable.

2. *The Instructors* are trained men, specially fitted for the work entrusted to them, and are Masters, each in his department.

3. Should any student pass through the course and make a failure, it will be his own fault, and not the fault of his teachers.

4. The professor can only offer facilities, stimulate, enthuse, guide and assist, all the rest depends upon the student.

II. *The improvement* of the advantages enjoyed and gifts possessed.

1. *Dr. Dwight said*, "That College made him an educated man, and a man of thoughtful life."

2. *Dr. Gilman*, "The best thing Yale College did for me, was to give me training." And

3. *Dr. Arthur Brooks*, "The best thing my College did for me, was to educate me."

4. The work of the College, then, is to educate, to train, and to make thoughtful.

5. We have gifts of body, mind and soul. Their cultivation begins with life, is continued through life, and we believe, will be carried on through eternity, ever approaching, but of course never attaining, the infinite.

Let me here offer some practical suggestions:

1. Accept, without question, the schedule of studies laid down.

That a proper course, adapted to the end proposed, should be adopted is important, all teachers have felt.

The course prescribed, is the result of long experience, and should be accepted as the best that can be devised.

Students sometimes feel like eliminating some of the studies included, and substituting others. To do so, would be to give preference to an immature, over a judgment based upon long experience, and would be a very grave mistake.

Pursue all the studies selected and included in the course, and be regular, as that alone leads to graduation, which in this day is of great importance.

2. *Be diligent.* There can be no success without persistent effort. Call to mind the effort required to master the multiplication table, and the tables of weights and measures. The declension of nouns and pronouns and adjectives, the paradigms of the verbs, and the formulas in Mathematics, Chemistry and the Natural Sciences, will require like effort.

3. *Study to be accurate.* This is essential to scholarship. To hesitate, or doubt, is to be condemned as not knowing. And accuracy is impossible without constant painstaking. It is absolutely essential in the solution of problems in Mathematics,, Philosophy, Theology, Science, Medicine and Jurisprudence. Hence the important need of class drill.

4. *Study Men.* We have to do with men all our lives. To succeed in every calling, it is necessary to success, to know men. Other conditions being equal, they succeed best, who best know men. Here, you have special opportunity.

Begin with your Instructors. They are worthy your study, and you can study and leaan to know them, in the class room and out of it. Continue your study with the students. Each term will bring new subjects. As you mingle with them, your first impressions will be confirmed, or you will find occasion to modify them. Your whole course will be a school, and at the end you will be surprised at the facility with which you will be able to read men.

5. *A wide field opens before you.* The whole cosmos. The starry worlds before and around you—and the earth on which you live, with its three kingdoms, the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal, all about you.

Give special attention to Methodology, the physical, the mental, and the spiritual in man. Study his development in History, Science, and Art, overlook not either the History of Philosophy, nor the Philosophy of History.

Give attention to Morality and Religion. Remember that you are moral, religious, and therefore, accountable beings. An educated unbeliever, I hold to be a human monstrosity. Every educated man has increased power, for good, or evil, which will you be?

Muhlenberg College has been founded, and is maintained, in the interest of Christian education. The teachers are Christian men. Read the Divine Word—pray—attend service—and cultivate the spiritual. So will you be useful in this life, and happy hereafter.

Be Christian Gentlemen—respect and honor your teachers—conform to the rules of the College—and so show your appreciation of the privileges you enjoy.

The world is before you, and Heaven is within your reach. May you be successful and useful in this life, and forever happy in the glorious life to come!

Miranda.

GOMER B. MATTHEWS, '97.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Miranda, a Jew . . Leader of Armies.
Duke Leon . . . . . Gov. of Cadiz.
Don Selim . . . . . A Citizen.
Maria . . Daughter of Don Selim.
Antonio, } Soldiers and Gallants.
Senius, }
Balboa . . . . . Cap. of Guard.
Mytronius . . . . . Messenger.
Councillors, Soldiers, Citizens, Singers, Attendants, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Enter Antonio and Senius halting before the hous of Don Selim.

SENIUS. Alas! my Antonio 'tis hard
To bear these pangs of heart
And weight meseems of years,
Which bear upon my soul.

ANTONIO. How now, good Senius;
Maria's gone and with
The Jew beguileth time away.

SENIUS. Ay, ay! I fain would
See her. Tell her that I
Love her. Cast myself upon
My knees. Pour forth the story
Of my love these many years since
We have played together.
I'd call to mind the days
When we 'neath tree, by brook
Have wandered oft.
How as a page I 'tended her
In humblest submission.
Her slightest wish was strong
Command. Her smiles was as
Fair Orpeus beams, shooting forth
In early morn, driving back those
Sable thoughts, which tossed
Back, now fore, aloft in dread
Chaotic state the surface of my mind.

ANTONIO AND SENIUS.

What, ho!—Don Selim—awake!
Awake! the bird is flown.
The treasure brightest of thy home
Maketh friends with foes.

ANTONIO. When thou this dark old world
Hath learned as it hath sadly
Taught me, thou 'lt see with other
Eyes than thou hast now.

SENIUS. Yea, friend too true—
Yet I'll not rue
This love which stirs my bosom.

ANTONIO AND SENIUS.

What, ho—Senor—awake!
'Ere the knell doth sound
Too late, too late!
Awake 'ere she, whom Cadiz prizeth
As the purest, fairest of all
Maidens born, doth escape—
Awake, awake!

DON SELIM. (Throwing open the casement.)
What now—ye fools—beleagured crew
Of some belated brawl!—
Shall the guard be called
To ward thee till the morrow's morn?
Away 'ere I visit on thee
Dire vengeance.

ANTONIO. 'Tis true my Lord much noise
We made; but thou and thine
In danger art—
Wherefore we're come.

DON SELIM. How now! is't fire, or thieves, or both?
Or doth the Moor attack the gate?
Is't state or city calls thee here
To rouse me from my slumbers?

ANTONIO. Would my Lord it were but these
Which thou hast mentioned;
Then would we but happy be;
But 'tis worse: it is contention
Which hath entered into thy house.

DOM SELIM. Away with thee thou ribald fools
Now know I thou hast been to school
Of Bacchanalian revel.
Away, I say! or 'twere not good
For that hollow pate of thine.

ANTONIO. Is the maid within? Doth she
Still her chamber keep in yonder tower?

DON SELIM. Forsooth—now know I thou art
Drunk or mad, or both; away!
The guard.

ANTONIO. Hist! not so loud
I'll tell the all.

DON SELIM. Say on—say quickly what thou hast—
Then be gone.

ANTONIO. Thy bird hath flown to other bowers.
Sippeth honey from other flowers
Than thou dost furnish her.

DON SELIM. Be done with thy prating.
She sweetly sleepeth in her chamber
These three full hours agone.

ANTONIO. Hast thou looked? Knowest thou
Not the Jew is here?

DON SELIM. What of it? Him she hath not
Seen since his return.
Penance hath she done full oft
For like grievous sin before.

SENIUS. In sooth full well 'tis I
That know it.

DON SELIM. 'Tis so my Senius thou dost know
How oft unto thee church's door
Her steps thou didst attend.

ANTONIO. Give ear my Lord. I now tell
Thee she's not within.
'Tis but one hour since I saw
Her in the Jew's embrace.
What's more she hath him
To her taken, and now she is a bride.
Look, search ye well! then to
Me tell whether I be right.
Search well in chamber and boudoir.
Ransack from low to topmost floor,
Seek, but find ye will not,
For she is with the Jew.

DON SELIM. Hold ye until I come—
Methinks you're wrong—
At least I hope that what you say
Is naught of truth. (Exit Don Selim.)

SENIUS. Antonio—me seems this work
Is fraught with ill—would
I were free; my heart now quakes;
Dread fear is in my breast.
Would I had not come!

ANTONIO. Now, now! good fellow dost forget
Maria so soon? Pretty lover
Thou art—I must say.
Give room—make way—
A noise I hear. The flight
Hath been discovered.
(Don Selim rushes from the house.)

DON SELIM. Alas, alas! Antonio, Antonio!
Thy words are but too true.
This dog hath now beguiled away
My heart's most precious treasure—
A diadem which fairer shines

Than all in old Castile.
O, my daughter, my daughter
Where art thou? (Weeps.)
This eventide I saw thee safe;
But now thou'rt gone.
Thou shalt be found
Though this world round
My search should e'en betake me.
What, ho, the guard! appear in haste!
Ho, ho! the guard, the guard, the guard!
(Exit Senius.) Enter Cap. of Guard.

BALBOA. Who calls and thus disturbs
The peace of slumbering citizens
In Cadiz?

DON SELIM. 'Twas I.

BALBOA. My Lord—what trouble hath
Befallen thee this midnight
Hour?

DON SELIM. My daughter—lost—flown—gone
I wist not whither. Methinks
She's with the Jew Miranda.
Search well this ancient town
Around, and bring her hither.
(Exeunt Selim and Balboa enter Mytronius.)

MYTRONIUS. Surely Antonio was here.
I heard his voice, yet in
Mine haste forsooth I was
Mistaken.

ANTONIO. Is't thou Mytronius?

MYTRONIUS. Yea Antonio—where hast
Thou been? A letter from
The Duke. (Hands a letter to Antonio.)

ANTONIO. What of the Duke?
He's well I hope
Doth the Moor again

Give trouble? Goest thou
Along should he provoke
Our borders?

MYTRONIUS. Hold! thou asketh questions
Like a woman, expecting
Answers in one breath.
Listen! at to-morrow's dawn
Miranda 's summoned 'fore the
Duke. Grave business presses—
I know not what—mayhap 'tis
War of dreadful consequence.

ANTONIO. Let 's away—mid war's alarms
My trusty blade is ever bared.
Then away, away! For lo Aurora
Tiptoes on the hills.
[End of Act 1.]

(*To be continued.*)

Misdirected Reading.

A noted psychologist, Professor James, says that whatever physics and political economy and philosophy pupils acquire during the first twenty-five years are, for better or worse, the physics and political economy and philosophy that will have to last them through life. The average age of our students on entering professional life, owing to their previous natural disadvantages, is about the age set by Professor James as the limit for mental acquirement. In the seven years, therefore, which may be termed the prime and decline of the receptive powers of the mind must be attained that knowledge which is to shape a lifetime. But, in order to attain this end, it becomes easily apparent that the most careful discrimination in the selection of his reading is necessary for the student.

When in the training school of his choosen profession—whether Theology, Law or Medicine—his reading will naturally lie in the direction of his then more specific studies; but it is during the college course that the student should exercise that vigilence that

shall secure him against mental poverty for the rest of his life. He labors under severe difficulties. His time for reading is limited : his unmatured judgment will generally select that field in literature which is most attractive to him, regardless of its value : and what is worse, no kindly and intelligent mind will take enough interest in him to learn his personal needs and select for him. There is little cause for surprise, therefore, that in so many cases the skeleton which the college curriculum furnishes (it can do little more,) and which at the best is imperfect, remains but a skeleton, a mass of shapeless uselessness without the sinews necessary to complete the psychic man. Ideal education demands that upon this framework should be built a beautiful and noble character out of a sound and pure philosophy of life, an intimate acquaintance with human nature and a practical knowledge of the world of matter, materials which only the accumulated wisdom of the centuries as found in the best books and the thoughtful observing spirit which they awaken can furnish. But how is the student, who has not had the early advantage of a fine library and the direction of a masterhand, to accomplish all this? There is such a gift as a natural genius for proper selection, and where this is present all will be right. As an example, may be mentioned that intellectual giant, John Fiske. When a child his opportunity was that of plenty of good books and few teachers. Voluntarily he buried himself in the best literature. At seven he had read Rollin, Josephus, Goldsmith's Greece, Shakespeare, Bunyan and Milton. At eleven he had read Gibbon, Robertson, Prescott, and Troissart ; an array whose very names are unfamiliar to most of our students who enter these walls at seventeen.

Fellow student, do you come from a home where there is a dearth of books? Do our libraries present you the first opportunity to gratify your long delayed desires? Be *very careful* what you read. Drink deep of the sweet and pure philosophy of Addison and Steel. Converse with the gentle Montaigne. Revel to your heart's content in the beauties of Shakespeare, Gœthe, and the Greek poets. Study your Horace not alone for his Latin, but also for his solid sense and profound knowledge of human nature. But by all means avoid the fiction of the day

which boasts of its realism, and which is infected with a pessimism and an impurity fatal to all healthy growth of the mind. If you read fiction, be sure that it is the production of a good and pure writer. Cultivate your taste for history. There is a fascination in it more healthful than that in any fiction. Let your book friends be few but *very* choice; and remember that to imbibe the thoughts of the masters and to make them your own is to become "mighty of heart, mighty of mind," magnanimous.

I. O. NOTHSTEIN, '97.

Milton.

Blind Milton, bard, methinks I see thee sit
As once thou satst when life was still in bloom,
Ensconced within thy arm-chair in thy room
To dictate sweetest strains of thought that flit
Across thy kingly mind,—yea, thoughts more fit
For angels' food than man's. Thou bard in gloom,
For blind, in gloom dost sit, thy thoughts illume
The world with heavenly light,—such light as lit
The souls of prophets when the spirits eye
Behind the curtains of man's ken could see;
For thou, though blind, thyself in thought aside
The veil of mystery did'st draw on high.
We thank thy daughters, who them penned, and thee
Who thought. Thy thoughts above may angels guide.

L. F. GRUBER, '98.

"The Purfessor."

AS THE glorious season of autumn is approaching with its many-colored trees, bracing atmosphere and glorious sunsets, we are carried in our imagination to unknown lands of surpassing grandeur. We picture many scenes and incidents, and glory in them. How beautiful everything is! Oh! how we pity that melancholy man "The Purfessor," whose imagination fails to be awakened by all the surrounding splendor; whose entire mind has already been centered in an empty world of its own; and whose body bends under the weight of the responsibility which he himself has assumed.

"THE PURFESSOR."

notice the pronunciation; it is peculiar, and the sound, as it ought, echoes the sense—or rather, since the title is an empty one, the lack of it.

A clergyman, being on one occasion addressed by a solicitor as Dr. Brown, said. "No, no; not doctor, please; my theology has always been considered so sound as to require no doctoring." Mr. Brown was one of the very few men who could not be swayed by a scheme which flatterers are wont to practice, with surprising success, on men at large. Socrates and Plato have a very fair reputation as teachers, and they seem to have done their work and left their names immortal without the adornment of high-sounding titles. Prof. Arnold would have long ago been lost in professional oblivion, but Arnold, of Rugby, will be perpetuated as long as there remains on earth a school for boys.

But to what extent is this absurd craze being carried on today! We read almost daily about Prof. Smith, the rope-walker, or snake-hypnotizer, or glass-eater and the like, and so accustomed have we become to this, that the name, instead of inspiring awe, provokes mirth. Again, we meet with Dr. Green with his corn-killers, kidney-regulators, cough-annihilators, and so on. Strange to say, we have over twice as many doctors as physicians.

But there is still another class of individuals worthy, in one sense, of mention. We occasicnally meet with people having some or all of the following characteristics: a high forehead, deep-set, gelatinous eyes, pointed nose, a remarkable amount of space between the nose and the mouth, an exceedingly flat chin terminating in an angle, and an abnormally developed Adam's-apple. Have you ever come across specimens with these distinctions? Undoubtedly you have, and are well acquainted with their peculiarities. It is not uncommon to see one of them with an umbrella under one arm and an edition of "Gospel Hymns" under the other, traveling from one camp-meeting to another, making as much noise as he safely dare, and more than that, prefixing his name with the honored title of "Reverend." A presumption it is indeed, bordering on sacrilege, and ought to be punished by law.

What is all this leading to, or, what has all this already led to, might be asked? Simply this. Titles honorably and deservedly won and ably held are fast becoming ridiculous rather than impressive, and it appears that it will soon be considered an evidence of greater intellectual attainment when one travels through this world without any title at all.

If a man occupies a chair in a college or university he is a professor, and he cannot help it. If a man is a principal of a high school, or superintendent of a public school, he isn't a professor, and he ought to exercise brute force, or as it is sometimes termed, muscular christianity on the man who thinks that it tickles his vanity to be called professor. Don't, above all things, tack titles to your name; they are meaningless and evince the incompetency of the person who would be known by them.

A. S. HARTZELL, '97.

About the College.

JOHN MILLER, EX–'97, visited his friends in college, last week.

EDWARD RAKER, a former member of '97, has returned and entered the present Sophomore class.

A. N. METZGAR, formerly a member of '97, expects to return and enter the Class of '99.

A SPECIMEN of the Senior class, in full gown, can be seen in a photographer's window up town.

WILL. E. STECKEL, '98, spent his vacation at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

MESSRS. H. K. LANTZ and G. B. Matthews, former members of '96, have entered the Senior class.

AMONG the new students here are the sons of Rev. J. S. Erb, '73, of Slatington, Pa., and Rev. Kunkleman, D.D., of Atlantic City, N. J.

REV. J. F. LAMBERT, '88, of Catasauqua, addressed the members of the College Missionary Society on Tuesday night, September 15th, on the subject of "Confuscianism."

A NEW college pin, designed by a committee from the four classes, was adopted by the faculty at their last meeting.

The pin is a very beautiful design and will be the permanent emblem of the college.

FRANKLIN K. FRETZ, '97, represented Muhlenberg College at the oratorical contest of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna, last July.

The colleges represented were: Swarthmore, Dickinson, Pennsylvania, Ursinus, Franklin and Marshall, Lehigh University and Muhlenberg.

THE warm spell we have just had seems to have excited, not only the flow of prespiration among the boys, but even heightened the spirit of patriotism concerning the issues at stake in our campaign this Fall. As in all well regulated organizations a difference of opinion, on any great question, is apt to arise. The same has manifested itself in the student body, when on the night of September 11th, they organized and passed resolutions favoring the respective sides of the many questions.

THE German Literary Societies organized last week with Dr. Wackernagel as permanent chairman of both. In the Senior class Held was elected secretary, Hartzell treasurer.

The Juniors elected Heist secretary, and Kistler treasurer. All serve for a term of eight weeks.

The Franklin Literary Association elected the following:

President, Nothstine; Vice President, Repass; Secretary, Dr. Richards; Treasurer, Dr. Garber; Curators, Heldt and Sullenberger.

The Junior class had an election of Class Officers as follows:

President, Kistler; Vice President, Wenner; Secretary, Kaufman; Treasurer, Kressley; Historian, Billheimer; Class Poet, Gruber; Business Manager of Ciarla, Gery.

THE following are the themes of lectures delivered by Dr. Richards at the meetings of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, during July and August, last: "Good Afternoon," "The Church Fly," "A Theatrical Part," "The Penalty of Overmuch," "Flower and Thorn, or the Purgatory Theory in Literature," "The Thinking Beyond," "The Conscience of Conscience,"

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"Color of the Footlights, or Can We Take the Theatre Seriously?" "The States Object Lesson," (The Encampment), "The 19th Century Invasion of the United States," "The Mighty Dollar," "Who are Educated?" "England, Ally or Enemy?" "Our Real Rulers," "To Please Me, or the Personal Equation," "Apperceptive Christianity," "Fun and Folly," "Hypostatizing," "The Faith Fallacy," "The New Woman's Education," "A Plea for Dialect," "Myself and Others," "David's Harp."

Dr. Ettinger had charge of the Latin and Greek classes at the same place.

Our Alumni.

'69. Rev. Milton J. Kramlich, Allentown, Pa., is a Democratic candidate for the Assembly from the Lehigh District.

69. Rev. Prof. Revere F. Weidner, D.D., spent the Summer at Ocean Grove, engaged on his "Commentary on James—Revelations," which forms the eleventh volume in the *Lutheran Commentary*, published by the Christian Literature Co., of New York City.

'70. Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D.D., Philadelphia, is Secretary of the Centennial Jubilee Committee of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'73. Howard Himmelwright is proprietor of one of the leading hotels at Wildwood Springs, near Cresson, Pa.

'73. Rev. William H. Myers, Reading, Pa., is to be the editor of the *Helper* and the *Lesson Leaves*, published by G. W. Frederick, Philadelphia.

'74. Among the recent applicants for membership in the Pennsylvania German Society is Dr. Edgar D. Shimer, of New York University.

'75. Edwin H. Stine, Esq., Allentown, was a delegate to the State Convention of the Sound Money Democrats at Philadelphia and the National Convention at Indianapolis.

'78. Rev. Charles L. Fry, Lancaster, Pa., has been elected one of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, Pa. He has recently erected one of the largest Cottages on the grounds.

'78. Rev. Frederick W. Kohler, New Brighton, Pa., is a member of the new Board of Trustees of Thiel College.

'79. George D. Krause, of Lebanon, Pa., has erected one of the most commodious Cottages found on the grounds of the Penna. Chautauqua.

'80. Dr. George T. Ettinger has been elected a member of the Board of Managers of the Penna. Chautauqua, and President of the Board of Control of Public Schools, Allentown, Pa.

'80. We are very glad to hear that Rev. J. Walker Klingler is very successful at Dushore, Pa. The congregation recently dedicated a new bell.

'82. Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph.D., of West Chester Normal School, was one of the most popular lecturers at the last session of the Penna. Chautauqua. He is one of the most pleasing and interesting speakers now on the institute platform.

'83. M. Luther Horne is Secretary of the South Bethlehem, Pa., Teachers Association.

'83. Rev. J. J. Kline, recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of his pastorate in the oldest German Lutheran Congregation in America, at New Hanover, Pa., organized in 1803. We understand that Rev. Kline has accepted a call to Pottstown, Pa.

'84. On Saturday afternoon, John M. Dettra, Esq., and his wife rode from Norristown to Allentown on their bicycles, a distance of 43 miles. Their friends were delighted to see them. "Johnny," as we used to know him, is the junior member of the flourishing law firm of Holland & Dettra.

'84. Prof. C. C. Wagner, of Franklin and Marshall College, delivered a very interesting course of lectures on the "English Dramatists," at the Penna. Chautauqua. He also delivered the opening address to the students of Franklin and Marshall. This year his Summer jaunt took him as far North as Labrador.

'86 J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., Allentown, is one of the Republican candidates for Assembly from Lehigh.

'87. Reuben J. Butz, Esq., has been re-elected Solicitor of the Board of Control, Allentown.

'87. Dr. Clinton J. Schadt is Surgeon on the United States Mail Steamer, "St. Paul."

'91. Dr. W. H. Cooper, of Oakmont, Pa., paid a flying visit East.

'91. Joseph P. Shimer, recently married Miss Dutt, of Allentown, and is very comfortably quartered in his new home on Walnut near 10th street.

'92. Leo Wise, Esq., Allentown, has addressed a vigorous letter to County Chairman Kline, resigning as delegate to the State Democratic Convention.

'93. Dr. Roderick E. Albright has hung out his "shingle" at the corner of 5th and Hamilton Streets, Allentown.

'94. William H. S. Miller has been elected to a position in the Allentown High School.

'94. During the Summer Frederick W. Wackernagel preached at Noxen, Pa.

'95. John E. Sandt has been elected a member of the new faculty of Thiel College to teach the sciences.

'96. Oren B. Leidy, now reading law with Kauffman & Renninger, Allentown, is engaged to Miss Margaret Ruhe, a very popular and wealthy young lady of the same place.

The Editor's Table.

A NUMBER of our Exchanges or rather their Editors have been overcome by that "tired feeling," hence comparatively few of the commencement numbers reached our table. The essay, once occupying a position of importance in many of our exchanges, has fallen to a place of relatively slight significance. The short story, the sketch and the poem, seem to be the things to which the most attention is now given. Among the last of our exchanges in which the short story and poem predominates is

the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, published by the Senior Class of Princeton College. Two of its short stories worthy of especial mention found in the June number, are entitled "The Reason Why," and "Sister Angelique." Its editorials are also well written and beyond the ordinary.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye
And her dimples deeper grew,
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a puarter of eight is two."—*Bowdoin Orient.*

THE Girl's edition of *Ursinus College Bulletin* is a most creditable publication and fully demonstrates the ability of girls to publish a College Journal. The half-tone of the editors proved an interesting feature of the paper.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone:
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap'er own.—*Ex.*

THE new dormitories lately erected by the University of Pennsylvania are the finest possessed by any university of the world. Forty-four buildings unite to form one grand structure in the yard.

THERE are over two hundred college papers published in America, while Great Britain publishes but one.—*Ex.*

The World of Letters.

THE Empire Theatre Stock Company will appear in J. M. Barri's dramatic version of his "Little Minister."

STANLEY WEYMAN'S, "Under the Red Robe," dramatized by Edward Rose, will be produced at the Empire Theatre, New York, with Mr. John Drew in the principal role.

Mr. FROHMAN has also secured dramatization of Paul Brurget's" "A Tragic Idyl," and Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," which will be produced during the early part of the season·

"IAN MACLAREN'S latest story, "The Minister of St. Bede's," to begin in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*, recites the romance of a young dominic's love for a Scotch lassie, whom his rich congregation deemed it wise he should not marry.

THE September number of "Harper's" contains an interesting article entitled "First in Peace," by Woodrow Wilson. It narrates the chief incidents in Washington's life from the surrender at Yorktown until his selection as President; also some of the dangers and difficulties which beset the youthful Republic and the masterly way in which he overcame them.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON continues his series of articles on 'This Country of Ours" in the current number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, in which he treats of the Department of War, Justice and the Post Office. The date, reasons for their existence and many other facts of interest are presented in a most instructive manner, as the writer's experience as Chief Executive of this Country has made him an authority on the subjects which he is presenting to the readers of the Journal.

IT IS reported that Hall Caine, S. R. Crockett and "Ian Maclaren" are separately credited with the intention of writing a life of Christ. It is to be hoped that the report is untrue. None of them, with the possible exception of Maclaren, would be likely to deal with so great a subject as it deserved. Their time would be far better spent in writing the high class fiction

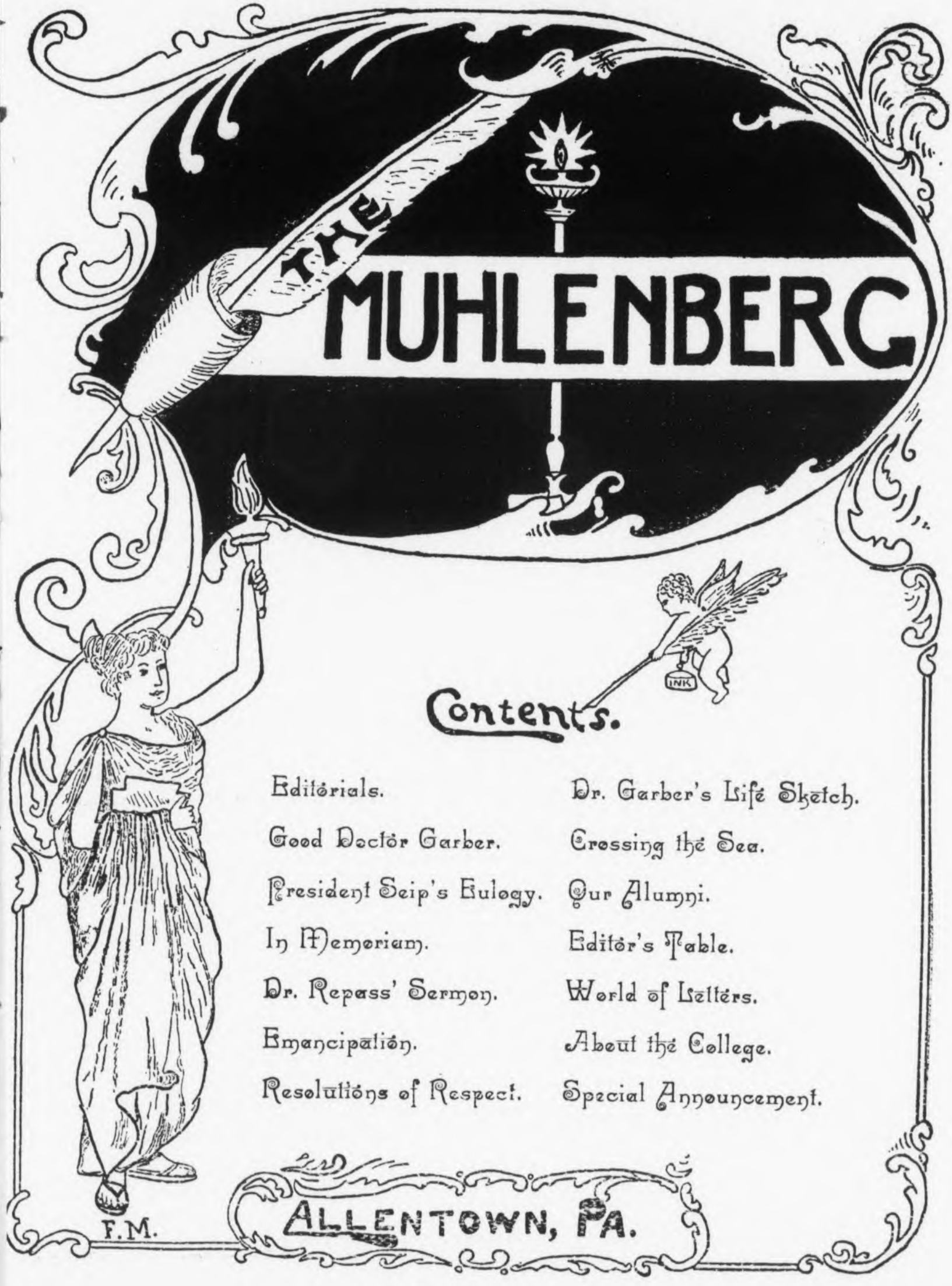
of which we know all three are capable, rather than undertaking a theme so sublime and a task so great that one man's lifetime might well be spent it its successful accomplishment.

"THE MUSICAL CELEBRITIES OF VIENNA," by William Von Sachs, will prove of interest to all lovers of music. The writer says: "Vienna's reputation as the most musical clty in the world is as long standing as it is well merited. Other capitals have sought to wrest this proud claim from the Austrian metropolis, and yet in spite of such changes as time inevitably brings, the spirits of Mozart and Hayden, of Beethoven and Schubert, seem still to exercise their influence on the musical life and activity of the spot, where during their lifetime, the scene of their most beneficent usefulness was laid." Then follow sketches of some of the most prominent musicians as Jahn, Richter, Hanslick, Brahms, Bruckner, Goldmark, Millocker, Strauss, Leschitzky, Rose and Brull.

REV. PARKHURST contributes to the *Ladies' Home Journal* an article on "The Young Man as a Citizen." He laments the indifference of the better element of the citizens to their civic rights and thinks that their faithful attendance at the primaries and polls to be the best safeguard against "bossism" in our politics. "The thing we have the most to fear is not the depravity and the criminality that are rampant, but the decency that is languid and the respectibility that is indifferent, and that will go junketing when a State is on the edge of a crisis, or go fishing on a day when the city is having its destiny determined for it at the polls. Would that there could be some legislative enactment by which every respectible traitor of the sort could be denaturalized and branded with some stigma of civic outlawry that should extinguish him as an American and cancel his kinship with Columbus, Fourth of July and 'My Country 'tis of Thee.'"

MEMORIAL NUMBER.

THE MUHLENBERG



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ALLENTOWN, PA.

OCTOBER, 1896.

HEADQUARTERS

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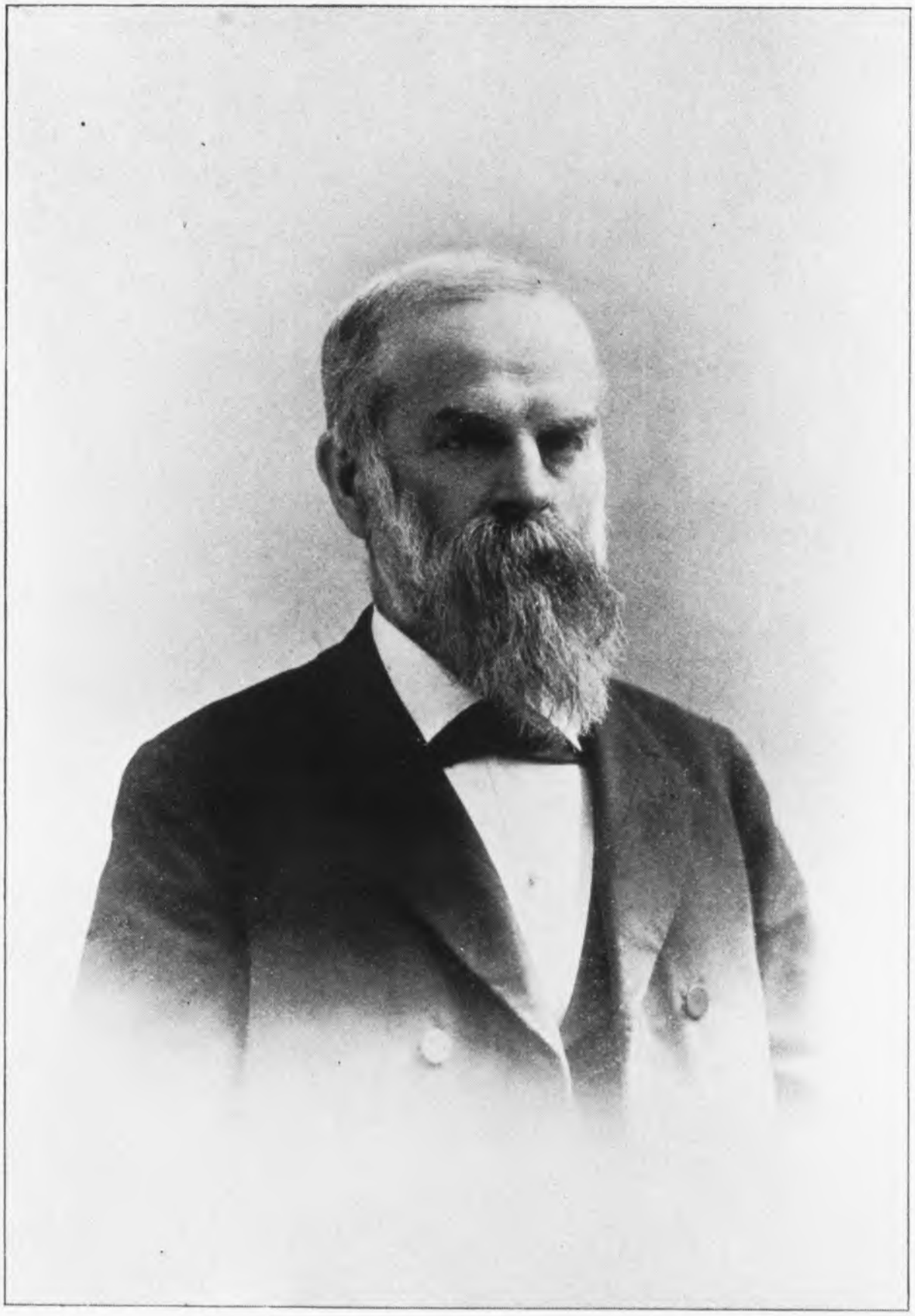

PROF. DAVIS GARBER, PH.D.

The Muhlenberg.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XIV. ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER, 1896. No. 2.

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WESLEY WENNER, '98.—Local.

Business Managers:
FRANCIS MILLER, '97. MARVIN L. KLEPPINGER, '98.

Editorial.

DEATH is a guest that knocks at each one's door and enters where he is not bidden.

THE MUHLENBERG reluctantly brings to its kind readers the mournful message of his visitation here, bereaving us of one of our faithful and beloved instructors.

The call of Professor Davis Garber from the scene of this life has left a vacancy not only in the faculty of our institution, but also in the church militant and society, that is difficult to fill. Moreover, it has caused a wound in the hearts of his pupils which time only can heal. When his sudden sickness prevented his punctual attendance to his duty, our fears for his recovery grew strong, and when the news of his death were announced, our hearts were convulsed with emotions of grief.

With similar feelings were the news of his death received by the many whom, while he lived, he had befriended with his unostentatious charity.

But, he has done his duty. He has finished his work. The Master has called him: "Well done, thou good and faithful

servant; thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Few lives leave behind them such a far reaching influence as that of our beloved teacher departed. His life is an inspiration to us to be as faithful and dutiful. It speaks to all in tones of rarest eloquence. May his precepts remain rooted in our hearts and spring up into rich harvests of usefulness.

May his memory be perpetuated in many noble deeds of our lives. Let us, fellow students, make the modest, true, noble, and spiritual life of our deceased Professor the standard wherewith to measure our own lives.

It is with a peculiar, sad pleasure that we dedicate this issue of THE MUHLENBERG as a token to his memory. We feel assured that it will be received with appreciation by the students, alumni and friends who so favorably knew the worthy doctor.

Good Doctor Garber.

DR. GARBER was a GOOD man—this was the unanimous verdict of the community when the startling news of his death spread over town. His loss was felt as a personal bereavement by hundreds, and they mourned for him as for a friend and brother. No words can describe the pangs of grief convulsing the hearts of those who were nearest and dearest to him. Their sorrow is of too deep and tender a nature to allow more than a sympathetic reference to it.

There are however others, who did not stand in the relation of kinship, but who nevertheless were near and dear to him—his colleagues, his students, his fellow-laborers in his work for the Master, and the pupils in *his* Sunday-school—they all shed silent tears for him and in Christian submission try to accept the sorrowful fact that a *good* man departed from them, never to return. But his memory is not written on running water or shifting sand; it is engraved on tablets in living hearts.

Dr. Garber will not be called a "public benefactor" by the great world's chroniclers. Those who made up his "little world" know and will ever remember that he was a *benefactor* nevertheless. As he was a *good* man it was his delight to do good.

Our esteemed President in his beautiful eulogy of Dr. Garber testified publicly of the *good* work the late Professor did as a teacher in his class room, and all the students since 1870 who had the good fortune of being taught by him, will with one accord affirm to it. But, as the President truly said, his work in and for our College was not confined to the class room. The good of the institution and of those connected with it as instructors or students, was always in his mind; he thought of it constantly, because his good heart was as much in his work as his good head.

Dr. Garber was a *good* comrade of his colleagues in the faculty of Muhlenberg. He seldom had much to say in the faculty-meetings, but when he was moved to express his opinion, he showed that he was a man endowed with *good* sense. His very presence had a good effect, and the good harmony prevailing in the faculty wss due to no small degree to his quiet influence. No wonder, that our President, deeply moved by the loss of this faithful friend, proposed that the floral tribute of the faculty should be a "broken circle." His colleagues keenly feel the break made by death in their circle; the Senior Professor was a *good* friend of every one of them.

The students loved Dr. Garber, because they instinctively felt that this good man had kind feelings for them. They all knew that he required *good* work of them. They knew also, that he was a patient man and went to any amount of trouble to help them along in their studies. But this was not all. His intercourse with them did not begin and end with the recitations. It may be safely said that very many of our students bless his memory, because they not only became better scholars but also *better men* by his example and influence and his acts of kindness the number and manner of which is known to God alone.

Dr. Garber was a *good* citizen both of town and country. He filled several positions of public trust and was held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens. But he was no "public man;" he cared little for publicity. He was too gentle and unselfish a man to take pleasure in noisy politics. His happy home, his college, his Sunday-school and his church made up his public life; those posts of honor and trust he filled so acceptably were held by him for civil duty's sake. "I am expected to do my duty," was the

rule of this good man's earthly life—and he was found eminently faithful.

I regarded it as an honor when I was asked to write an article for this memorial number of "THE MUHLENBERG." Its readers are aware of my intimate acquaintance with the departed. I may best express my own feelings by quoting the last lines of good old Matthias Clandius' dirge at his father's burial:

"Ach, sie haben
Einen guten Mann begraben—
Und mir war er mehr!"

WM. WACKERNAGLE.

Address.

BY THE REV. PROF. T. L. SEIP, D.D., President of Muhlenberg College, at the Funeral of PROF. DAVIS GARBER, PH.D., St. John's Lutheran Church, October 1st, 1896.

REVELATION XIV: 13. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, said the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

It is my mournful duty and privilege, as the representative of Muhlenberg College, of which our departed brother was the honored senior professor, to address you briefly on this sad occasion. If propriety permitted me to consult my own feelings, I would prefer to sit with my esteemed colleagues of the Faculty, and to mingle my tears of sympathy with those of the bereaved widow, relatives and friends of him who was so dear to us all. But this is no ordinary occasion. We are about to lay away in the silent tomb the mortal remains of one who was officially and most intimately associated with us in the life of the college over a quarter of a century, almost from the beginning of its history. It is therefore eminently appropriate that the feelings and sentiments of the college community—the Trustees, Faculty and Students—should find some expression, however inadequate, on this occasion. We have come to pay our heartfelt respect to his memory; to bear our testimony to his worth, and to the affection in which he was held by his

associates in the college. Let us endeavor to learn the important lessons suggested to us all by this afflictive providence.

Verily, "In the midst of life we are in death." It seems only a few days ago, since he went in and out among us in the daily and punctual discharge of his college duties. Now his mortal remains lie before us in the icy embrace of death, while the immortal part, his soul, hath gone to God who gave it. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," and may we all, in our deep bereavement, be prepared, by the grace of God, to add also with his servant of old, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." "For my thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways saith the Lord." Isaiah 55: 9.

Thanks be to God, we are not left to our thoughts and ways, to mere human wisdom and philosophy for consolation in the hour of trial. God has revealed His thoughts and ways to us in His word, and assures us that all things work together for good to them that love Him. This is the consolation of God's children in every time of affliction. This is our comfort in the sore bereavement which we suffer in the present loss of our departed brother. When we gaze upon his quiet features, and think of his soul at peace and at home with God, removed from the toils and trials of this mortal life, we write with mournful joy and satisfaction, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." How applicable these words are to our departed friend, those will realize most, who knew him best.

Blessed are the dead—not all the dead; but "the dead which die in the Lord." If a tree is to be judged by its fruits, and the Christian by his life as well as by his profession of faith, then we know that as our friend lived a life hidden with God in Christ, so he died in the Lord, and "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Our loss is his eternal gain, for he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

It affords a sad pleasure to bear my personal and official testimony to the worth, the character and the consistent Christian life of Dr. Garber. In all my relations to him during a period of over twenty-six years, as a close personal friend, as an associate pro-

fessor in the Faculty, and for a large part of that time, as President of the College, I always found him faithful and conscientious in the discharge of every duty which was laid upon him.

Whilst he would justly have scorned to be the servant of any man or body of men, yet he was the faithful servant of the Lord, and hence delighted in ministering to others, in service to Christ and His Church in the faithful discharge of his daily duties. In times of perplexity and trial, I could always count on him for sympathy and support, and rely on his experience and judgment for wise counsel and efficient aid. His death is to me a personal bereavement, the loss of a life-long and trusted friend. I doubt not that this would be the testimony of all my worthy colleagues of the Faculty with regard to their relations to him, and I believe I rightly represent them in what I have said.

Dr. Garber was a most useful member of the teaching force in the past history of the College. He was an exact scholar in his own department of Mathematics, and was able also to help, in cases of necessity, in common with his colleagues, in other branches of the curriculum. In the peculiar situation of our institution, this was and is a most valuable accomplishment in a professor, one that is becoming more and more rare in these days of specialization. The all-round scholar, with a liberal training and culture in the different departments of sound learning, and yet specially qualified in his own chosen field of labor, was a necessity to the work and usefulness, not to say the very existence of our institution in the past. Such a man was Prof. Garber. But he was more than this. His worth in the instruction of the class room, faithful and conscientious as that was, was, in my judgment, of less importance to the future welfare of his students than the influence of his transparent character. Dr. Garber commanded the universal respect of his colleagues of the Faculty and of the body of students for his character as a man, and a Christian. His influence in this respect upon all who were brought within its range was most salutary. He was a good man. Every one who knew him felt that when in his presence. Of a modest and retiring disposition, unpretentious in demeanor, hating all hypocrisy and every sham, thoroughly honest and open, charitable in his judgment of others, yet exacting of him-

self, continuing to discharge what he believed to be his duties when he should have rested, his quiet, unobstrusive, yet pervasive influence was most decided for good, especially on the student body. His singular and unflagging devotion through all these years, to the very last Sunday before his death, to the work of the church in the First Ward Mission Sunday-school, of which he was the beloved Superintendent, attests the leading trait of his Christian character—*fidelity to duty*. From the very beginning, he had associated with him as his efficient teachers and officers many of our College students, as well as others, citizens of our city and members of our churches, who by reason of his worthy example and unaffected Christian character, became attached to him by the warmest ties of friendship. He was not only the official Superintendent of the Sunday-school, but he was the personal friend of every teacher and scholar, visited them in their homes, comforted the afflicted and distressed, helped the poor and the needy, and in a quiet and unostentatious manner dispensed his charities among them. A number of his benefactions which were known only to the recipients and himself, have come to my knowledge since his death. He was a Christian benefactor to many a member of his school, and though a layman, and not a clergyman, he did much work that may be truly called pastoral. Though not ordained by the hands of men, yet he had the higher ordination of Heaven to minister to the bodily and spiritual wants of the poor and the needy in his school over whom he exercised such watchful care. He performed all this work in harmonious and helpful co-operation with the faithful pastor of the field who was among his most intimate and devoted friends. He would have been the last to interfere with the official duties and prerogatives of any other person. As President of our Ministerium, I deem it an official duty to acknowledge, in this presence, the salutary influence which he exerted over the many students who afterwards became pastors of our churches, in the valuable training and experience in the Sunday-school work, which they gained under his supervision while members of his school. Not a few of our pastors have expressed themselves feelingly to me on this subject, and have gratefully acknowledged their indebtedness to him.

Time will not permit me now to dwell on his worth to the community, in his connection with the local educational boards and in other official positions to which he was worthily called by the choice of his fellow-citizens. Far above and beyond all this, in value to our community, was the quiet influence of his consistent and devoted Christian life, the extent of which it is not easy to measure. He never brought reproach upon the Church, the College, or the community in which he lived. No one related to him or connected with him in any way, had need to blush for anything he did, or to apologize for any of his acts, public or private. In truth, because of his quiet, gentle disposition, never putting himself forward, but preferring others in honor to himself, he was not appreciated everywhere at his true worth. He was indeed gentle, a true gentleman, in feeling as well as in conduct.

We shall miss him as long as we live. We labored, prayed and suffered together for years, through all the bitter struggles and trials attending the history of the College. We thank God that he was spared to see some of the fruits of his faithfulness. Yes, we shall miss him. Next to his sorely bereaved widow and immediate relatives, we shall miss him in the College, and no less in his Sunday-school work. The place which he filled so long and so beneficently in the community will know him no more. To the faithful companion of his side, the sorely afflicted widow who has been bereft of him who was dearer to her than life itself, to his relatives and friends, we commend the rich promises and consolations of the gospel. To you my colleagues of the Faculty and to myself, may his fidelity to duty ever be an inspiration to greater earnestness in carrying forward to a higher degree of success the work to which he gave so many of his best years.

And may you, my young friends, the students, who were associated with him in his work, and all who sat at his feet in the class room, imitate his virtues and Christian example, and be inspired to greater fidelity and earnestness in the punctilious and conscientious discharge of every duty.

I know that the College community will keep his memory green. The Sunday-school members, whether students or the worthy citizens who have faithfully served with him for years,

will feel bereft, as orphans, of a father. May our Heavenly Father comfort them and us all, for He alone can. A good and true man has fallen in Israel. He is blessed and at rest from his labors; and verily his works do follow him. May we all ponder the important lessons taught by the example and character of our departed friend, whom we shall no more see in the flesh, but with whom, by the grace of God, we shall hereafter be re-united and surround the throne of the Lamb of God in heaven.

May this mournful occasion indelibly impress upon our hearts the words of our text: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." May God add His blessing. Amen.

In Memoriam.

Relentless Death has torn thee from our side
Terrestrial life to yield. Thy vacant chair
Is oft beheld with recollections rare
E'er since thou wast removed. In vain we sighed
Repeatedly for thee, but were denied
Thy presence or thy form. Must we despair
Reclaiming thee for earth? Departed where
By angels thou art welcomed who would chide
These vain desires, our sighing is in vain.
Since finished in thy pilgrimage on earth,
Hast thou no cares for us? Canst thou have "thought"
Of us who battle still with life to gain
Continued mortal being? May thy worth
Keep us to heav'n united as we ought.—L. F. GRUBER.

Funeral Sermon

ON THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR DAVIS GARBER, PH.D. BY THE REV. PROF. S. A. REPASS, D.D., in St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

II Tim. 4: 7. "I have finished my course."

THE LANGUAGE is that of St. Paul. He used it in view of his death, and almost in sight of the martyr's block. With such an end before him the retrospect of his life inspired courage and hope. The work he had committed to him by God was begun, continued and ended in Him, and now finished he surveys it in

sober confidence, and turns hopefully to the future. A figure veils the beautiful and strong words. It is that of a competitive race over a prescribed course, and amid all the excitement and enthusiasm of Grecian youths bent on immortality. Having reached the end he looks back over it, and recalling the hard endeavor of that disputed way, he exclaims, with something of triumph: "I have finished my course." It is the language of one who had brought his life to conscious completeness, *finished it.*

In some real sense the words have application to every earnest Christian life. *Christian life*, we repeat, with emphasis. For a life worldly, selfish, sinful, has and can have no completeness; and when its allotted sphere on earth is run, it could never be characterized as a course finished. Rather is such a life broken; and fallen out of the harmony in which God intended it to move it is cut short and perishes. But of every Christian life, that may be said which the great apostle said of his own, viz.: that it is a course finished. Much of it may have been passed in sin before the man became a new creature in Christ Jesus. Even during the time of his discipleship there may have been much of imperfection and positive short-coming. But all this has been remitted to him who is the child of God; and when that course on earth is run, the Lord sees and takes account of that which is before Him complete and well-finished in Jesus Christ. Thus, having lived right since he began to live truly, and faithful in the station in which God placed him, it may of a truth be said, he has "finished his course." For the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord. And so are all the steps that make up the course of the entire life of a good man. God marks out the way he takes, defining his path with infinite wisdom and care. It may be a way obscure, very humble, and scarcely at all recognized among men. But God has appointed it, marked off its bounds and end, and leads His trusting child in it from its beginning to completion. If faithful to Him who hath called us, doing our work in our station in His fear, when this life has reached its earthly limit it can be said that the course as fixed by God has been finished by us, and appears before Him a complete life. Death may come suddenly, finding us in the midst of our work as it found our brother so recently departed. The busy course of life may be

interrupted just as it seemed to be moving towards its maturest fruitfullness, and we wonder that it could not continue longer in its autumnal richness. We think of it as unfinished, incomplete, and that the whole sum of the product of that life is impaired because the years were fewer than we had determined on as the just measure. Oh, no beloved! Human judgment is in nothing so fallible as in its valuation of a life measured by the standards of earthly time. If a "life lived with Christ in God"—as is every truly Christian life—then it already enters into the eternal years of God, and must be estimated by the standards of eternity. Let it be short as it may, and as obscure as it can; let death find it at the beginning, middle or completion of its earthy work; so far as concerns the work of that servant in this life it is done; his course finished. It is not having lived long; nor having moved in prominence among the huzzahs of a giddy generation, it is not this that crowns any life with solid success, or leaves it truly finished. It is the living well, and the having done our part in the fear of God in the station in which He has placed us—it is such a life that death finds finished always and everywhere. Of the good man it is true, he is immortal till his work is done. Yea, verily; of every Christian life it may be truthfully affirmed, when the end comes, it is a course finished. The truth is a large one, abounding in comfort to all who labor or have labored in the Lord. Let us give up foolish lamentations over the unfinished work of God's servants. He calls no one from the field here until his work is finished.

So it is of our friend and brother departed. Of the loss which has come to us in his removal we might indeed speak, the loss to his companion, and to the circle of his immediate kindred, the loss to the congregation of which he was a most faithful member, the loss to the institution which he served through many years with singular fidelity, the loss to the Sunday-school, the interests of which were very near his heart, as they also received his earnest care and endeavor, the loss to this community, identified as he was with it since his residence in the city, of these we might now speak, inasmuch as they indeed weigh upon our thoughts on this occasion. But a larger and richer thought, one raising us to a truer and

higher point of view, is this, *Our brother has finished his course.* And that, as we have sought to emphasis means much; and also something quite definite. Not only is his life on earth over, his years lived out, as the years a hireling, In that low and common sense every one finishes his course in death. More, aye, much more than that is meant; and something indeed other than that, by the words before us. And so our application of them to the life of him whose body we to-day bury. Not only are his days numbered, but his course is finished, as the workman completes the work committed to him by another.

God gave him a definite work, indicating the place and sphere in life in which that should be accomplished. This work his servant entered upon in an humble, earnest spirit, and prosecuted until God called him. The station he filled was one of responsibility, demanding special qualifications. That providence which guides the life of every Child of God in a special sense went before and prepared the man for his work. His early life served as an admirable preparation for his future position. The religious life in the home and the congregation—a congregation so rich in its *early* history—the youthful struggle to acquire an education, the self-denial and self-restraint only strengthening the desire for knowledge—all this continuing until his honorable graduation from the college at Gettysburg; these were the first stages of the course of that life which has just reached its earthly completion. And they were stages well occupied and filled, conducing directly to preparation in the larger work of his life. Fidelity is an eminent virtue in the young, and marks an order of character no less high than when shown by the man in the most responsible position. Indeed, a quality in youth more surely pointing to future usefulness could not be possessed or named. It was the key to the earnest boyhood of Prof. Garber, to his successful life as a student, and to his well earned reputation and character as a teacher in Muhlenberg College. How suggestive, and how applicable to the man, might not this other word of Holy Scripture have stood at the beginning of this address: "Moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful." True to the trust imposed in him by man, and faithful to the relations in which the Lord ordered his life, it is right that we should record and emu-

late his virtues. For more than a quarter of a century he filled a place of responsibility in Muhlenberg College. Always in his place, and always faithful in his place; doing honest work himself, and requiring honest work of his students; just and yet reasonable in his demands upon them, and genuinely concerned in the person and life of each one, he won and held the confidence and affection of the young men to a degree which might well be the earnest desire of any instructor. Quiet of manner, possessed of real strength of character and of solid mental qualities, his influence on young men, and on all over whom he was placed was positively good and inspiring, and suited to form them well for the work of life. Little liable to any movement from mere impulse he was the man of fixed habits and of strong principles and convictions; not so much seeming to live well as living it out of the clear depth of a conscientious nature. Well poised, his life was directly forward to its goal, and when that was reached his course could not be other than finished.

Nothing perhaps better illustrates the man than his devotion to his Sunday-school. For more than a score of years he was its leader, and in the best sense its head. His interest in it was intelligent and consistent, and, as we believe, truly spiritual. He made it at the same time a practical training school to many of the young men of the College, therein furnishing them with a preparation for the future work of their life. To the school he was in some real sense a pastor, making regular visitations of its families; and in times of sickness and bereavement he became a bearer of comfort to the sorrowing. One of the last, possibly the last public act of his life was a visit to a family of the school in which there was sickness

But why continue, for in season and out of season he was true to his mission, and kept steadily on his way in his work until God recalled that life to Himself. Having finished his course it was meet that he should be called from the scene of his earthly labors. The Lord, whose servant he was, took him. We will not question the wisdom and goodness of Him who has claimed His own when his work was finished. Neither let us murmer nor complain. We have made no ideal sketch. Neither have we endeavored to draw traits that belong only to a perfect character.

Our brother, departed, was of like sinful nature with ourselves, and compassed with like infirmities. But, as a Christian man, he possessed the elements of a Christian character, and was, therefore, in principle, such a man as we have described. A servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, he was for that very reason the servant of man, in the spirit of his Master, bearing to them the grace of our common salvation. As the stars and planets reflect the light from the one central source of light, or as the stream bears in it the waters of the great river, so the Christian life in its blessed activities bears the Christ-life to all among whom it moves, thus making glad waste hearts and places. Let us rather record gratitude to God for what He has done by His servant than lament his loss to us. Surely, the Lord means not that His work shall suffer when the workman is removed. Another will be called to the place he has so well filled; not to finish his work, for that is finished; but to continue that agency which God has appointed for saving the world.

We believe that our brother and former fellow-laborer has entered upon the higher fruition of his work in this life. Having finished his course he now rests from his labors. Surely, we can in all confidence leave him with Christ, in whom the body only sleeps, and in whom the Spirit even now rests in conscious joy. The occasion must not be allowed to pass without its lessons to each one of us here assembled. How forcibly are not we reminded of the uncertainty as to the limit of our life! One Lord's day our brother performed the work of the day; the seventh day thereafter he was taken from the world. Some of us may be as near the end of our life on earth. Then, let us be diligent in making our calling and election sure and diligent in working while it is to-day. Life is not given that we may prepare for death, but for work and consecrated service. Let us then be up and active in our station. Whether our years be many or few we should make them worthy of our redeemed lives.

Ours is indeed a common loss—Faculty, Students, his Sunday-school, this Congregation, the Community in which he lived all mourn to-day the removal of a friend and helper in the common walk of life.

God hath taken him. Let that content us.

To his most dearly bereaved companion, to his brothers, and kindred, let the word of God's grace be your comfort and strength. He who has removed him knows your sorrow, sorrows with you, and in His own time and way will bring in that larger gain which all sanctified bereavement yields. Only trust and follow Him in this suffering, and He will certainly lead you through it to an eternal place. Dark clouds may gather, and these be followed by a night of bitter weeping; but be hopeful, "At the evening time there shall be light," light introducing the eternal day of God's people, leading to the rest and reunion of Heaven.

Emancipation.

WHY be afraid of death as though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet, sleeping, you are dead
Till you awake and rise,—here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench—
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind? O foolish one and blind!
A day—and you will meet; a night—and you will greet!

This is the death of death,—to breathe away a breath.
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life.

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear,
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

M. D. BABCOCCK, *in Augustana Journal.*

Resolutions of Respect.

By the Faculty.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING of the faculty of Muhlenberg College, called for that purpose, Monday, September 28th, the following resolutions were passed with reference to the death of Prof. Davis Garber:

WHEREAS, Death has deprived us of the companionship and co-operation of a colleague of many continuous years, for whom we have

cherished high esteem, and in whom we have confided with implicit confidence.

Resolved, That we do hereby put upon record our sincere sorrow at his demise ; and attest his worth as a man, and his ability as a teacher, as well as his high standing in the community for character and public service.

Resolved, That we are deeply sensible of the loss this institution has sustained because of his devotion and fidelity to his calling in it, his genial personality toward its students, and his possession and exercise of those qualities as greatly necessary, and they are rarely found in his office and position.

Resolved, That, as a mark of our sorrow and respect the recitations and class work of Muhlenberg College be suspended until Friday, October 2d ; and that the faculty and students of this institution attend the funeral services Thursday next, in due form and order.

Resolved, That these resolutions be made public in the daily press, and that an especial copy be prepared and sent to the bereaved wife of our deceased friend and fellow-worker, as an assurance of our complete sympathy with her in her great sorrow, and of our prayers in her behalf to the God of all consolation that her faith fail not in the night of tears and anguish until the day star arise with healing in his wings.

By order of the Faculty,

T. L. SEIP, *President.*

Attest :

M. H. RICHARDS, *Secretary.*

By the Students.

WE, the students of Muhlenberg College, now in body assembled, humbly confessing our dependence upon Almighty God, who rules all that is done for human good, do hereby express our sorrow caused by the death of our beloved teacher and friend Professor Davis Garber, Ph.D., and in further declaration of our sentiments, we unanimously

Resolved, That we, in testimony of our veneration and affection for the honored dead, who has been permitted under Providence to do so much for us and for the institution generally with which he was prominently connected for over a quarter of a century, will unite in the funeral services in a body.

That our profoundest sympathies are hereby extended to the bereaved family, and that we commend them to the tender mercies of our dear Heavenly Father.

That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the widow of the deceased.

H. K. LANTZ,
GOMER B. MATTHEWS,
LEVI F. GRUBER,
HARRY F. HEHL,
EDWARD RAKER,
JOHN KOPP,
HARVEY F. STRAUB,
FRED. W. BENZE,

Committee.

By St. Peter's Sunday-School.

AT A meeting of the officers and teachers of the First Ward Lutheran Mission Sunday-school, October 4th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call home our highly respected and beloved superintendent and friend, Professor Davis Garber, Ph.D., and

WHEREAS, It is our desire to show our sincere love and esteem for his earnest labors in our behalf, as well as for his many virtues; therefore be it

Resolved, That we in the name of the Sunday-school of which he was the faithful Superintendent for over 23 years, do hereby express our grief at the loss we have sustained by the death of one of whom it can truly be said: "He being dead yet speaketh."

That we do hereby express our appreciation of his many acts of benevolence, of his untiring zeal for the school's welfare and of his unflagging fidelity to subserve the interests of truth by working in the vineyard of his Lord and Master, until His summons called him hence.

That we herewith extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family and that. while sharing with them the blessed hope of the resurrection of the dead, and of a reunion in that better world where parting and tears are unknown, we devoutly commend them to the tender mercies of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well for them that love Him.

That the resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy of them be presented to the widow of the deceased as a token of our respect and reverence for the Christian character of a scholar, a leader and a friend.

DR. HOWARD S SEIP, *Chairman.*
CHAS. STUBER,
LEVI F. GRUBER,
FRANKLIN K. FRETZ,
GOMER B. MATTHEWS,
Committee.

A Brief Life Sketch of Dr. Davis Garber.

DR. DAVIS GARBER was born near Trappe, Montgomery Co., Pa., February 10th, 1839. He was a son of Samuel and Susan Garber, who were typical Pennsylvania Germans. His parents are both deceased. In early life he assisted his father in tilling the soil. He received the rudiments of his education in the schools of his native county, and, by earnest and faithful application to his studies, he prepared himself for teaching in the public

schools. For a number of years he was engaged in teaching public schools during the winter term and in farming during the summer. During all these years, however, he never lost his desire for a collegiate education. With this aim before him, he entered Washington Hall Collegiate Institute, Trappe, Pa., where he prepared for college. In 1861 he entered Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in the sophomore class, advanced, and graduated in 1863, with third honor. In September, 1863, he became one of the instructors in Washington Hall College Institute, Trappe, where he remained until the end of the year 1869.

At a special meeting of the board of trustees of Muhlenberg College, held October 27, 1869, he was elected professor of mathematics, astronomy, physics and geology. He accepted the position and entered upon his duties January 4, 1870. The College had been founded only three years prior to this date, and when he assumed the duties of his position, he found himself in the midst of arduous labors and trying circumstances—a great deal of labor and little pay; but with his characteristic zeal and fidelity he threw all his energies into the task of successfully carrying on the work of the young institution. Hard work and many self-denials stared the honored president and his faithful co-workers in the face in those early years, but they battled manfully against heavy odds and conquered.

Muhlenberg College soon gained a reputation for good, honest and thorough work, due chiefly to the acknowledged scholarship and self-sacrificing ability of its able faculty. Owing to the fact that not all the professorships in the College were filled, the professors were frequently called upon to share with the other members of the faculty and duties of various other departments. In 1882 Dr. Garber was relieved of some of his extra labors and received as his special sphere mathematics and astronomy and also the chair of higher Latin, for a time. Dr. Garber held many positions of honor and trust in Muhlenberg College. He was librarian of the college since 1876, secretary pro tem. of the faculty for one year, 1876-77, and generally had charge of the institution during the temporary absence of the president.

On December 26th, 1878, Dr. Garber was married to Miss Kate Grim, a daughter of the late Sem Grim, who survives.

In 1891 the degree of doctor of philosophy was conferred upon Professor Garber by Ursinus College, and in honoring him the institution honored itself.

Dr. Garber was an active member of the Lutheran Church and was greatly interested in Sunday-school work. He was superintendent of the First Ward Lutheran Mission Sunday-school since May, 1873. He had associated with him in the work a number of Muhlenberg students and members of the various Lutheran congregations in the city.

His ability and experience in educational work were recognized by the patrons of the public schools of this city in electing and keeping him for years as a member of the Second Ward School Board. In Jnne, 1891, he was elected a member of the board of control and served for several years.

In politics he was one of the staunchest Democrats and contributed liberally to the support of his party. He was a truly and highly respected citizen, a beloved husband and honored neighbor and was identified with educational interests ever since attaining manhood. Enemies he had none, not even political. His whole life and all his charitable acts were devoted to the welfare of others—a true philanthropist.

He suffered from an obstruction in the intestines which caused his death. He passed away peacefully at 1.15 P. M. Sunday, September 27th, 1896.

Crossing the Sea.

At eventide the sun sunk low,
The wavelet's seethe on yonder shore,
Struck my heart's most mournful chord
As I put out to sea.

The sun sank slowly to his rest,
Vanished behind the waves' white crest,
Unease there dwelt within my breast
Riding o'er the sea.

Lovering clouds trailed o'er the mast,
To larboard, to starboard, fore and aft,
This deep's leviathan was enwrapped
Groping on the sea.

CROSSING THE SEA.

Upheaves my breast as the sea's ground swell,
Striking my heart with a doleful knell,
Who knows! who dares! who scarce can tell
Of my voyage on the sea!

Gloom hovers 'round banishing day,
Low sinks my heart forgetting to pray,
Hoping yet fearing that darkness may stay
Keeping me out at sea.

Hither and thither the storm-tossed barque,
Plunging and creaking through endless dark,
Bearing me onward from home afar
Sailing o'er the sea.

Parted the clouds beamed forth a ray,
Bespoke my port with coming day,
Gone were my fears, and joyful my lay
Finished my voyage on sea.

HERBERT FITZ HERBERT, '97.

Our Alumni.

'71. Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. D., of Milwaukee, was English Secretary of the first conference of Lutheran Deaconess Motherhouse in America, recently held at the Mary J. Drexel Home in Philadelphia. He also read a paper on "The Female Diaconate in America outside of the Lutheran Church." Rev. W. A. Passavant, Jr., '75, likewise read a paper on "The Relation of the Christian Bodies to the Deaconess Cause, and the Popular Prejudices and Objections Against It."

'71. In the first number of *The Lutheran* as published under the auspices of the General Council, Rev. Hiram Peters, of Toledo, Ohio, contributes an article on "Popular Fallacies, concerning Church Membership."

'72. On Sunday, September 13th, the Salisbury Congregation, Lehigh County, Pa., Rev. M. O. Rath, Lutheran pastor, celebrated its 155th anniversary.

74. Dr. Edgar Dubbs Shimer, of Jamaica, N. Y., son of the late James O. Shimer, of this city, has been elected assistant superintendent of the schools of New York City. He is a graduate of Muhlenberg College of the Class of 1874, and is one

of the most brilliant men ever turned out by this institution. For several years he filled the chair of pedagogy in the University of the City of New York.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

In commenting on the above appointment, the *Educational Review* of New York says: "Mr. E. D. Shimer, who leaves his class room in Grammar School No. 20, to take a place on the New York Board of School Superintendents, has gained a good reputation as a student and teacher. If he shall develop directive ability and an independence that will lift him above the pettifogging and wire-pulling of the present regime, he may accomplish much for the schools."

'78. The 15th anniversary of Rev. Charles L. Fry's Ministry in "Old Trinity" Church, Lancaster, Pa., was celebrated on the first Sunday in September. During three years 858 persons were received into membership and $150,000 were contributed to Christian beneficence

'79. Rev. W. M. Rehrig, Ph.D., occupied the pulpit of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lehighton, on Sunday evening. He is a native of Carbon County, was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1879, and is now pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, in Greenville, Mercer County, Pa. He was called East through the death of his mother, who was buried last week.—*Chronicle and News.*

'80. Rev. James F. Beates, Seattle, Washington, contributes an article on "English Lutheran Sunday-schools in the West" to the October number of *The Lutheran Church Review.*

'85. This 29th day of September, 1896, marks an important event in the family of Dr. Howard S. Seip, the dentist. He has long been considering the advisability of getting an assistant in his business, and to-day the assistant put in his appearance. He is an extremely youthful individual and has no teeth. He will not for some time be of much assistance to the Doctor, but if he grows up and follows in the footsteps of his father he will be the pride of his parents. The cute little visitor is just as welcome as can be and all is happiness in the Seip household.

'86. Samuel J. Kistler, Esq., Saegersville, Pa., has been appointed District President of the P. O. S. of A. for Lehigh Co.

'89. During the Summer months Zion's Lutheran congregation of Girardville, Pa., Rev. E. O. Leopold pastor, made extensive improvements.

'90. St. John's Mission, Sayre, Pa., is reducing its debt under Rev. W. O. Fegley's energetic administration.

'91. The *Philadelphia Record* of September 28th, contained a portrait of Rev. M. J. Bieber, and a cut of his new church with the following account of its dedication:

The New Trinity Lutheran Evangelical Church of Mt. Joy, which was erected at a cost of $10,000, was consecrated to-day with interesting exercises, hundreds of Lutherans being present from surrounding towns, and some from Philadelphia. The morning exercises began at 10 o'clock, when many ministers, followed by the church council, bearing the Bible and the sacred vessels, marched to the church, where the keys were handed over to Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Seip, president of Muhlenberg College and of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

After the Bible and sacred vessels had been deposited in their places, the act of consecration was performed by Dr. Seip, who preached the consecration sermon.

The afternoon service was largely attended, many children being present. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. P. A. Laurey, of Marietta; Professor G. B. Hancher, principal of the Kutztown Normal School, and Rev. J. Fishburn. At the evening service Professor Hancher preached.

The new church building is constructed of blue limestone, with Indiana limestone trimmings. The dimensions are 61 by 42 feet. There is a tower on one corner, 60 feet in height. The main auditorium is separated from the Sunday-school room by movable glass partitions. The church will be lighted by a chandelier, the gift of the Luther League, which organization also paid for frescoing the walls. The windows are all memorials of stained glass. The furniture is of oak. The church will have a seating capacity of 550.

During its existence of 69 years the church has had 19 pastors, eight of whom survive and are filling pulpits of prominent churches.

91. Martin S. Harting, Oley, Pa., has been elected to a position in the Allentown Public Schools.

'94. Rev. Edwin S. Woodring, of Chicago, where he is pastor of one of the United Evangelical Churches, is in this city. His marriage to Miss Lulu E. Koons, teacher of the Mixed Advanced Primary School, of the Fourth Ward, took place October 13th. Rev. Woodring is a brother of Rev. J. D. Woodring, of this city.—*Chronicle and News.*

'96. Marcus S. Hottenstein, Joseph C. Slough and George T. Spang have entered the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania. S. A. Bridges Stopp has entered the Senior class in the Classical course at Princeton. The majority of the class have entered the Lutheran Seminary at Mt. Airy.

The Editor's Table.

THE RED AND BLUE of the University of Pennsylvania is one of our prominent and most interesting Exchanges. The October number is, as usual, good. From the Editorials we quote as follows: "The Red and Blue aims to present systematically the best literary work of the students of the University—not the College alone, but the University—and to exhibit the attitude in college affairs of the man who is a student in the full sense of the word." It will also contain half-tone illustrations throughout the year.

A PARTING.

Said the comb to the brush "'tis very sad,
It almost breaks my heart,
We can not long together be
For in the morn we part."

H. V. M., *in Delaware College Review.*

THE LAFAYETTE is an ever welcome visitor to our table, and is the best weekly on our list. The Editorials are well written and worthy of especial praise. The Business Manager, no doubt, has enough work to keep its pages so well filled with advertising

matter. So much of the success of a *College Journal* depends on its Business Manager, and he, of all gets the least credit.

TOO GREEN.

A freshman once to Hades went
For something he might learn,
They sent him back to earth again,
He was too green to burn.—*Ex.*

THE DICKISON UNION gives more than the usual space to its Exchange department. An article by W. W. M., on "Why Books Are Written," is quite readable.

THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

A freshman to the college came,
And barely had enrolled his name,
Before he met a maiden fair,
With eyes of blue and shining hair;
Oh, she was fair to see!

She told him she was just sixteen,
The freshman really was quite green,
He went down every other night,
And thought she was just "out of sight,"
Yes, she was fair to see!

The freshman is a senior now,
And dignity sits on his brow,
He soon will leave the loving girl
With hair of gold and teeth of pearl;
Who is so fair to see.

The years roll by, the senior's son
Has this same college-course begun,
And meets the self-same smiling girl
Who set his father's head awhirl;
And was so fair to see!

She flirts with him as with his pa,
Though old enough to be his ma?
Oh no, for this strange thing is seen,
The maiden still is sweet sixteen,
But it is hard to see.—*W. M. C. Monthly.*

THE LUTHERAN has just been issued and is all that it was claimed to be. The Rev. G. F. Krotel, D.D., LL.D., is the Editor-in-Chief. It is by far the best and most attractive Church Paper published.

The World of Letters.

AMELIA E. BARR returns to sailors' and sailor life in a new story of the North Sea, "A Knight of The Nets."

"THE SCOTTISH THREE," is the way the author of the latest Scottish novel, "My Bagdad," alludes to Barrie, Crockett and Ian Maclaren.

CONAN DOYLE'S forthcoming novel is entitled "Rodney Stone." Frank Stockton has spun a new tale, "Captain Chap, or the Rolling Stones."

MARION CRAWFORD has written a new story, "A Rose of Yesterday," to begin in the November Century and run for six months. The story opens in Lucerne, and, while it is entirely separate in interest, some of the personages that appear in it will be familiar to readers of "Don Orsino." It is wholly romantic in character.

THE NEW X RAYS have already been seized upon by the romancers as the central agency of a short story. In Longman's Magazine has appeared a tale by C. H. F. Cresthwaite entitled "Roentger's Curse," in which the hero is nearly crazed by the effect of a drug on his eyes, causing him to see only the skeletons of his friends, his wife and his little child.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S forthcoming romance, "The City of Refuge," lies in a new field of action for that author. It deals with the supernatural to some extent, and its chief incidents occur in a community situated near the city of Aldermanburg, New York. The heroine is said to be a young girl of great beauty, who is a member of the community and who has the power of conversing with the dead.

SOME OF THE most popular novels of the Summer have been Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," Mary C. Wilkin's "Made-

lon," Marion Crawford's "Adam Johnston's Son," Richard Harding Davis's "Cinderella," Robert Louis Steward's "Weir of Hermiston," James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady," Anthony Hope's "Comedies of Courtship," Stephen Crane's Maggie" and George's Mother," Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan" and Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty."

THE NAVAL weakness of the United States forms the subject of an article of interest in the current number of "Cassier's Magazine." The author, W. D. Cathcart, formerly of the Engineer Corps of the United States Navy, deals with naval abuses and political chicanery little dreamed of by the people. The English and the American navies both suffer from the ills which the article exposes—the English in less degree, perhaps—and naval engineers everywhere have much reason to be thankful to the author for the masterly way in which he presents their cause.

THE FEATURE of the October "Atlantic" which will attract the widest attention is a new department, having the attractive title, "Men and Letters," to which leading writers will contribute short articles on literary subjects, reminiscences, suggestions and criticisms. The department is opened by W. D. Howells with a paper reminiscent of his days as editor of the "Atlantic." He is followed by John Burroughs on "The Poet and the Modern," and W. P. Frent, "On Reading the Fiftieth Volume of Balzac." The leading article, by President Eliot, of Harvard, is on "Five American Contributions to Civilization," viz: The practice of arbitration instead of war; the increase of wide religious toleration; the safe development of manhood suffrage; the proof that people of a great variety of nations are fit for political freedom; and fifth, the diffusion of well-being among the population in general. President Eliot holds these five contributions as characteristic of our country, and in his opinion they will be held in grateful remembrance by mankind for all time; for they are distinct contributions to civilization.

OF ALL the publications of the Fall probably none will be read more eagerly than Du Maurier's new novel, "The Martian," which will appear in the October number of Harpers' Magazine,

running through ten numbers. The whole manuscript and all the illustrations are now in the hands of the Harpers, and it has been read and declared to be not only all that could be expected from the author of "Trilby," but in some respects a superior piece of work to that celebrated story. The strongest hopes are entertained that it will repeat the success of the former work. At times in the illustrations one fancies he sees Trilby again, for there is Du Maurier's tall young woman who has walked for over twenty years through the pages of "Punch," and who was so much in evidence in the pages of "Peter Ibertson" and "Trilby."

The story of "The Martian" opens with scenes in a boys' school in Paris, the first two or three parts dealing with the school life of the hero, and throwing interesting sidelights on student life both in Paris and Antwerp. The interest of the story centers in a single character. As in both of his other stories, there is a strong psychic element in "The Martian." As to just what this mysterious element is no information is at present to be obtained, nor is the natural curiosity about the title to be entirely satisfied. Whether the hero was actually a Martian—a former inhabitant of the planet Mars come to sojourn on the earth—we are not told, but are allowed to believe that the fancies about life on Mars that have engaged public attention of late years have suggested the peculiar element of mystery that pervades the story.

An advance glimpse of the hero is given in the following quoted characterization: "The Martian was in reality the simplest, the most affectionate, and the most good natured of men, the very soul of honor, the best of husbands and fathers and friends, the most fascinating companion that ever lived, and one who kept to the last the freshness and joyous spirits of a schoolboy and the heart of a child; one who never said or did an unkind thing, probably never even thought one. Generous and openhanded to a fault, slow to condemn, quick to forgive, and gifted with a power of immediately inspiring affection and keeping it forever after, such as I have never known in any one else, he grew to be for all his quick-tempered impulsiveness one of the gentlest and meekest and most humble-minded of men'.'

About the College.

WANTED—By the Freshmen—A suggestion for a Class Yell.

MILLER, C. C., '97, has been elected superintendent of St. Joseph's Lutheran Sunday-school at East Allentown.

H. M. SCHOFER, '97, is teacher of the German Bible Class of St. Peter's Lutheran Sunday-school.

HARTLEY'S melodious voice is again heard throughout the building.

A COLLEGE pin has been adopted, and now comes the college *walk*. For full particulars apply at room 69.

JOHN BENDER, '99, delivered an address to St. Peter's Lutheran Sunday-school, Bath, Pa., Saturday, October 4th.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS elected the following officers: President, V. J. Koch; Vice President, A. B. Yerker; Secretary, F. L. Erb; Treasurer, F. W. Benze.

MILLER, F., Kline, Fretz and Everett were pall-bearers at the funeral of Dr. Garber. The Faculty and Students attended the funeral in a body.

SCHOFER, Gruber and Beck, the great silver advocates of the College, are actively engaged doing missionary work among the students in support of their cause.

IT IS reported that one of our Seniors recently wrote a letter to one of the fair sex and after waiting patiently without receiving a reply, swore vengeance upon his friend, when to his disgust as well as to his relief, he discovered the epistle still in his pocket.

FOOT-BALL "scrabbles" are being indulged in by many of the students. The call x. y. d. e., etc., seems to be a new feature in foot-ball playing this year. A number of games are scheduled to be played in the near future.

MORE is accomplished by doing each days work faithfully than by crowding two days' work into one.

"ALL things solid and valuable sink to the bottom, and only straws and things valueless float on the surface."

MR. JONAS O. HENRY, '99, is the latest addition to the Alpha Iota Chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

THE very first of human life springs from woman's breast; your first tears are quenched by her, and your last sighs too often breathed out in a woman's hearing.—*Byron.*

PRESIDENT DOCTOR SEIP will be present at the Sesqui-Centennial celebration of the founding of Princeton College, which begins with the 20th inst. The occasion will witness a gathering of the most learned men of the country.

Dr. SEIP attended a meeting of the College and University Council of the State of Pennsylvania, held at Harrisburg on Tuesday, October 6th. On the evening of the same day he attended a meeting of the presidents of the Church Colleges of Pennsylvania.

ON FRIDAY evening, October 2d, Dr. Seip attended a meeting of the sub-committee of the College and University Council to consider the courses of study of colleges applying for a charter, and on Saturday was the guest of Provost Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania.

THE PRESS CLUB recently held its election at which time they elected the following officers: President, W. H. Fehr, '97; Vice President, W. S. Heist, '98; Secretary, G. I. Lenker, '98; Treasurer, I. O. Nothstein, '97; Critics, F. K. Fretz, '97; and C. C. Miller, '97.

CHAS. EMORY SMITH, editor of the Philadelphia Press, in his elaborate speech in Market Hall, very appropriately referred to the Students assembled in body, as he expounded one of his views on the issues at stake. The students received the compliment agreeably by lauding him with a hearty "Three Cheers for Smith."

"Man count thy days,
And if they fly too fast
For they dull thoughts to count,
Count every day thy last."

Special Announcement.

THE EMINENT young tragedian, Mr. James Young, will appear in the Academy of Music, Allentown, for the first time, on Wednesday and Thursday nights, 21st and 22d instant, in the characters of "Hamlet" and "David Garrick." Mr. Young is receiving extraordinary commendation as an actor, especially of the Shakespearean plays. In Hamlet he is ably assisted by Miss Rida Louisa Johnson, as Ophelia.

Mr. Young has already received favorable introduction to the readers of the MUHLENBERG.

The tragedy of Hamlet, as all know, is unsurpassed, and Mr. Young's presentation of it is said to be exceptionally fine. "Have no half dealings with thine art," is his motto, and he makes it effective in every detail. His scenic embellishments, stage effects and rich costumes add attractiveness to the play. Mr. Young is a graduate of Baltimore City College. He is assisted by a company of sixteen competent players, including Miss Johnson, also of Baltimore, and a graduate of the Wilson College of Chambersburg, Pa.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

* * *

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.—GRAY.

THE

MUHLENBERG

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F.M.

ALLENTOWN, PA.

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'85,

-:- Dentist, -:-

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The Muhlenberg.

"Litterœ Sine Ingenio Vanœ."

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Asst. Editor-in-Chief:
WILLARD D. KLINE, '97.

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GEORGE T. ETTINGER, Ph.D., '80.

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WILLIAM S. HEIST, '98.—Personal.
WESLEY WENNER, '98.—Local.

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FRANCIS MILLER, '97. MARVIN L. KLEPPINGER, '98.

Editorials.

NO DOUBT some of our readers will turn to the Editorial page to note what is again said about the welcome holiday of Thanksgiving.

Well, we wish all of you a very pleasant Thanksgiving, and hope you will all enjoy the usual preparations of this day. Surely all have something in this world to be thankful for, and we are thankful that our new venture is a success.

THE EXCITING political campaign did not permit the students to remain disinterested.

Their presence at the several mass-meetings of both of the great parties did not fail to receive recognition.

The "boys" accordingly paid liberal compliments to the more noted speakers on the several occasions. A good deal of valuable information on the principles of economy and finance was thus

acquired. The address of Hon. Robert E. Wright deserves especial mention. It was a masterly exposition of the great financial question and was highly appreciated.

The high-class oratory of the eminent James M. Beck, Esq., also received studied attention.

WITHIN THE last twelve years there has been introduced into many of the leading educational institutions of America the important science of Biology.

Since the comparatively short time of its introduction the results have shown conclusively that such a science is well nigh a necessity for all those who contemplate the study of medicine.

They have also already shown that students who have faithfully pursued a Biological course have excelled in their subsequent professional studies.

And why should not Muhlenberg have a Biological course?

True, Muhlenberg despises specialties, and certainly no one disputes the fact that a well rounded education, such as is prescribed, is an essential for every profession and especially so for the medical profession; but, as we all know, the best medical schools in this country have extended the course to four years, and those having received the degree of A. B., who during their college course have devoted a part of their time to the study of Biology, are admitted to the second year without an entrance examination.

This fact would certainly be greatly appreciated, if Muhlenberg offered such an opportunity, by those of the enrolled students who intend taking up the medical profession, and also by those who hope to be enrolled as students, having the same profession in view.

Now Muhlenberg College is an institution of the Lutheran Church, and no doubt there are some in the Lutheran Church intending to become physicians, but who attend other institutions because of the advantages of a Biological course, whereas, if Muhlenberg offered the same advantage, such men might be enrolled among her students. Thus they would become interested in the Church so that besides being greatly benefitted themselves they would also in turn be a benefit to their Church.

Collegiate Culture.

BY THE REV. EDWARD HAINES KISTLER, '95.

It is fitting that every student should ask himself at the gateway which opens on the wide expanse of a collegiate course: Why am I here? What do I propose to do? The young man, whose only aim is to acquire the glory of an A. M. and the pride of a beautifully framed parchment,—that young man had better not squander the cost of a college course. It will be for him but an elegant luxury. This woeful incentive may be covered and bedecked by that hypocritical thought that a collegiate course is "the proper thing" for the commencement of a career. Well, some people *must* have luxuries simply for the sake of being in the fashion, and that vice, observation teaches, is not confined to the opposite sex. It is an incentive, too, to look squarely at one's aim, or object, occasionally; so we write this paper to help the Senior as well as the Freshman to better work.

Now an education does not consist in reading books: that is but the first step. Education is mind-culture, mind-development, mind-athletics (in the proper sense of the term "athletics.") The first step is, of course, acquiring knowledge. This puts windows into life: for each new thought suggested, each new truth observed, opens a vista of truth the end of which is God. "You cannot look up any question in history or science, or watch the habits of the dog on the hearth, or note carefully the weed or the beetle at your door-step, without opening an infinite vista. Who would stay in a cell when all out-of-doors is waiting?" Each new thing you read opens a window into life. Care! Let not the opened window face a disease-breeding sensational newspaper or the prurient novel. Far better the blank wall than the most beautiful casement that opens on corruption and death! Get the highest possible view-point and the broadest possible vision of all the beauties and truths the Master-Hand has written on rock and plant, on men and nations. This is the first true aim of the collegiate culture.

But culture means more than acquisition: it means assimilation; it means development; it means training. One of the chief

aims of a college course is the power of thought-concentration. A Principal of a State Normal school defined a college course in this way: I send my boy to college, and at the end of the Freshman year, I do not ask him how much Latin or Greek or Mathematics he knows; but I do take him into my study and give him a question of any sort whatsoever. He need not solve it; but if he can give his undivided attention to the matter for ten minutes, I am satisfied. I know that Latin and Greek and Mathematics will not suffer. Sophomore should teach him to concentrate his thought for fifteen minutes; Junior, for half an hour; Senior, for an hour; I do not ask the man who leaves college, "What do you know?" but "Can you think?" It is this thought-concentrating power that puts its high seal upon collegiate work. This is the next aim of collegiate culture.

The power to observe minutiæ. The old Professor always rejoiced when he thought of a professor of a rival institution. They were rivals in the same field of knowledge,—belonging to different schools. Bitter was the rivalry; sweet the thought of the old professor: "He is my best work; for I taught him to observe!" This is the next aim.

The law of habit implanted by the long-continued and exacting work of a college course, rightly taken, is one of the grandest results of collegiate culture. Men think that genius is born. I think that a born genius will die unless he develops by working. Pasteur was awakened every morning at college by the janitor calling out at *four:* "To work, Monsieur Pasteur! Shake off the demon of idleness!" "He had genius; but he did not let his genius languish or starve. Many a man makes solid work pass for the scintillation of a talented mind, while he has but minded his talents. Genius depends on work: another end of collegiate culture.

But a mind, truly developed, must be morally developed as well. That education which neglects the moral nature, or laughs at the credences of the faith-life, is just so much deformed and misshapen. And here is the advantage,—let me say, the NECESSITY,—of attending the church school, where the faith of the fathers is not smiled at, to say the least, but rather where true science *follows nature* and points the way to God. "The culti-

vation of the powers of the intellect TO THE NEGLECT OF THE MORAL NATURE, * * * may make shrewd men in the little things of life, but it will make narrow, unscrupulous, and unprincipled men at the best, while at the worst it is just the training to produce vice and crime." And this is the next aim of collegiate culture, to strengthen the faith-life, and show the dependence of Nature always upon Nature's God: the relation of things visible to things invisible.

All this is what Muhlenberg would do for her sons; what every *alma mater* proposes for her children: widen the life-view; concentrate the thought-power; open observing eyes; guide the mind-powers through controlling habit; and crown all as with a wreath of wild olive, with that beautiful faith that takes its root in and has been nurtured by the credences science demands. What a culture lies before the college student, if he will allow his *alma mater* to impart it to him.

And what does it all mean? That this mental culture will be of incalculable benefit when viewing the questions of life from the higher standpoint; when grasping the problems of life with the concentrated power of a concentrated mind; when seeing those minutiæ of circumstances upon which often all history hinges; when engaged in work that to the ordinary man seems Herculean; when doing all things under the guidance of a faith that often walks not by sight!! Who would not be thus equipped for life? Have you ever heard what the thinker, Carlyle, has said on this subject? Here it is: "An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is *his* state who stands on the outside of that store-house, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him? His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe; he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms."

Who would not have this power, this culture? Take it, ye who can; while ye can!

"Where Living Waters Flow."

"VARIETY," so saith an old adage, "is the spice of life."

The verification of this assertion is evident on every hand; whether in luxury or in poverty, whether in country or in city. Furthermore, it appears that the American people are by no means the exception to this rule.

We all enjoy a change, whether in surroundings, in attire, in associations, or in the many adjuncts that enliven and refresh our mundane existence.

It is not recorded who it was that enacted the role of pioneer in seeking for himself some spot where, in a different scene, amid altered surroundings, and among new social relations, he might rest from his labor and enjoy a phase of life and action, or inaction, wholly new to him.

In time past, no Summer resort has so claimed the attention and patronage of the American people as Saratoga, justly famous and popular.

In the palmiest days of that resort, the wealth, beauty and society of the American people selected Saratoga as their place of assembly. Those were the days, those brilliant days, when the noble, manly countenance of old Commodore Vanderbilt lent its inspiration to society; those were the days when Pierre Lorrillard, that veteran turf devotee and tobacco raiser, leveled his field glass on a prospective winner; those were the days when those incomparable paragons of grace and beauty, the ladies of the old South, tripped with rythmic tread the steps of the giddy waltz and reel.

It is but natural to ask, "Why should Saratoga have been chosen and not some more central point? Why should the people of the continent flock to Monte Carlo, in France, or at Carlsbad, in Germany? The reason of Saratoga's popularity and preeminence as a Summer resort is evident; there may be found both the gambling-table of Monte Carlo and the medicinal waters of Carlsbad. In reference to the latter attraction, Nature has been very generous to Saratoga, since there may be found twenty-eight different waters, each having an effect peculiar to itself, varying in intensity of power; some having cathartic

properties, some alterative, and others being merely tonics for the system.

We speak of this resort as Saratoga Springs. The title is rather misleading, since it would leave one to suppose that this world-famous spa was some mountain-side village where the springs, bubbling forth, required but the eager hand of the invalid to disturb their flow. Not so. Saratoga is a borough whose population is an intermittent one; regularly swelling every July from a town of ten thousand people, until, in August, high tide is reached and a census would then show an enrollment of upwards of fifty thousand persons.

A consequent thought may now arise as to what accommodations would be necessary for such a throng. Conceive, if you can, of a massive six-story building, beautifully decorated within and without, occupying one huge block, and capable of accommodating 2400 guests, and having a dining hall seating 1800 at one sitting. Such is the Grand Union Hotel, erected by that pioneer financier, A. T. Stewart. Some idea of the immensity of this establishment may be gleaned when one learns of the verdant park, seven and one-half acres in area, bounded by the three wings which comprise the hotel.

Then in order of magnitude, follow some forty hotels ranging in capacity from fifteen hundred to fifty guests' apartments.

Three years ago, at the borough election, a reform regime was inaugurated, so that now the card-table and the race-track remain in enforced idleness. Prior to the ascendency of such resorts as Newport, Narragansett Pier, Bar Harbor, etc., Saratoga commanded the patronage of this and foreign countries. Many are tales of fortunes won and lost in a night's sitting at roulette or faro. Many the disgraceful scandals born in that citadel of social madness.

Every pleasant afternoon nigh to four o'clock, the afternoon drive begins. This informal parade of gay equippages wends its way along a good clean road through a picturesque country to Saratoga Lake, four miles distant. Among the leaders in this procession you will notice a pair of superb bay horses and an equally gorgeous victoria on whose box sit the statue-like driver

and footman, garbed in light brown. Look closely. Did you see that old white-haired gentleman seated upon the deep-cushioned seat. 'Twas old Judge Hilton, whom Mrs. Stewart rewarded with $1,000,000 in payment for his services as executor of her husband's estate. Then follow the cabriolets and broughams of an Astor or a newly wedded Whitney or Vanderbilt. Down yonder comes the German baron, riding his coal-black steed with that easy grace characteristic of the true German cavalryman. Thus the show goes on, until 5.30 or 6 o'clock. Then dinner, and afterward at 9 the hop or the reception.

The climax of the social season is reached on the first day of September. Then it is that the borough fairly outdoes itself. All is one charming harmony of color, for the time of the Floral Parade has arrived.

Graceful golden rod and vari-colored asters, proud gladioli and budding carnations, majestic, queenly roses and the humble, plebian field flowers are all pressed into service, until every residence and store, every hotel and hall, even the very tree trunks are masses of buds and flowers. But this, merely a foretaste, which threatens to become a rival of the Mardi Gras festival in New Orleans, has already, so it is said, eclipsed the flower show of Queen Paris. Presently, with the blare of trumpets, there appears—naught but flowers, flowers everywhere. Horses hidden beneath a cover of fragrant buds, carriages burdened with floral beauty, floats upon which thousands of blossoms have been lavished; all, all pass before the eye like a panorama of fairy-land.

We speak proudly when our local fair draws a crowd of 40,000 strangers to our city. What think you of 125,000 persons attracted only by the love of the beautiful as found in the frail handiwork of God?

Then, when all is past and you are returning home, be the distance 200 miles by rail or 20 miles by ox-cart, you say with inmost satisfaction:

"The beautiful is *not* dead." WEST ECKEL, '98.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The Birth of the Opal.

The sunbeam loved the moonbeam
And he followed her low and high,
But the moonbeam fled and hid her head,
She was so shy—so shy.

But the sunbeam followed and found her,
Ah! he was a lover bold—
And his heart was afire with a wild desire
For the moonbeam pale and cold.

But she fled like a dream before him
And her hair was a golden sheen
And oh! that of fate would annihilate
The space that lay between.

Just as the day lay panting
In the arms of the twilight dim;
The sunbeam caught the moonbeam
And he drew her close to him.

But she sprang from his warm arm startled—
And stirred by Love's first shock—
And ran afraid like a trembling maid,
And hid in the niche of a rock.

But the sunbeam followed and found her;
And he led her to Love's own feast
And they were wed on that rocky bed
And the dying Day was their priest.

And lo! the beautiful Opal
That rare and wondrous gem
Where the moon and the sun blend unto one
Is the child that was born to them.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Peculiar People.

THERE ARE many young men and women who are afraid to do what they think they ought to do, as such a course on their part might cause them to be considered by others as peculiar.

But do not forget that God's chosen children in the past were a peculiar people, and they are so to-day, and will be to-morrow.

And why not? It is only the "peculiar" that generally attract attention.

Common people are a daily and hourly sight. They are so numerous that we pass them by with hardly any notice. And it is because they are so common and not peculiar.

While walking up street I noticed the people looking in one direction, and soon found out that they were watching a peculiar man who was walking along on the pavement.

A few days before that a very nice gentleman had complained to me that he surely could not amount to much, as his neighbors seldom noticed him, and wanted to know the reason. After my walk I was able to tell him what was the matter—he was not peculiar in any particular manner whatever.

It was once my lot to gaze upon a Sunday-school Bible class that looked about as large as the average attendance at a country church. I asked the pastor how it was that such a body of men could be drawn together, and his reply was that the class had a peculiar teacher—a man who knew the Bible from beginning to end, and had the gift of making the study of the Word very interesting. Was it not better for him and the class he taught that he was considered a peculiar man and not a common one?

It is no disgrace to be considered peculiar, provided your peculiarity runs in the right direction.

Almost every man and woman who amounts to anything is peculiar—especially those who are striving to make the world and the people that are in it better and happier.

Peculiar animals, peculiar flowers, and peculiar minerals are always being sought after and made much of. The young man who has something peculiarly good or peculiarly bright about him is snapped up by some one who has the common sense to know that it is the peculiar people who are valuable.

A young man once asked of himself why he was not more of a success, as there was nothing so peculiar about him that people should not take to him. How little he had studied human nature! If he had been a more apt scholar in that line he would have "caught on" to the situation and realized that he was so common that he was practically out of the market when men were looking for help.

It is not well not to be able to see anything peculiar in young men and women; when they are so "awfully" common that they pass unnoticed by the throng as they go through the world.

There is a great difference between being peculiar and being eccentric. The eccentric person is generally one who is not well balanced. Speaking of such a one, the general remark is, "There is a screw loose somewhere." But not so in speaking of a peculiar individual. You often hear this remark: "What a peculiarly bright gift he has got."

One of the best ways to be peculiar is in serving God and blessing others.

Suppose people do notice you; that is better than being practically unnoticed. Never sit down and sing "O to be nothing." When you get into that kind of singing mood you are nothing, and all efforts in that direction should cease.

A lady residing in a Long Island town once remarked that she had a peculiar boy. People expected to see something out of the general order or line of boys when the time came for an introduction to him. And no one was disappointed, for the information was given that the boy got up of his own accord every morning before five o'clock and lit the fires during the Winter. No wonder that mother was so proud of her "peculiar boy." It is somewhat peculiar to do good and refrain from doing wrong; but nevertheless, such peculiarity is not to be despised, but should be encouraged. Peculiarity in dress is a noticeable feature. To be seen much out of proportion, some parts of it are, and how little some people notice it. But we can rest assured that by studying the peculiarities of others, we can discover some of our own.

HOWARD A. KUNKLE, '99.

About the College.

SCHOFER, '97, and Lenker, '98, delivered addresses at the anniversary of St. Peter's Lutheran Sunday-school of this city.

WM. E. STECKEL has been elected the delegate from Muhlenberg College to the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Union.

PRES'T T. L. SEIP represented Muhlenberg College at the sesqui-centennial of Princeton College.

DR. ETTINGER has been elected treasurer of the Franklin Literary Association, which position had been held by Dr. Garber.

AT THE regular meeting of the College Missionary Society, Rev. J. C. Rausch, of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Allentown, delivered an address on Buddhism.

LENKER, '98, delivered an address at the Reformation festival of St. Joseph's Lutheran Sunday-school, of East Allentown, on November 1st.

Stine (to Dr. W.): "Dr., on Saturday evening I saw a Republican Irishman."

Dr. W.: "That can't be; that's an anomaly."

THE class of '97 has a number of politicians among its members. Stine stumped the county in support of the Democratic party while Fretz and Miller, F., took the other side.

THE Senior Class elected the following officers: W. F. Heldt, President; J. F. Stine, Vice President; I. O. Nothstein, Secretary: I. W. Klick, Treasurer; A. S. Hartzell, Historian.

IN Y. M. C. A. Hall, on November 14th, a concert will be held for the benefit of the College Missionary Society. An elaborate programme is being prepared. All are invited to attend.

FRETZ, '97, delivered an address at the Memorial Service held by the First Ward Lutheran Sunday-school, on October 25th, in honor of its late superintendent, Prof. Davis Garber, Ph. D.

A NUMBER of the students attended the Sound Money Democratic meeting held in Music Hall, on October 27th. Among other prominent men who occupied seats on the stage were Schofer, Sykes and Kuhl, all of '97.

THE election of the Sophronian Literary Society resulted as follows: President, Heldt; Vice President, Repass; Clerk, Buchman; Corresponding Secretary, Kunkle, H.; Treasurer, Kunkle; Critics, Tanty and Sykes; Budget Editor, Fegley; Chaplain, Hehl.

HARTLEY, '99, is amusing himself during his spare moments by "playing the bear" in true Mexican fashion.

AN interesting little game of foot ball took place on the college campus some time ago between the Sophomores and the Freshman scrub. The Freshman put up a pretty stiff game, however resulting 10 to 0 in favor of the Sophomores.

AT A special meeting of the Missionary Society, held for the purpose of electing delegates to the Luther League convention of the Allentown district, to be held in St. John's Lutheran Church, at Easton, the following, Held, Schofer, Kline and Miller, F., were the representatives from Muhlenberg.

FRETZ, Kunkleman and Fehr at the Teachers' Institute. Kunkleman, (to Fretz, deeply absorbed in thought). "What are you thinking about?"

Fretz: "I am studying over my *Geology*."

Kunkleman, (interested in some of the schoolmarms): "I am studying *Anthropology*."

Fehr (to others): "And I am studying an *apology* for not knowing my lessons to-morrow."

Our Alumni.

'69. Rev. Milton J. Kramlich, Allentown, Pa., has been elected a member of the Assembly of Pennsylvania on the Democratic ticket.

'71. A recent number of the *Lutheran* contains an article on "Difficulties of City Mission Work," by Rev. Hiram Peters, Toledo, Ohio.

'71. On "Seminary Day" at the Mt. Airy Lutheran Seminary, Rev. O. P. Smith, D.D., delivered an address on "Our Responsibility."

'71. Rev. Henry B. Strodach is now the pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Jamestown, N. Y.

'73. In a recent number of the *Lutheran*, Rev. Prof. G. H. Gerberding of Chicago writes several interesting articles on "The Chicago Seminary" and "The Chicago University."

'73. Rev. George G. Kunkle's address now is 1024 West Court St., Lancaster, Pa.

'75. E. H. Stine, Esq., Allentown, Pa., was one of the leading and most enthusiastic members of the Lehigh Jeffersonian Democracy.

'78. Rev. Charles L. Fry, Lancaster, Pa., was elected 2d Vice President of the Pennsylvania State Sunday-school Association. He was also elected a member of the Pennsylvania German Society.

'78. Rev. D. Henry Reiter, of Richland Centre, Pa., and Rev. Charles W. Jefferis, '86, of North Wales, were elected President and Secretary of the Norristown Conference.

'79 Rev. George S. Seaman is now located at Homestead, Pa., as pastor of the English Lutheran congregation.

'80. Dr. George T. Ettinger has been elected a member of the Pennsylvania German Society and of the American Philological Society.

'81. The anti-Crow cartoons in the *Philadelphia Press* are the product of J. Allen Schaadt's artistic genius. He signs himself "Jalu."

'82. Secretary Edge of the State Agricultural Department of Pennsylvania, has appointed Dr. S. C. Schmucker of West Chester, special agent of the State in Entomology, to investigate injurious insects. Dr. Schmucker has also been engaged to deliver a course of scientific lectures in Boston this Fall, in place of Wm. Hamilton Gibson, the naturalist and author, who died a few months ago.—*The National Educator*.

'83. Rev. William A. Sadtler has relinquished his work at Chicago Seminary to devote all his time to his pastoral work. He was re-elected President of Chicago Synod, and Rev. Wm. J. Frick of '84 was elected Secretary.

'84. Rev. Samuel G. Weiskotten, Brooklyn, N. Y., contributes an article on "Lutheran Strength," to the *Lutheran* of Oct. 8th.

'86. The address of Rev. Edwin F. Keever now is 527 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

'88. Rev. O. S. Scheirer has accepted a call to the Grimsville Parish, Berks County, Pa.

'88. George R. Ulrich, D.D. S., has moved into new and commodious quarters at 1402 Erie Avenue, Philadelphia.

'90. Rev. Samuel J., Ulrich has received a call to a pastorate in Somerset County.

'91. Rev. H. E. Moyer has accepted a call to the Towamensing Charge, Carbon County, Pa.

'92. Clarence Beck has been admitted to the Northampton County Bar, and will practice law in Easton.

'92. Rev. U. G. Bertolet, Tioga, Phila., was recently married to Miss Ida Blank, of Allentown.

'93. Rev. Ambrose W. Leibensperger, of Lititz, Pa., was married to Miss Mary E. Frederick, daughter of Publisher G. W. Frederick, of Philadelphia.

'95. Joseph H. Stopp is reading law with Biddle & Ward, 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

'95. W. J. Snyder has entered the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Editor's Table.

THE MUHLENBERG acknowledges the receipt of the "Voter's Guide," published by Wm. G. Johnson, of Pittsburg. It is edited by the Hon. Jesse M. Baker, author of the Baker Ballot Law. It is a complete digest of our election laws and should be in the hands of every voter.

IT IS a noticeable fact that many of our exchanges have taken up the political question. *The Harvard Crimson* took a poll of

the students and professors which resulted in an overwhelming majority for McKinley. Not one of the Faculty of Harvard supported Bryan. *The Amulet* sent out a number of questions to its Alumni among which was this query: "Are you in favor of Free Silver or Sound Money?" Out of forty-eight answers received, forty-four were for sound money, three for silver and one doubtful. The Vassar girls formed themselves into clubs and had one of their number address them, imagining they were at Canton. *The Sibyl*, one of our best and breeziest exchanges from a woman's college, says in an editorial, "Seldom, if ever, have women taken so active and so intelligent an interest in the political situation of our country as during the present campaign. Money is something which even women can understand, and the present question at issue, is decidedly a money question. *The Sibyl* rejoices in representing a McKinley College and in sharing in the enthusiasm and confidence of the McKinley party." THE MUHLENBERG certainly congratulates the *Sibyl* on her firm stand. Politicians will most likely consider college men a factor in future campaigns.

"He took her little hand in his,
His love was hot and sizzin,
And when she didn't jerk it back
He knew that she was his'n.—*Ex.*

SAD.

Once on a time I sought to woo
A girl who wore a number two;
Her father wore a number ten—
I never called on her again.—*Ex.*

THE SIBYL is an interesting and highly attractive college paper. Its editorials are good and pertain to their college and paper and do not deal in airy and breezy questions which do not belong to college journalism. It is a matter of not little delight to leaf through its advertisements and find interesting clippings from different exchanges.

Eyes were made to droop,
Cheeks were made to blush,
Hair was made to crimp and curl,
Lips were made—oh, hush.—*Ex.*

HAZY.

A Freshman wrote a letter home ;
The weather he said had been clear
But what he dreaded most of all
Was its HAZY atmosphere.—*Ex.*

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY has reached our table in new dress, and its editors are to be congratulated on its improved appearance. The cover design is an excellent specimen of line work, and reveals an artist. Its different departments are well conducted and proper space and attention is given to each. The Alumnae Department must be a matter of much interest to its many readers. It is also a noticeable fact that the paper does not contain one single advertisement. On the whole, it is a well gotton up paper, and THE MUHLENBERG makes its most graceful bow to *The Smith College Monthly.*

He was a slangy Harvard man,
And she a Wellesley maid ;
He said, "just have a seat on me,"
And promptly she obeyed.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

WE congratulate the *Buff and Blue* on its first appearance as a *monthly.* Its Exchange Department and Editorials are good, but more attention might well be paid to its literary matter.

TRAINING.

Arthur's arms were still around her,
Several minutes had gone by
Since the first kiss had been given,
And he swore for her to die.

" Darling," gently lisped the maiden,
Red as roses grew his face.
" If you never loved another,
How, then learned you to embrace ?"

Joyously he pressed her to him,
Whispering in her ear with haste ;
" Foot ball trainers, while at college,
Make us tackle 'round the waist."—*Ex.*

THE CAUSE.

He loved a girl with auburn hair,
When asked what caused his action
He said, he guessed the foremost cause
Was capillary attraction.—*The Lafayette.*

THE SUSQUEHANNA contains a beautiful half-tone of the "Susquehanna Wheelman."

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE has the proper idea of the up-to-date college paper and gives a prominent place to the short story and sketch, "The Policy of Truth," "The Day and Night Village," and "The Laub-Frosch," are entertaining and interesting articles found in the October number.

"Oh! stay," the young man said and rest
Thy lovely head upon this vest;"
"I won't," replied the maiden proud,
"Your Waterbury ticks too loud."—*Cornell Widow.*

COLLEGE WORLD.

THE University of Indiana bears the financial responsibilities of its athletic interests.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY celebrated its 150th anniversary October 21st and 22d.

HEREAFTER women will be allowed to take the medical course at the University of Hungary. This has recently been granted by the Emperor of Austria.

GETTYSBURG is at present agitating the advisibility of absolute student government.

THE annual Swarthmore-Haverford foot ball game will be played at Swarthmore this year, November 18th.

THE ladies of Lewisburg have planned a benefit concert for the benefit of the Bucknell foot ball team.

A COURSE in modern novels was established in Yale last year. It has been discontinued this year because it drew too much interest from other studies."

The World of Letters.

S. R. CROCKETT'S "Gray Man" is a novel which abounds in adventure. It is a tale of a Scotch border feud of the time of James I of England, and VI of Scotland.

ZOLA'S "Rome" has been placed upon the Catholic index expurgatorius. The Romans have taken intense umbrage at the book which they stigmatize as not only indecent but grossly unfair.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS is an expert at odd titles. He has already invented "A King in Yellow," "The Red Republic" and "A King and a Few Dukes." His latest achievement is "The Maker of Moons."

THE HARPERS announce that Du Maurier, following the example of Fielding and Thackeray, has attempted in "The Martian" to portray the character of a man in the same Catholic spirit in which "Tom Jones" and "Pendennis" were created.

STEPHEN CRANE'S "The Little Regiment," Grant Allen's, "The Jaws of Death," Max Pemberton's, "A Puritan Wife," S. Levett Yeats', "A Galahead of the Creeks," and Bret Harte's "Barker's Luck and Other Stories" are some of the latest publications in the line of fiction.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD has written a "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." This caps the climax of that curious scholar's astonishingly versatile career in letters. Of more permanent value will undoubtedly be his latest story of "Guavas the Tinner" and his "Dartmoor Idyls."

THE REASON Mr. Anthony Hope's book, parts of which appeared in McClure's Magazine, as the "Zenda Stories," is called the "Heart of Princess Osra" and not "Princess Osra of Zenda," is because the author intends to write a sequel to the "Princess of Zenda." It will be called "The Constable of Zenda."

MARIE CORELLI, at present, is one of the most popular writers in England. When her latest story, "The Murder of Delicia," appeared, toward the end of September, thirty-eight thousand copies had been disposed of to booksellers before the day of publication; and "The Mighty Atom" had an almost equally remarkable record, twenty-nine thousand copies being ordered before it was off the press.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT'S "A Lady of Quality," while hav- a very large sale in England, has been coldly received in the United States. An English critic says: "This is rather unjust, for its theme is a noble one—it shows how the better nature of a woman may rise triumphant from the ashes of a sinful youth, it preaches the gospel of repentance and restitution, the working out of a soul's salvation here on earth."

THE SECOND installment of Du Maurier's "Martian" in the current number of Harper's continues the school adventures of little Barty Josselin. The tale becomes even more French and more oddly Du Maurieresque in flavor; while the picture of Barty singing in front of one of the Paris cafes irresistibly recalls Trilby singing "Ben Bolt." The sad death of the brilliant author has aroused increased interest in the story which will probably be the last one, from his pen, which we will read.

THREE notable historical works by American authors, which have been printed as serials, will soon be issued in book form. They are Professor William D. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," Professor Woodrow Wilson's "Life of George Washington," and James Barnes' "Naval Actions of the War of 1812." Mr. Barnes has also written a navel romance, "For King and Country" and a "Life of Midshipman Farragut," in which he details the adventures of Farragut's first years in the navy, and the brilliant cruise of the Essex under Captain Porter.

RIDER HAGGARD'S new story, "The Wizard," is the tale of a missionary in Africa who does not rely upon the usual methods of work, but sets about the conversion of a savage tribe with a simple faith in a literal fulfillment of the New Testament promises. Upon the theme that boundless faith has marked miracles, and still can and does do so, the author has written a brilliant story of a Zealot whose faith is curiously upborne and justified by the forces of nature, to the accomplishment of his pious design.

THE many lovers of Eugene Field will be glad to read that the Monument Committee, composed of the editors of the Chicago daily press, are making every effort to advertise their publication, "Field Flowers," as a Monument Souvenir. Thirty-

five of the world's greatest artists have donated the drawings to illustrate it; twenty thousand copies have been printed and are ready for sale for the creation of a fund which is to be equally divided between the objects of building the monument and caring for the family of the beloved poet.

DR. W. H. S. AUBREY has written a history of "The Rise and Growth of the English Nation." Special attention is given to great crises and epochs, such as Saxon influences; the Norman Infusion; Feudalism; the Contests and Blending of Races; the Great Charter; the Black Death and Statutes of Laborers; the Revival of Learning; the Spread of Literature; Great Inventions and Discoveries; the Reformation; the Revolution and the making of Modern England; the Rise of the Middle and Trading Classes, and of Municipal Institutions; Legal Procedure; Parliamentary Settlements; the Relation of the Redress of Grievances to the Granting of Supply; the Treatment of Crime and Pauperism; with Industrial, Commercial and Domestic Matters, are adequately described.

THE REASON for the long postponement of Mr. Hall Caine's "Life of Christ" is to some extent explained when he says "I have no intention of publishing the book until I can make a long stay in Palestine, and then very likely I shall write it all over again. I have long hungered for this subject, having felt that although the life of Christ has been written by great scholars, it has never—except once, by Renan, and then adversely—been written from the imaginative point of view, looking at the question as you would look at a great imaginative conception. The 'Life' has been written from the point of fact, not from the point of imaginative insight. It is a very daring thing to attempt, but that is the direction in which I wish to go. It is beset with dangers—the danger of going over the lines of clear record, for instance, and for that reason I am in no hurry to print the book."

PROF. MOULTON'S book on "The Literary Study of the Bible" is such a fascinating volume and one that meets so decidedly the needs of the day that to mention it in any other way but praise would be a waste of words. "The book redeems the Bible, which is fast becoming a fetish with many church people and an

unread book with the many who are not church members, and puts it upon its proper place in the world's literature. His method involves no essential questions of dogma nor of theological criticism. The effect is to take the revised versions of the Scriptures in English and on this build up a literary study which is rich in resources and full of surprises. The prose and poetry of the Bible under this treatment glow with polished gems long hid under the dust of custom and conventional interpretation."

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL'S highly heralded Revolutionary romance of old-time Philadelphia begins its serial course in the November Century. It is entitled "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker." The period of events extends from 1753 to 1783. Among the characters in the story are Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Arnold and Major Andre. The hero, Hugh Wynne, is the son of a Philadelphia Quaker. He chafes under restraints of the Society of Friends, and is finally read out of meeting. He becomes a soldier, serving at one time on the staff of Benedict Arnold when he was in command of the American forces in Philadelphia. He is captured at the battle of Germantown, and suffers for months in a British prison. Later, while on the staff of General Washington, he takes part in the battle of Yorktown, and witnesses the surrender of Cornwallis. The story is told in the first person. A strong love element runs through it, and Philadelphia society is most delightfully portrayed.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE MUHLENBERG

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F.M.

ALLENTOWN, PA.

DECEMBER, 1896.

HEADQUARTERS

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The Muhlenberg.

"Litterœ Sine Ingenio Vanœ."

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Asst. Editor-in-Chief:
WILLARD D. KLINE, '97.

Alumni Editor:
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, Ph.D., '80.

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BERNARD REPASS, '98.—Literary.
WILLIAM S. HEIST, '98.—Personal.
WESLEY WENNER, '98.—Local.

Business Managers:
FRANCIS MILLER, '97. MARVIN L. KLEPPINGER, '98.

Editorials.

THIS NUMBER OF THE MUHLENBERG is presented to its readers with the courteous greetings of a merry Christmas. In the homes of the Alumni where its visits are ever welcome it would meekly add its mite to the exuberance of social cheer and good-will which we hope may be theirs. Meanwhile "our boys" will have returned to their homes, where fond parents, kind hearts and true are eagerly awaiting their coming to spend their holiday vacation. Christmastide is preeminently a season of home-gathering. There is hardly a home not enlivened by the return of one or more of its members who had been absent for a time.

This joyous season is naturally looked to by the students with a peculiar interest. Besides, when the "exams" are all safely passed there is that ineffably delightful consciousness of satisfaction with oneself which gives an additional charm to vacation time. May it bring to all of us the highest ideal of enjoyment.

OUR SYSTEM of journalism, like some other things in this world, is not perfect. This is the experience of some of the present members of the staff, and we believe it to have been the experience of some others in the past.

Now we do not wish to claim for ourselves superior wisdom, for on the other hand perhaps it may be because of our inferior ability that we experience any difficulty, but, notwithstanding such inferiority, we firmly believe that many strides could be taken towards improvement.

One great stride would be the establishing of a sanctum. A sanctum is a necessity for almost any publication, and we feel the need of one for our own modest monthly.

The advantages would be numerous, and one of the greatest would be a specified place for the Business Managers to transact their business. In this very department alone there is considerable trouble whenever there is a change, whereas, if a sanctum were provided most of these troubles would be obviated.

Then again, look at our great number of ever-welcome exchanges. How many of the Editors ever see the publications of other colleges? In a sanctum they would always know where to find the exchanges, they could compare them with our own monthly, and at the same time compare their own departments. Such privileges would create more of an interest and could not be otherwise than beneficial to the editors and likewise to the publication in which they are or should be interested.

We trust that the few advantages stated will suffice to show the need of a sanctum, and we furthermore hope that before long this need of THE MUHLENBERG will be filled.

MUHLENBERG IS justly proud of all her Alumni, and we are especially well pleased with one of them.

In the first number of this volume of THE MUHLENBERG we invited literary contributions. The invitation was accepted by one of the Alumni, and with his literary contribution came also his financial contribution.

Making a long story short, we hope that many more will follow this excellent example.

To the undergraduates we again say: We invite your contributions.

THE EXCELLENT article in the beginning of this number entitled "My Ideal Student," appears among that rich abundance of literary productions in '97's Ciarla.

THERE IS A corps of *euterpeans* (this word used classically) that does not receive the honorable mention that it deserves, namely: Our College Glee Club. It is certain that never before did Muhlenberg have as fine a Glee as at present. Under the training of that second Beethoven of '97, Geo. E. Kramlich, it is but to be expected. The hearty receptions that it receives wherever it goes proves its excellence.

My Ideal Student.

BY PROF. WM. WACKERNAGEL, D.D.

ETYMOLOGY, that delightful study, tells me that the word "ideal" is derived from the language of a people which worshiped the intellect, whilst the word "real" belongs to the vocabulary of that people which prized muscular power above everything else. The true sense of the word "man," *i. e.* "a thinker," is repeated by the former in "a being looking upwards," whilst the other's word for man is related to its word for earth. As a matter of fact, our generation is much more given to realism than to idealism; hence the pernicious "scientific" (?) dictum, which is ever found in our children's copy-books, "man is an animal." "Life is real, life is earnest," most assuredly so, but the poet did not speak of animal life; it was the intellectual, spiritual life he was thinking of.

The aim and purpose of our institution is to make *a man* of the student in the true, ideal sense of the word. We take him as he is and try our best to cut and carve out of the block of marble or the log of well-grained wood an image of our ideal, a Christian gentleman. The original of this ideal, who is he?

My ideal student enters college with the firm purpose of being a studiosus, *i. e.* one who takes pains to do his mind-work well. He feels that he has solemn obligations towards his Creator Who has given him his talents, towards his parents who give him his support often by stinting themselves, towards his friends who watch his progress, and towards himself. He has become a member of the *civitas academica*, the most honorable and honored corporation in the world, the realm of mind. He is a freshman, but does not "make himself fresh;" he wants to become *a man*, and therefore casts off what is not becoming to a man. When a Sophomore, he takes care to lay stress on the first component of the name. As a Junior, he wants to be the higher degree of a mere juvenis. As a Senior, he covets the wisdom and dignity of a senex without senility. As a graduate, his aim is to rise still higher; it is always "Excelsior!" with him, until he has reached the goal of his right ambition, in the highest life.

My ideal student daily remembers the proverb, "Morgenstund hat Gold im Mund," and therefore begins his round of duties and privileges with opening the golden treasury of the Word of Life. He goes to worship in the chapel in a reverent frame of mind, listens attentively, sings heartily, prays fervently and shows by his whole demeanor that he knows where he is. He enters the class-room quietly and takes his seat fully determined not to lose a single minute of the recitation hour. He despises the foolish boy who is wasting his precious time and his father's hard-earned money by shirking his duties, annoying his teachers and disturbing his class-mates. He shows due respect to his professors and does not hold the insane notion, that the teacher is the pupil's natural enemy. Neither does he submit to the spurious "tradition," that the wrong-doers must have free play and dare not be suppressed by their classmates. Knowing that his professors are his true friends, he is not mortally afraid of being called "a suck," but stands up for the right even at the risk of becoming "unpopular with the boys." He will not be unpopular with the *men*. In preparing his lessons, he is too proud and too honest to cross the shaky *pons asinorum* or to enlist in the free-booters' troop; he wants to use his own feet on *terra firma*. He does not rob Peter in order to pay Paul; whether it is a

"major" or a "minor" study, he is anxious to do his best in every branch, be it linguistic or scientific, ancient or modern.

My ideal student knows what the word College means. Here he is to gather knowledge by reading (and thinking) all the time. The first book he reads is his Bible, then come his text-books and works of reference. His spare moments are given to the perusal of *belles-lettres*, where he prefers poetry (ideal ideas) to fiction, which is sometimes nastily realistic. The time allotted to study and recitation is only too short for him. He does not sigh for the next vacation when the last one has just ended, and does not shout for joy when a professor is not able to meet his class at the appointed hour.

My ideal student observes the maxim, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" He is neat in his appearance, likes water and soap, keeps his room in good order, does not take the corridor for the ash-bin, etc., and does not use the corners of the class-room for a spittoon or waste-basket. He eats his meals according to hygienic rules. He takes regular exercise in the open air and joins in the games on the campus, but does not crave for the dubious honor of being called an athlete. He likes to sing with the College Glee Club, but does not tune his vocal chords in the class-rooms or the halls.

My ideal student is glad for the coming of the Day of Rest. He therefore gets up *early* on the best of days; he wants to have a "full day" of its pleasures. Going to Church and Sunday-school and a walk in the open air with his chum will do him a "world of good," and he knows it. He pities those boys who do not know what to do with their Sundays; they generally show their lack of knowledge all the days of the week.

My ideal student has neither time nor money for the play-house or the man behind the bar. He is happily ignorant of the rules of the poker and does not indulge in low slang or ambiguous talk. He is aware of the great advantage of cultivating acquaintances with ladies, but he has his wits about him and calls only on such whose intercourse with him is profitable to his mind and manners.

Summa summarum, my ideal student is showing plainly, that he is worth the trouble taken by his sincere friends, the profes-

sors, to make *a man* of him. In this wise they are "laborers together with God," the Creator of man in His own image. To have helped to make a man, whose highest type is a Christian gentleman, is a reward in itself, a lasting comfort and sweet joy.

My ideal student does not live in Utopia only. I have met him in his development within the walls of Muhlenberg, and am meeting him to-day. I earnestly hope this rare specimen will never become extinct, in spite of the realistic tendency of our generation which is so easily satisfied by its five senses. These however, pass away with everything else that belongs to the lower life. The sixth sense, the *ideal*, which is called Faith by religion, is the only *real* sense.

My ideal student has that sixth sense. Therefore is he not the only *real* student?—*Sapienti sat.*

"Plucked from the Fire."*

LIFE IN A small town or village often presents an epitome of the daily happenings of a large city and, indirectly of the world at large. But, in consequence of the small number of possible actors in these comedies and tragedies, their occurrence is somewhat restricted. But, as these various performances take place in a nation, and since a nation is composed of states, must not these same performances be enacted in some state or territory? And if in states, why not in counties, and then in townships? And if in townships men assume the role of a pseudo. Hamlet or Shylock or Robin Goodfellow, why not in homes, those miniature and model stages whereon men play many parts and far more truthfully?

'Twas two and twenty years ago, on a wild, stormy night in chill November, that hoarse cries of "Fire, Fire," woke the peaceful village of Rolan. Then each man's duty was to turn out with pail and take his place in the living chain of fire-fighters. Soon all the streets were in confusion. And men hurried hither and thither, half dazed, for no one had ever seen such a blaze in that small settlement. Despite their efforts, it soon became

evident that Deacon Sloan's homestead was doomed. But still they laboured, until the sun shot its herald-rays upon the woeful scene.

Rumor, as it flew on unwearied wing, unmindful of its ever-increasing burden, proclaimed that the fire of the previous night was of suspicious origin. And yet no one was suspected; no, not even the shadow of suspicion rested on any one. And with the same breath, Report would suddenly look very wise and thoughtful, and hurriedly ask "Do you know that Mark Tamlin has'nt been seen since the fire?" However, no intimation of guilt was imputed to him; by no means, but still ——— "it was very strange that he should disappear just then."

Mark Tamlin was a young man of twenty-three; of good family and had always held the respect of all in the village. There was but one who ventured to assail his good name, and when old Nancy Pry would wisely remark: "Well, now, 'tween you an' me; young Tamlin's been a 'hanging 'roun' the Black Horse powerful often, here a' late," immediately some ready champion would rise up and retort angrily, "Look here, you public scold, d' ye think a man can't take a social glass once a while? Mark Tamlin, an' no other man, either, is goin' to be tied to his mother's apron-strings forever." And so, while Dame Gossip followed her friend Rumor, scattering far and wide the rich morsel of news, no one thought of going to the stricken mother, grieving for her son; no one had time to attend to the sorrowing when their tongues were so busy.

The day wore on, oh! so wearily. Would night never come with healing and comfort in its wings? The time lengthened from days to weeks, and as the pangs of grief and anxiety sank deeper and deeper into the mother's heart, the name of Mark, the best beloved, was no more uttered in that home. Oh! such silence was worse than the silence of the grave; to live from day to day ignorant of a loved one's whereabouts, is a torturing death.

One day, however, word reached the stricken family. The message was short and decisive. It appeared in the columns of a Chicago daily, bearing the date December 24th, 1896.

"Special, 3 A. M. At 2 o'clock this morning a most important capture was effected through the vigilance of three Central Office Detectives. One, Mark Tamlin, *alias* James Rolan, was caught attempting to "crack" the vaults of

the "Independent Society Company." For two weeks past he has been regarded as a suspicious character, and the arrest will send him to Joliet for a term of ten years."

No one spoke under the spell of this crushing news; all was dark and hopeless. Finally, as if to arouse himself from painful thoughts, Mr. Tamlin arose, and with one hand on the door-knob, he said: "Let his name be forgotten in this house. Mark has made his bed, let him lie in it." And to avoid any further argument on the subject, he left the room. No more was said, but the tongue though silent could not pronounce the words of pardon and love that filled a mother's heart.

Years passed on, and true to the father's order, no word was heard nor mentioned concerning the wanderer. But it was far better that no one should know of his wanderings. After serving ten years at Joliet, he returned to his old haunts and launched out into still more daring escapades; robbing any one and eluding all.

But his Western field was becoming unsafe for further exploits, and so, some three years after leaving Joliet, he secured passage for new fields. As a merchant seeks a more profitable investment, so the fugitive sought the most lucrative community. No community offers more inviting prospects in a mercantile line than a large city; no scene of action seemed so attractive to the burglar; thus New York became Tamlin's future field. But as in grain fields often are placed traps for ensnaring devastating animals, so in the field of society are stationed traps in which are caught the culprits. New York became such a snare to Mark Tamlin, for no sooner had he concocted a bold plot than he was speedily sent to Auburn for three years.

One bright day in September, the jailer released Tamlin from his cell, informing him that he was wanted in the Warden's office. "Me wanted? Who wants me?" he muttered half angrily. "If it's the deputy with Ohio extradition papers, there'll be a scene." By this time he reached the office of the warden, and instead of a deputy he beheld his own brother, holding out his hand. Ah, how memory flew back to the olden days when he would sit and listen to his mother reading the Child's Pilgrim's Progress! Those were happy innocent days. But was not the hand outstretched in brotherly kindness similar

to the hand of Help reaching out to Christian? What should he answer if his brother like Help should ask. "How camest thou hither." Could he answer, "I strove to flee from the wrath to come?" Numerous similar thoughts filled his mind, so much so that he disregarded his brother's presence. "Don't you know me, Mark?" A scowl of anger swept over the convict's face. "Yes, I do. What do you want?" "I want to speak with you privately." Drawing him aside, the brother and the convict conversed for a brief space of time, and then separated, one to return to his dreary cell, the other to his business; but it was difficult to say which of the two was grieved the more. As the warden with his clanking keys led the prisoner back to his cell, he merely said, "Tamlin, you've made a fool of yourself. Your brother has told me your career. You had better reform, or you'll never breathe a breath of free air."

Just one month after his brother's visit, on a dreary, mournful day in October, the warden again summoned Tamlin into his office. Mark had all along been keeping an account of the days as they lengthened into weeks, the weeks as they merged into months, and so by strict count, he supposed that his last day in Auburn Prison had come. As he followed his keeper along the silent corridors, passing the cells which held his newly acquired comrades, there came a feeling of pity, then disgust, followed by a sense of mad happiness, for had his brother not left him a sum of money as an incentive to starting anew in life? And inwardly he chuckled as he reviewed his plans for such a spree as the world had never seen.

One hour later, the prison gates closed with their clanging chains grating harshly upon the ears of some; to Tamlin they were almost musical. But as he stood before the closed gates, a sense of loneliness overcame him, and in his dream-like stupor, he cautiously eyed his garments. "No, they are'nt the striped suit," he muttered; "then I must really be free. But —— what shall I do? Everybody knows who and what I am. No one will give me work. Where can I go? No house will take me in. "Thus he soliloquized in his loneliness. Then with hasty steps he sought out the railroad station and was shortly speeding to the home of his co-partners in crime, New York."

"They'll still know me and won't we have a high old time, well?" Poor was such contentment, but poorer and far more barren was the heart of this outcast of society. His old friends did know him, as long as the bills were paid by the released convict, but afterward no one recognized him. They almost spurned his salutations then; they even avoided meeting him.

But as he lay on his bed one afternoon, sleeping off the effects of a prolonged debauch, a vagrant sun-beam stole in his room and alighted on his face; at the same moment a strong sweet voice rose upon the air and floated in through the open window.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

To the hardened criminal as he sat up in bed, these sounds seemed an echo from the dear old home miles and miles away. What with his long confinement and what with his last drinking bout, his mind was all in confusion. "Where am I? Is that you singing, Ada? Ada!" Then with a scowl at his folly, "Why do I call for a sister, when some one may happen to sing the hymns she used to sing. You fool, you!" And cursing himself, he sank back upon the pillow. Can't those things down there let a fellow sleep. Confound them! If they must sing their nonsensical ditties about sinners and mercy and love; why don't they stay in their churches and sing them? This prison is no place for such words. Here hell and devil and fire seem the proper caper." And with a loud curse he leapt from his bed and would have shouted aloud; but —— "Why, this — ain't my — cell. Hay, Bill, dy'e hear the gospel cranks down in the corridor; ain't they piping dickey to-day, though?" But above his mad raving rose, not one voice in a church-opera solo nor a difficult duo of jumbled words and murdered screams, but one vast powerful chorus, untrained yet not harsh; such a chorus as one may conceive redeemed souls chanting in glory.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day
And there may I, though vile as he
Wash all my sins away."

What a flood of memories filled his mind as he heard these words: scenes of home and dear ones surged like a mighty torrent. That dear old mother used to sing this same hymn at her work, and more than once, there, gathered at the family altar every morning, their hearts would send up the noble words.

Stony hearts have even a breaking point, if properly treated, reclaims sons and ennobles the lowest of men. The tension became greater and greater, the mind was afire and must be cooled with liberal potations. Hastily dressing, Mark Tamlin hurried to the nearest hotel and there quieted his nerves, and unsteadied his limbs. But, although benumbed and stupefied to a degree, he nevertheless could not forget that voice and chorus. "Here, look here, young fellow," roughly spoke a bar-tender, "you can't be hanging around here all evening; what you want is a bracer, and that is fresh air." "I've paid for what I got, and —— you, nor any other fellow's got the heart to put me out, that's all. "We'll see," was all the attendant said, but immediately he forced Tamlin out of doors into the night. "Just what I said, nobody wants me; cursed day when I was born." In his wanderings that night, Tamlin sauntered into 33d Street, West. By the influence of action and fresh air, his senses were quite active now, and enabled him to walk fairly well. Suddenly there met his eye an illuminated sign bearing the words:

CREMORNE MISSION,

COME IN.

"C-r-e-m-o-r-n-e M-i-s-s-i-o-n;" yes, another gospel asylum; what's that, 'Come In.' Well, say; now these fellers must be something new. Most other churches never ask one in; but only have little jigger boards telling you where you can find the undertaker. 'Come In!' Wonder if they want me to 'come in!' Nobody else does." With this, Tamlin entered, slinking into a back seat, half ashamed, half curious. Then there arose a white-haired, saintly lady and addressing the men (only a few women were present), she said, speaking as a mother would to her own sons: "Now, my boys, I want you to sing that dear old hymn that your mothers used to sing; "What a friend we have in Jesus." Let's all sing."

As the grand old hymn was borne upwards, Tamlin looked searchingly at the old lady, but only for a moment; then with his face between his hands, he broke into sobbing and weeping as a little child; "Oh God!" he wailed, "take me back; oh! take me back;" while weeping in his keen auguish, a voice accosted him, "What is the matter, my son? Do you need a friend?" But Tamlin would not look up, but continued to weep and moan his simple petition. While the aged lady left him for a moment he looked up as if to escape. But he could not; her kind face held him unmovable.

The meeting finally dispersed, some ten or twelve remaining for prayer, however. And all this time a battle was being waged in Tamlin's breast; "Should he ask for peace and pardon?" His question was readily solved by this kindly, old mother in her gentle pleading. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow."

Then, joining the others, he knelt down and allowed petition to be made for himself. "Won't you pray?" whispered his newly-found friend, "your prayer will be heard also." "What shall I say; I want God to save me, but what shall I say? I a'int fit to pray." "Look above the pulpit and if you can repeat that prayer, believing every word of it, God will hear it," answered the voice at his side. Then Tamlin, feeling his utter unworthiness and lost condition, uttered with tearful eyes, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

Were you to enter the Jerry McAuley Cremorne Mission on West 33d Street, in New York City, any night, you would be greeted by a kind faced gentleman who would grasp your hand with a true, hearty fervor. Later in the evening he might be asked to testify to the power of the gospel. Out of a full heart, not out of vain boasting, you would hear the words as the writer heard them three years ago on a joyous Christmas evening.

"I thank God I am a free man! This is the first Christmas in five years I have not been behind the prison bars. For twenty years I have been a drunkard and a professional thief; fifteen years of that time I spent in State's prison, and never did an honest day's work in my life. My people are all respectable, but they are afraid of me. My poor sister dreads to look through a

daily paper lest she should discover I have committed some fearful crime. Last September, several days before the expiration of my sentence at Auburn, my brother came to see me; he agreed to supply me with a new suit of clothes and a hundred dollars if I would consent to go to Chicago, break from the old gang and try to lead an honest life. I promised everything to get the money, so I could get drunk. I did get drunk. One Sunday afternoon, after a terrible spree, I was awakened by the sound of hymns; the sun was pouring into my room. I did not know where I was for a moment; then, when I realized I was no longer in jail, I cried like a child. With the sound of old familiar hymns, old memories began to crowd upon me; I could'nt stand it any longer. I went out and got drunk, but that night I went to the mission. Mrs. B—— got hold of me. I resisted, but they prayed for me and I could not stay away. Thank God, Christians can pray for a fellow, when they can't do anything else! One night I did go forward for prayers, and went off on a big drunk next day. I said to myself there 's nothing "in it;" but, thank God, there is something "in it." He has taken away my appetite for drink; He has made me glad; He has raised up friends for me; to-morrow I go to work in a good position, and this day I have spent with my folks ——, it's been the happiest day of my life for twenty years." And that is Christmas day.

"They love much, to whom much is forgiven."

*This story is founded on fact.

WEST ECKEL.

The Holidays.

Once again, once again,
  Christmas wreaths are twining:
Once again, once again,
  Mistletoe is shining.

Time is marching through the land,
  Decked with leaf and berry;
He leads the Old Year in his hand,
  But both the churls are merry.

He speaketh in the clanging bells,
  He shouts at every portal;
God speed the tidings that he tells—
  "Good-will and peace to mortal."

Gladly welcome shall he be,
  Even though he traces
Silver threads upon our heads
  And wrinkles on our faces.

For once again, once again,
  He brings the happy meeting;
Whence cynic lips may preach in vain
  That life is sad and fleeting.

Christmas logs should beacon back
  The wanderer from his roving
Leave, oh! leave the world's wide tract,
  And join the loved and loving. ELIZA COOK.

The Jubilee of Synod.

IN 1898 it will be 150 years since the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania and adjacent States was first organized, from a small beginning it has grown to a large and influential body in the Lutheran Church of this country. It has been the mother of many Synods, North, South and West, and has itself continued to increase and develop so that even now it is one of the largest and strongest of the Synods, numbering 314 pastors, 484 congregations and more than 120,000 communicant members; having under its control Muhlenberg College, Mt. Airy Seminary, the Orphans' Home and Asylum at Germantown, and being officially represented in the Mary J. Drexel Home, the Mother House of Deaconesses, and in the German Hospital, Philadelphia. At the last annual meeting, held in this city, the Synod decided to commemorate this event, by publishing a memorial volume—and by raising a Jubilee fund of $150,000, one-sixth of which is to be applied to Synodical purposes, and the balance is to be equally divided between Muhlenberg College and the Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy.

Every alumnus and student of the College should be interested in this Jubilee, since it was the Synod of Pennsylvania that made it possible for the College to begin its work and to dispense its blessings—and the hundreds, yea thousands who have entered its halls, have been beneficiaries of the Synod's bounty. This movement also promises to bring to the College a stronger finan-

cial support so that its indebtedness may be wiped out and its endowments increased, a matter of interest to all connected with the institution. It would therefore be in order for every student, ex-student and alumnus to talk and write about the Jubilee on every proper occasion; and to show their appreciation of the benefits enjoyed by contributing liberally to the Jubilee fund.

C.

A Bit of Life.

A maiden sat within the door
And sang as many times before.
A man to daily toil passed by,
No love nor pleasure lit his eye,
But when he heard the merry song
He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window wept
For one who in the churchyard slept,
But when upon her hearing fell
That tune she knew and loved so well,
The flood of burnlng tears was stayed,
And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbor heard the tender strain,
And softly joined the sweet refrain.
Thus, all day long that one song bore
Its joyousness from door to door.

CLARA J. DENTON.

The River.

GOMER B. MATTHEWS, '97.

Slipping, sliding, smoothly gliding
  Moves the stream to yonder sea;
Sweeping, swirling, eddying, curving
  'Round the bend of eastern shore;
Fretting, foaming, in sunlight or gloaming
  Onward fore'er it goes.

Laughing, prattling, gaily dancing
  Over pebbly bed it flows;
Roaring, rumbling, as distant thunder
  Tumbling o'er the rocky boles;
Many be ye gallant boatmen
  Guiding through the water's throe.

Hurrying, hast'ning, no time wasting
Scenting Neptune from afar ;
Rolling, tossing, in the offing
The wide expanse it spies ;
Plashes, plunges, onward rushes
Mingles with gray ocean's tide.

About the College.

STECKEL, '98, has been elected Treasurer of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union.

DR. B. TO GRUHLER : "What causes the waves in the ocean ?"

Gruhler.—" The fishes."

LENKER, '98, spent the Thanksgiving recess with Heldt, '97, at his home at Lehighton.

KLEPPINGER, 98, spent his Thanksgiving vacation with Beck, J.

DR. B. TO WALTER in chemistry: "What is natural gas?"

Walter.—" It is dug out of the earth."

SCHOFER, '97, spent Thanksgiving with friends at Emaus and Topton.

W. E. STECKEL, '98, attended the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union held at Philadelphia, on November 21st.

AT A recent meeting of the Junior German Literary Society, Laubach, '98, presented each member of the Society with pop-corn in honor of his birthday.

DR. E. TO BECK: " Give the principal parts pono."

Beck.—" Pono, ponere, *poni.*"

Dr. E.—" That's too much pony."

UPON CLOSE observation we notice that Bilheimer, '98, no longer belongs to the class of the smooth-faced. There is a slight change in the appearance of the upper lip.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER, LINDENMUTH, took the picture of the College Foot-ball team November 14th, after which the boys engaged in a lively scrabble as a wind up for the season.

THE SOPHOMORE team played a tie game with the Perkiomen Seminary team, Saturday, November 14th, the score being 8 to 8. Touchdowns, Seibert, Baker, N. Fritch; Safety touchdown, N. Fritch; Goal, Meschter.

DR. B. TO FEHR IN GEOLOGY: "What is the ratio between the diameters of ellipsoids in cleavage structure?"

Fehr.—"16 to 1."

Dr. B.—"How strong the force of habit is!

DR. ETTINGER attended the Convention of the College and Preparatory School Association held at the University of Pennsylvania, November 27th and 28th, as the representative of Muhlenberg College, instead of President Seip who was unable to attend on account of illness.

AT A regular meeting of the Euterpean Literary Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Hartzel, '97; Vice President, Sullenberger, '98; Recording Secretary, Kochel, 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Koch, 99; Critics, Klick, I., '97, and Kramlich, '97; Chaplain, Berg, '98; Pianist, Kistler, E., '98

G——Y, '98, (at a party): Miss ——, "I must ask you a question that I have been burning to ask all evening." *She*, (overcome with emotion.)—"Oh, J——e! Wait till we are alone!" *He.*—Ever since I am here I felt that my necktie was slowly creeping over the back of my collar, and the thought of my appearance made me miserable. Tell me is my necktie all right.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its monthly meeting, Tuesday evening, November 30th, presided over by Pres. Nothstein, '97. Papers were read by Lantz, '97, and Reed, '97. Dr. Wackernagel presented an interesting discourse on Mohammedanism. At the same time an election of officers was held which resulted as follows: President, Fretz, 97; Secretary, Berg, '99; and Treasurer, Heldt, '97.

AT THE last meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union the opportunity to have the contest this year was given to Muhlenberg (it however being Pennsylvania's time) and consequently a joint meeting of the two Literary Societies was held in the Chapel with W. F. Heldt, '97, as President, and H. M. Schofer,

'97, as Secretary. It was then decided after some deliberation to hold the contest in the Academy of Music, this City, some time next March.

Our Alumni.

'69. Rev. Milton J. Kramlich has been elected a member of the next Assembly of Pennsylvania to represent Lehigh County.

'69, "*Chicago Lutheran Seminary Record*" is a very neat quarterly—representing the work and the needs of the institution, of which Dr. Revere F. Weidner is the able head. Founded in 1891, the Seminary began with six students and two teachers; this year opened with sixty-two students and nine teachers. We congratulate Dr. Weidner upon the eminent success attending his heroic efforts in behalf of the Seminary.

'70. Rev. W. K. Frick, Milwaukee, Wis., contributes some live "Milwaukee Notes" to *The Lutheran.*

'71. One hundred delegates of the Sunday Schools of the Norristown Conference held their annual convention in the Church of the Transfiguration, Pottstown, Pa., on November 10th. Rev. O. P. Smith, D.D., the pastor, was elected President. Rev. I. B. Kurtz, '90, Trappe, Pa., responded to the President's address of welcome.

'72. Rev. M. O. Rath, Allentown, Pa., recently delivered a very interesting lecture on "A Trip to the Orient," in St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

'72. Rev. G. H. Gerberding, D.D., contributes a weekly "Chicago Letter" to *The Lutheran.*

'73. Rev. George G. Kunkle desires to be addressed at Treverton, Pa.

'73. Rev. William H. Myers, Reading, Pa., is the editor of *The Helper* and the *Lesson Leaves*, still published by Rev. G. W. Frederick, Philadelphia.

'74. As all his time is required by his duties as Assistant Superintendent of New York City, Dr. E. D. Shimer has re-

linquished his work at the University of the City of New York, or as it is now known, New York University.

'82. A union Reformation service was held in Trinity Church, Scranton, Pa., Rev. Edwin L. Miller, pastor. Three addresses in the English, the German and the Swedish languages were delivered. Rev. Dr. Ramer, '92, was the English speaker.

'82. Prof. S. C. Schmucker, West Chester, Pa., delivered one of his popular scientific lectures before the "Home Congress" recently held in Boston.

'83. On November 8th, St. John's Church, Berrystown, Pa., Rev. J. H. Ritter, pastor, received eighteen new members.

'84. Rev. H. J. Kuder, Bath, Pa., has recently begun to lecture on "Shams." He has already given the lecture at several places.

'85. Rev. E. A. Yehl, Bangor, Pa., has stirred the people of his place by preaching some very plain and wholesome truths on morality.

'86. Rev. Edwin F. Keever, Boston, Mass., publishes an article on "The Church and the Lambs" in the last number of *The Lutheran.*

'90. Dr. Alfred J. Yost, Allentown, Pa., has been re-elected Coroner of Lehigh County.

'93. Some of the '93 "boys" are located as follows: Rev. A. O. Ebert, Audenried, Pa.; Rev. G. A. Kercher, Falls of Schuylkill, Philadelphia; Rev. W. O. Laub, Freeport; Rev. A. W. Leibensperger, Lititz; Rev. Joshua Miller, New Castle; Rev. W. F. Mosser, Coudersport; Rev. M. B. Schmoyer, East Mauch Chunk; Rev. P. G. Sieger, Lancaster; Rev. Eugene Stettler, Gouldsboro.

'95. The students of Thiel College gave Prof. J. E. Sandt a very hearty reception.

The Editor's Table.

THE MUHLENBERG acknowledges the receipt of *The College Republican*, the official organ of The American Republican College League, published at Cambridge, Mass. It contains full

page half-tones of President-Elect, McKinley, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Hon. Joseph H. Mauley, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, besides the officers of the League, biographical sketches of College graduates, prominent in political circles. Among the list of College Clubs, which have been added to the League, we find MUHLENBERG.

OUR CONTEMPORARY, *The Folio*, is an ever-welcome visitor to our sanctum. Its appearance reminds us of THE MUHLENBERG "in the elder days of art." Its Alumnae Personals, no doubt are of much interest to its many readers, and its Editorials are well written, but no attention, whatever, is given to the Exchange Department. Some space, at least, should be paid to this Department.

SAD.

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,
  Where a cannibal monarch held sway;
And they served up the Freshman in slices on toast,
  On the Eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
  And before the next moon was seen,
By cholera murbus that tribe was attacked,
  For that Freshman was dreadfully green.—*Exchange.*

THE MIDLAND contains a splendid cut of the proposed Melanchton Memorial Library, which will soon be built by Midland College. From its columns, we find that Midland takes considerable interest in athletics.

A smiling young lady of Niger
Went out for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride, with the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the Tiger.—*Exchange.*

THE DICKINSONIAN makes its bow to the *College World* in an altogether new dress, and THE MUHLENBERG congratulates it on its improved appearance. From its Editorials we clip the following: "We do not expect this to be a magazine of the *Century* type. We do desire it to be the equal of any College publication of like nature. We shall not try to imitate any particular paper, nor expect ours to be exactly like any other. It is intended for Dickinson College, and must to a certain extent be peculiar." We hope the *Dickinsonian* will realize its highest anticipations.

THE ROANOKE COLLEGIAN gives an unusual amount of space to its Editorial department. It also has several short poems that are quite readable.

There's meter, spondaic, dactyllic,
There's meter for style and for tone,
But the meter that's far more idyllic,
Is the meter by moonlight alone.—*Exchange.*

A little iron,—
A cunning curl,—
A box of powder,—
A pretty girl.

A little rain,—
Away it goes,—
A red-haired girl,—
With a freckled nose.—*Long Expected.*

THE NOVEMBER number of the *Cosmopolitan* is an especial fiction number, containing seven complete stories. Its frontispiece, "The End of a Romance," is deserving of especial mention, while its photographic art studies are also worthy to be remarked about. An article entitled "Belles of Caracas" is written in an interesting and entertaining manner. Its author vividly portrays the characteristics and customs of the beautiful women of the "Land of Bolivar."

THE THIELENSIAN also appears in a new form and presents a neat appearance. Its Editorials, however, assume the low character of a paper that is no more than the mere organ of a political party. To say the least, they are unfair to the student body, and do in no wise pertain to Thiel College or the Editorials of any respectable college journal. At one place we quote: "Very sorry, Mr. Hanna, but we are advocates of that party of repudiators and anarchists." Of course, we understand that some of Thiel's students, phrenologically speaking, have, or at least have had anarchistic bumps, but how an Editor of a College paper can assume the responsibility of speaking for the whole student body we are at a loss to see. Another Editorial condemns Archbishop Ireland for coming out into politics. We would like to ask our brother Editor whether the Archbishop did not have a perfect right to do so? In still another Editorial, and what makes it the more remarkable, the paper did not reach us until over a

week after election, he says, "it has become an exceedingly doubtful question whether or not McKinley, burdened with his gold basis, will be elected." We would advise our esteemed Editorial writer for the columns of the *Thielensian* to step out of the political areona as one conquered and hereafter reflect the life of the students and the words of Thiel College in his Editorials and take a lesson or two in economies before he again attempts to take up any political questions.

The World of Letters.

THE late William Morris' death legacy, "The Well at the World's End," is declared to be his crowning romance.

THE statue of Edgar Allen Poe, which is to be set up in Bronx Park, New York, by the Shakespeare Society, shows the poet seated in an arm-chair, in meditation, with a raven at his feet. The statue is of heroic size and will rest on a granite pedestal.

THE BYRON revival has been very successful in England. The long period of neglect to which his poetry had been subjected will be more than made up if the present renewed interest in the great poet continues.

"KARINE—A Story of Swedish Love," is a very interesting story of the time of Gustavus Vasa, who is also the hero. It recounts the vicissitudes of the scattered band of Swedish patriots who successfully opposed Christian II of Denmark and had Gustavus Vasa crowned King of Sweden, with Karine for his Queen.

"WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW ENGLAND," by Clifton Johnson, is a charming little book of signs, sayings and superstitions current in that part of the country. All the traditions of old New England are preserved, and to these are added fold-lore, rhymes and jingles, children's games, and tales and signs of almost everything. For those who already know these stories the book will be a pleasant friend, and to those who are ignorant of these

it will contain all the delightful surprises of an unexplored country. The book is most attractively illustrated and bound.

THE marked success of Mr. James L. Allen's recent novel, "A Summer in Arcady," lends special interest to the announcement by the Macmillans of a new story by Mr. Allen, entitled "The Choir Invisible." It is said to be a notable contribution to American historical fiction. The scenes are laid in Kentucky in the period following the Revolution, the background being the great migration of white people into the West, and the appearance of early civilization in the wilderness; while the characters comprise the aristocratic colonists, the rugged backwoodsmen and the Indians.

A MOST excellent and valuable book is Philip Hugh Dalbiac's "Dictionary of Quotations," which comprises only English and American authors. The quotations are arranged alphabetically instead of according to the period of the author; and this in most cases is the handiest and quickest way of tracing the desired verse. Indices of subjects and authors make the book still more convenient for the reader. A second volume will contain quotations from only Greek and Latin writers, and a third will deal with modern continental authors. The present book is so admirably compiled that it will soon make for itself a place in every well-directed library.

LOUIS BECKE, whose maiden effort in literature, a small volume of thrilling South See stories published last year, caused him to be hailed as a coming Stevenson, has been staying in London for a short time. He is said to be a most interesting person, one whom Stevenson would have loved to depict; manly, modest, weather-worn. He confesses that he turned his hand to authorship as a last resource, when he was in straitened circumstances; and no one was more surprised than himself when his experiment proved so successful, especially as he says his yarns are all absolutely plain, unvarnished truth. His new book is entitled "His Native Wife."

"THE DOOM OF THE HOLY CITY," by Lydia H. Farmer, is a historical romance, with a sub-title, "Christ and Cæsar." It is a story of Jerusalem in the first century, and is, of course, full of

conflict between pagan and Christian. There is mention of Rome and Nero and a great deal of descriptive matter concerning the Eternal City. The clash of swords, the groans of martyrs, the blood of the innocent, combined with the luxurious vice and insolent cruelty of those in power, lent sufficient realism to the romance that runs through the chronicle. The author has studied her subject carefully and earnestly and has produced a work that is both graphic and powerful.

THE following is rather a severe criticism of one of the recent works of the popular young author: "It is almost incredible that a man of intelligence, as Stephen Crane is supposed to be, could have written such a book as "George's Mother." In the "Red Badge of Courage," which made his reputation, he displayed a vivid imagination, if nothing else; but in this latest story, which, by the way, is very short, there is absolutely no spirit, no plot, no meaning and no merit. It is about the cheapest and commonest sort of people, and the style in which it is written is correspondingly and hopelessly dull. Yet it is by the man who a few months ago was hailed as a "genius" by the most prominent critics of the land."

MARIE CORELLI'S is such a curious personality, her books are such striking revelations of a self-absorbed individuality, that she might really have written her masterpiece according to this anecdote which is going the rounds. It runs: "There is a touching incident to relate, which is not only interesting in itself, but is highly indicative of the deep feeling of reverence with which Marie Corelli approached the task of writing "Barabbas: a Dream of the World's Tragedy." Her desk was placed opposite a picture of Guido's "Ecce Homo," under which a red lamp burned continuously. A friend presented her with a gold pen-holder, set with a single pearl at the top. With this pen alone, consecrated to the work, she wrote, from the first word to the last, the book which is now so famous."

RUDYARD KIPLING'S extraordinary versatility is shown in the beginning of his most heralded novel of the Gloucester fisherman in this month's "McClure's." The publishers are said to have paid $40,000 for "Captains Courageous," and if the story

is as good as it promises to be, they should have no difficulty in realizing a profit on the investment. It is a tale of a young, pampared, self-willed son of an American multi-millicnaire, who falls over-board from an ocean liner and is picked up and put to work on a Gloucester fishingsmsk. The fishermen do not believe his story, and refuse to break up the fishing season to take him ashore. The opening chapters end with the young millionaire hard at work on the smack, with no prospect of getting ashore for five months, and with the promise of $10.50 per month with which to console himself. The talk is in the fisherman's dialect, and the descriptions of the smack and the method of talking and packing the codfish are so minute in detail as to indicate without doubt that they were written by an eye witne.ss

To AN innumerable host, loving him for himself and for his work, the news of George Du Maurier's death came as a personal calamity. We are told that the indispensable man does not exist, but it is certain that Du Maurier held a place in the world which no man living can fill. Had he been taken from us half a dozen years ago, his death would have aroused sorrow throughout the English-speaking world; but coming as it did in the full flush of his fame as a novelist, the loss was doubly severe. His death was like that of Stevenson, for he had done so much for literature, and gave promise of doing so much more, that he occupied a place in the hearts of book lovers all his own. "When half-gods go, the gods arrive, but, losing Stevenson, Morris and Du Maurier, it seems rather as if the gods had gone and as if there are only half-gods to continue the work they began. Where are we to look for gods in the literary world to-day?" In reviewing the past year, we observe that our loss, at home, likewise has been heavy. Death has taken from us in the fullness of years and honor Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and at manhood's early prime, Henry C. Bunner, Eugene Field and Edgar W. Nye.

REV. DR. JOHN WATSON (Ian Maclaren) has made a phenomenal success as a public reader. According to Major Pond, Dr. Watson has refused an offer of $50,00 for an additional twenty-five weeks tour.

MARK TWAIN does not like to be interviewed. His opinion of the literary ability of the average interviewer is not at all flattering to the latter. In a talk with Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain once said: "I think the poorest article I ever wrote and destroyed was better worth reading than any interview with me that ever was published. I would like just once to interview myself, so as to show the possibilities of the interview."

HALL CAINE'S new story is preceded by an explanatory preface, in which he assumes entire responsibility for "The Christian," and thereby secures the advantage of speaking more plainly than might otherwise be allowed. He has sought, as he has already said, to make a picture of what he considers the great intellectual movement of the time—that of Christian socialism; and he has spent much time in Underground London among the scenes where he places his hero and heroine. He remarks that the boldest narrative or most literal statement of what he has himself witnessed in that nether world would startle the conscience and touch the heart of England; and in choosing to present his facts in this form he merely supplies a background for a drama which is spiritual and imaginative.

THE MUHLENBERG

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ALLENTOWN, PA.

JANUARY, 1897.

HEADQUARTERS

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The Muhlenberg.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Editorials.

ANOTHER YEAR, with its checkered history of pleasure and misery, has been added to the roll of those countless thousands which preceded it into the eternal past.

For most of us it was a year of untiring effort in the pursuit of knowledge, and now that the curtain of Time has fallen upon the scenes of which only crude phantacies remain, who of us has not painful recollections of some failures or of lost opportunities. The result of our work in the departed year may have brought us, for the time being, disappointment; but its fruits will in time to come prove a blessing and an ample reward.

There is a seed-time: there will be a harvest. Let the dawn of this new year find us diligently sowing the best seed, for "we shall reap if we faint not."

BY A MUTUAL agreement, the Intercollegiate Oratorical contest will be held at Muhlenberg instead of at Gettysburg. Muhlenberg has already had the pleasure of having the contest, and she made it a success, both financially and otherwise, in fact it was the first financial success the Union had enjoyed since its beginning.

From the remarks made at a mass meeting of the students it seems that they wish to sustain this reputation, and we can safely say that the delegation will receive the best of Muhlenberg's hospitality. It is hoped that all the colleges will send large delegations.

THE ADDITION of a biological course to our present excellent curriculum seems to meet with universal approval, and the appointment of an instructor in that department, whose educational training is as liberal as Professor Dowell's, serves to maintain the high standard which our Faculty has always held.

WITH THIS ISSUE OF THE MUHLENBERG the editor-in-chief will hand the official quill to his successor. Is is however not without a sigh of relief and a feeling of profound satisfaction that he performs the obsequious duty.

With no intentions of discouragement we would add that the position of an editor of a college journal is on a very striking parallel with that of mythical Atlas, for he also bears on his shoulders a *world* which has a very *gaseous* atmosphere—a world of criticism.

The office is not quite a sinecure. Those who have experienced its perplexities will vouch for the truth of the assertion; and yet there is a real practical benefit derived from it of far more value than any relative amount of material compensation, or whatever may have been sacrificed in other lines of work.

During this administration THE MUHLENBERG has undergone a change, with good intentions on the part of the staff, but apparently much to the distaste of some who seem to be unable to adjust themselves to a change.

There are a number of apologies to be made for errors which had unavoidably occurred and which are likely to happen when-

ever radical changes are made, but by the faithful assistance and suggestions of our associates the trouble has been remedied. It is only by the loyal support of the students and alumni that THE MUHLENBERG can be made what the most fastidious would have it to be. Expressing our gratitude for all the kindly assistance, and our best wishes to all the readers of our journal, we wlll retire from the editorship cherishing the sincere hope that THE MUHLENBERG may receive still newer life and greater popularity in the hands of our successors.

On Winter.

The years descent from Summer's heights of bliss
Through Autumn's slopes adown the hill of time,
Now rushing on to levels more sublime,
Last enters into Winter's vale, which is
The vale of ice and oft of tears, where this
Year's march is finally to end. The prime
Of by-gone Spring, so pleasant with the chime
Of nature's voices and the hopeful kiss
Of fragrant blossoms, and the sultry days
In golden Summer, now supplanted are
By naked trees, and dreary snow decked fields,
And mournful Wintry days. The joyful lays
Have turned to dirges. Now his end not far
Away, the year his soul then last yields.

L. F. GRUBER.

An old American Botany.

BY PROF. S. C. SCHMUCKER, PH.D., '82, State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.

A FEW months ago it was my pleasure to come across a copy of a book that is growing rare, and that to me was exceedingly interesting. Its title runs "Medical Flora; or Manual of the Medical Botany of the United States of North America." The book was written by Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, A. M., Ph.D., and his name is followed by a long list of learned societies to which he belonged. The book was published in Philadelphia, by Atkinson & Alexander in 1828, when Chestnut Street was still in the business part of the town.

Rafinesque evidently was a character. Born of French parents in Constantinople, he early came to America. Here he devoted much time to the interesting flora of Pennsylvania and Delaware. His father was a merchant, and he was sent to Sicily on a business venture. Here he gave much of his time to Botany, making a good collection of materials and many drawings. Unfortunately, when returning to New York, his ship was wrecked and the passengers went ashore on Long Island, but Rafinesque's collections and library were lost.

He soon drifted West, where he became a Professor of "Botany, Natural History, etc." in Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky.

The "Medical Flora" begins very systematically to classify all the approaches, and he begins with the Medical Profession. He says, "The practice of medicine is now exercised in the United States by three sets of men or classes of practitioners. 1. the Rationals. 2. the Theorists, and 3. the Empirics. The Rational medical men are liberal and modest, learned or well informed, neither intolerant nor deceitful, and ready to learn or impart information. But the Theorists are often illiterate, intoleant, proud and conceited; they follow a peculiar theory and mode of practice with little deviation. They are divided into many sects always at war amongst themselves and their rivals; such are the Brownists, Galenists, Mesmerians, Skeptics, Chemicalists, Calomelists, etc.

The Empirics are commonly illiterate, ignorant, deceitful and and reserved."

I venture to say it is not a difficult task to tell to which category our author believes himself to belong.

His reason for writing his book was that there was only one other, concerning which I quote him: "It is a worthless book, with incorrect names, wrong descriptions, erroneous indications and figures mostly fictitious or misapplied." In those days there were evidently some persons who were "born short" of professional etiquette. His classification is alphabetical; the "natural method" being too recent, and "the defective and *indelicate* sexual system of Linnæus is now obsolete."

He holds it as his cardinal doctrine that "every medical plant is a compound medicine prepared by the hands of Nature." His chemical elements must be divided into classes and orders, like animals and plants; and in the first class I notice caloric, light, oxigene, hydrogene and azote, and this fifty years after Preistley's work and twenty-five after that of Lavoisier. Still more remarkable is the order of waters, including "fecules" (i. e., starch). Though even after the monumental work of Emil Fischer we will doubtless long continue to call starch a carbohydrate. But I must name some of his remedies, and I will take a few of them in his, the alphabetical, order.

He says concerning convolvulus panduratus (now Ipompea pandurata; "It is asserted that the Indians can handle Rattlesnakes with impunity after wetting their hands with the milky juice of the root of this plant, or of Arum triphyllum."

It seems when our forests began to be cleared there was a great prevalance of a malarial disease. For this Eupatorium perfoliatum was a sovereign remedy. "Chapman relates that it cured the kind of Influenza called Breakbone-fever, acting as a diaphoretic, whence its popular name of Boneset."

Our familiar dandelion, then known as Leontodon taraxacum, had a property of which we seem to have lost sight. "The milky juice of the stem removes freckles of the skin." Skullcap too was a redoubtable medicine in days before Pasteur. Rafinesque says "Scutellaria lateriflora is laterly become famous as a cure and prophylactic against hydrophobia. This property was discovered by Dr. Vanderveer, towards 1772, who has used it with the utmost success, and is said to have until 1815, period of his death, prevented 400 persons and 1000 cattle from becoming hydrophobus, after being bitten by mad dogs."

I will close my excerpts with a sentence or two from the article on Trillium of which he says: "I have the pleasure to introduce this fine genus into Materia Medica." It is used by the Shakers. The Indians have a notion that those with the red blossoms which they call male are the best, (I suppose, for men) and those with white blossoms, called female, are best for women's complaints.

Towards the close of his life Rafinesque degenerated into that abomination of the modern Biologist, a species monger. Of our

American wild grapes he made forty-one species. He believed it took only about thirty to a hundred years to form a new species, and from five hundred to a thousand to form a new genus. This out-darwins Darwin himself.

One of his contemporaries says of him in derision that "he had twelve new species of thunder and lightning."

He died in Philadelphia in 1842. So soon does a scientist become ancient!

To the Glory of God.

HE WAS walking hurriedly down the thronged street of a moderately large town. A peculiar expression had possession of his face, as he pushed along, struggling with his obstinate umbrella, which, try as he would, he could not keep in a vertical position; it was one of firm determination mingled with dubious expectancy. The night was unusually disagreeable, but it in no wise kept the people off the streets, for there is a certain undeniable something which makes Saturday night a fascinating time for a turn-out among a certain class of people; neither did it cause a postponement of the great Church Fair, which was to be held on this evening, in consequence of the committee's refusing to change the date. Yes, he was going to the fair, and no mistake about it. He heartily wished there was some mistake about it, for, although he had never been to one before, yet some rumors of the enormities committed at these affairs had reached his ears, and he secretly shuddered. It was with the utmost reluctance that he decided to go, but his wife had commanded it, and it is usually bad policy to argue when matters reach this point—at least so they say. One thing gratified him immensely however and that was the fact that his wife was unable to accompany him on account of a slight cold. With a gratified smile he reached in his trouser's pocket, held the limited amount of coin it contained with a firm grasp, and hastened on.

Arriving there at last, he mounted the flight of stairs, and paused before entering the large room in which the fair was held. Peals of laughter and a jingle of female voices fell on his ears through a crack in the door. He started to arrange his hair and

neck-tie apprehensively, for he remembered having heard that new-comers are always scrutinized, after which he made for the door. A strong hand was laid on his shoulder and a gruff voice shouted " ticket please." He turned in surprise and recognized the church-sexton overflowing with his new feeling of responsibility. "W-w-why I didn't know tickets were——" he faltered, but finished by walking over to the desk and depositing a quarter for a ticket. Thus fortified, he entered unmolested. Scarcely had his eyes time to realize where they were, before they rested on a huge sign on which was printed *coats checked 10 cents.* This he totally ignored, and turned his attention to the scene before him. A string of booths, filled with gorgeously dressed ladies, who kept up a continous cackling, completely encircled the room. At the further end was a raised platform on which a programme was undoubtedly going to be rendered, with rows of seats in front of it. The center of the room was simply a moving mass of humanity.

Now, he fully realized that there was positively no place to leave his coat, and not wishing to be bothered with it all evening, he reluctanaly had it checked. " If there's much more of this" he muttered, " I simply can't buy that doily I promised to take home for Mary." By this time he had strolled as far as the children's booth, when he was accosted by Miss Pusher, a friend of his wife. " Oh, Mr. Holsome," she exclaimed, " you must let me sell you a couple of chances on that lovely doll we have at our booth. It only costs ten cents a chance and I know you would like to take one for yourself and Mrs. Holsome. You see you must guess a name, and if you guess the baby's name, sh will be given to you." He was somewhat taken back at this unexpected sally, and was about to reply that it was a matter of supreme indifference to him what the baby's name was, and that when his own baby had been christened, he hadn't held a contest; but he checked himself and, choosing the two most disagreeable names he could call to mind—Dinah and Bridget—he grimly paid over his twenty cents. " Where is Mrs. Holsome to-night," she inquired, "I hope she is not ill?" " Oh, no," he replied, and then he went on to explain the exact cause of his wife's absence until he felt assured that Miss Pusher's curiosity was again at rest.

His heart was still beating abnormally as he started away in the directiou of the platform, when another lady acquaintance of his met him with a basket of flowers on her arm. "Good evening, Mr. Holsome," she began, "allow me to sell you a few of these beautiful red carnations. They are only five cents a piece." A sudden dizziness came over him as he protested that flowers were always exceedingly unbecoming to him. "Oh indeed, you must be mistaken," she replied, "I'm sure that you would look just too sweet for anything with a few of them on the lapel of your coat." Such an out-burst, it was impossible to oppose, so he accordingly paid for these carnations. "Where is your wife to-night?" she inquired, as she pinned them on the lapel of his coat, "I haven't seen her. Is she ill?" Then he repeated, word for word, the tale of woe recently given to Miss Pusher, and broke away. He felt comparatively safe as he seated himself in front of the platform and prepared to listen to the vocal solo which Miss Screecher was rendering; but alas, he soon discovered, as many others have also done, that a church-fair is a poor house of refuge. Scarcely had he imbibed and digested half a dozen of Miss Screecher's warbles, before a light hand was laid on his shoulder and an elderly lady seated herself beside him.

"Good-evening, Mr. Holsome," she ventured. He returned the compliment apprehensively and held his breath. Mrs. Mission smoothed out the folds in her dress and began: "I came to ask you whether you wish to have your own and your wife's name inscribed upon the quilt which the "Willing Helpers" are going to present to the minister's wife? It only costs ten cents a name, and nearly every-body has handed in their's." This was something he had never before heard of, and was wholly unprepared to resent. He inwardly wondered whether the minister's wife could not dream just as pleasantly if the names were not on the quilt, and whether they would charge an extra ten cents in case the minister's wife should happen to perspire and the names should be transferred to her body. Luckily for him, he kept those thoughts to himself and demurely paid over the twenty cents. "By the way," continued Mrs. Mission, "I haven't seen your wife to-night." A slight chill mounted his spinal column as he again recited his story and excused himself. Where should

he go? He resolved to start at once for home; but no, the fates had no intention of leaving him off so easily, and hardly was he out of Mrs. Mission's clutches, before he observed Miss Sticker waltzing towards him, smiling from ear to ear. It was impossible to evade her, so offering up a silent prayer, he prepared to meet him.

His fears were by no means groundless, for she presently began: "I want you to come over and see my lovely candy booth. I decorated it all myself, just imagine!" It cannot but be said that his knees were somewhat weak as he accompanied her to the booth, and it may be said that they soon grew weaker. "Now I just want you to sample some of my candies," she went on, "and see whether you don't want to take a few pounds along home with you. Here, try some of these chocolates. They are only twenty-five cents a pound." In vain he protested that the doctor had forbidden him to eat sweat-meats, and that his wife was in no condition to enjoy them, but Miss Sticker had a smiling answer for each of his objections, so he purchased a couple of pounds and withdrew; not before he was obliged to rehearse the absence of his wife, however. This time he was so fortunate as to secure his coat and hat, and was beginning to breath comfortably, when the minister confronted him, just as he was making for the door.

"Wait just one moment, Mr. Holsome," he drawled, "I hold in my hands a subscription of free-will offerings that I have started, and I feel gratified in saying that the people have responded generously. I thought I would give you an opportunity to subscribe whatever amount your heart may prompt you to do, remembering er—— that it is more blessed to give than to receive. His heart had by this time lost the ability to prompt, but he handed him a dollar, nevertheless. Where is Mrs. Holsome this evening," asked the Reverend, pocketing the dollar? This is what he had been waiting for, so clearing his throat, he closed his eyes and repeated his lesson perfectly. Just outside the door he met a small half starved looking little boy who asked him whether he wished to buy a souvenir of the occasion, "*No!*" he growled so savagely that the terrified youngster smacked his lips and resolved to lead a better life. At the foot of the stairs

he chanced to turn around and a sight met his eyes which again disturbed his spirits. On a large sheet above the entrance were the words in gilt letters: TO THE GLORY OF GOD. A strong impulse seized him to rush back and tear the sign to shreds, but the souvenir boy still had an eye on him, and that made it out of the question. He had enough to think about as he pushed his way home through the slush.

First, he become conscious of the fact that his money was all but gone; then, it occurred to him that he would never hear the last of it for not bringing home Mary's doily; besides he had the bright prospect before him of lying awake for fully two hours, telling his wife how Mrs. Smith's new gown looked, and how Mrs. Jones' dress fitted, and how Mrs. Brown's booth was decorated, and how Miss Screecher sang, etc., etc. Oh yes, he had enjoyed himself, no doubt about it, only it was very difficult to think so. Never before had he so heartily agreed with the Bangor philosopher who summed up a church-fair in these terms: "A church-fair is a place where we spend more money than we can afford, for things we do not want, in order to please people whom we do not like, and to help the heathen who are happier than we are."

A. S. HARTZELL, '97

Profit and Loss.

IN THIS age of business there is so little concern manifested for the moral and spiritual. The chief questions are: "How much of this world can I absorb?" and "How big a pile of money can I get?" Myriads seek only what is worldly and perishable in preference to that which is everlasting. They help no one, encourage no one, rescue no one. But let one of these princes of worldly prosperity become sick. The only interest society has in his illness is the effect his possible disease may have on the money markets.

When he dies, newspapers inform the public how he started with nothing and ended with great wealth. Although for the sake of appearance, some few may put handkerchiefs to the eyes, there is not one genuine tear shed. All good men rejoice that the moral nuisance is removed.

America is a fruitful country and we raise large crops of grain, but the largest crop we raise in this country is the crop of idlers. Indolence is the cause of more failures in all occupations than many of us have ever suspected. There are more lazy ministers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, artists and farmers than have ever been counted. The nation, the state, community and colleges have an overabundance of laggards and shirkers. People are too indolent to do what they are able to do, and want to do what they are unable to do. After awhile, by some accident or circumstances, they succeed in gaining a position for which they have no qualifications. But very soon if the man be a clergyman he is making complaints against his congregation; if an attorney, by lack of judgment or unskillful management he loses a case by which widows and helpless children are deprived of their inheritance, if a physician, he may, by malpractice, give his patient a hasty transit from this world to the next. Our incompetent friend would have made a passable primary school teacher, but he wanted to be a professor in a university. Another could have commanded a regiment but he wanted to command an army. Another could scarcely provide for his family, but he wanted a public office and run affairs for the State. Toward the end of life these people are out of friends, out of money, and out of everything. When they die their checkered life has been beneficial to few and the cause of loss to many.

The world often praises before it criticises. Going up, is he? Hurrah! Stand back and let his prancing horses dash by—a gust of plated harness and arched neck. Boast how well you know him. All hats off as he passes. Share for days and years the sunlight of his prosperity. Going down, is he? Pretend you do not see him as he walks past. Take a different route from the one you are accustomed to pursue to your place of daily business, lest he ask you for financial help. When you started in business he spoke a good word for you at the bank. Talk down his credit now that his fortunes are failing. He put his name on three of your notes. Tell him that you have changed your mind about such things, and that you never indorse. Some time after his affairs come to a crisis, and an assignment, suspension or sheriff's sale takes place, you say: "He should have stopped sooner.

Just as I had expected. He made too big a demonstration in the world. I am glad the bubble has burst." Applause, when he went up; hissing, when he came down.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. When vain glory is the paramount object sought, ruin and desolation are the ends finally attained.

Napoleon, after he had overrun the greater part of Europe and caused the death of multitudes of people, raised himself to the pinnacle of power only to be thrust from it, and die an exile on a far off lonely isle.

Hundred-gated Thebes, with her stupendous ruins spread over 27 miles! Babylon, with her 251 towers, her brazen gates, her embattled walks, her hanging gardens! Rome, with her massive Coliseum, her splendid temples, her magnificent architecture! What mighty army smote those walls? What long raging tempest or tremendous earthquake destroyed those lights which illuminated the world? Where are their chariots and temples and thrones? Methinks, I stand upon the scene of desolation, as it were in the calm centre of a fierce cyclone, and as I listen to the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild winds saying: Thebes, Babylon, Rome, all were proud, domineering, impure, and by sin they have fallen."

In this battle of life, let us not do as they, who "for a shadow the substance miss and clasp their ruin in their bliss." For "what shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

REED, '97.

Cake from Mother.

ONE night while at college, as we went down stairs to get some water, we were hailed by one of the boys, who said: "Come into the room, fellows, and get something good. Jnst got a box from home." We accepted the invitation and soon found ourselves in the company of several of our jolly companions who were already discussing the contents of a large pasteboard box placed upon the table. It would be useless to endeavor to enumerate the number of toothsome creations of flour, sugar, butter, eggs and milk the box contained. After eating our fill, the reflections in which we

indulged were upon the different causes that brought the cake to the room.

First of all, the cakes had to be baked. And who could bake such cakes and pies as these but a mother? We can see her now standing in the kitchen at home beside the cook-table. She is surrounded by dishes, bags, scales, dredgers, and rolling-pins and pans; while at her back the stove is red with fiery exertions to do its part toward making the baking a success. No need has she of the modern cook-book; a blank book all greasy with use contains her collection of hereditary and compiled receipts. With deft fingers she weighs, measures, mixes, rolls and places in pans, cake after cake, and pie after pie, all the while watching the oven with eagle eye to prevent the fire's potent heat from doing more than just enough. And when the last pie has cooled, and the last product of the afternoon's work is safely deposited upon the shelves of the larder, when the kitchen is once more restored to its cleanly and orderly appearance, she sits down to await father's coming and then her thoughts revert to her absent son.

If a mother was not fully aware that her son liked cake and pie, and at the same time knew also that he was not getting much gratification of that liking, few cakes and pies would find their way to college rooms. As mother sits there thinking she recalls how his last letter read: "Oh, mother, I long so to be home again, not only for the pleasure of seeing you all, but also of getting some real good things to eat once more." And while she pictures to herself her boy who used to cause cake and pie to disappear so rapidly and mysteriously longing for the sight of some "real good things" to eat, she thinks also of the larder-shelves loaded with these very "good things" and wishes the famishing youth had some of them. She mentions her thoughts to father at the supper-table, and they decide to send a right royally filled box to satisfy for a time at least the craving of that student's inner man.

The last cause which makes it possible for home-made sweetmeats to melt in the mouths of appreciative collegians several hundred miles away, is a triumph of nineteenth century forethought and management. The means by which perishable goods and other articles whose quick transportation is a necessity, are

quickly carried from place to place, is the modern express company. By the arrangements which these companies have made with the railroads, packages of all kinds may be transported for a nominal fee as quickly as passengers themselves. Sweet-meats sent by express, retain all their original freshness and vigor, and are still more appreciable than if freight had been the means of transportation, and they were dry and stale by the time they reached us.

Is there enjoyment in eating home-made things while at school? Ask that question of a student who has been the happy recipient of a box, and he will answer unutterable things by his very looks. Enjoyment? The word doesn't express the feeling half strongly enough. It is solid enjoyment coupled with absolute contentment to sit in your own room or that of a fellow-student and eat as long as you like, and as much as you like, of just the very things that you always have liked. CHAS. FEG. 1900.

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done."

The Voyage of the Two Ships.

THE GLOWING sun-beams shine forth upon a busy scene of bustle and commotion as the people hurry hither and thither among heavily laden drays and among the more pretentious coupes as they jostle against each other along the river front. Hosts of hurrying men and women flit about from dock to steamer, from deck to deck. Few eyes there are in this vast group whose lashes are not bedewed with recent tears; few hearts that feel like laughing; close were the hurried hand-shakings of the parting friends, but close and more tenderly were drawn the heart-strings—as the very crisis is reached in the lusty shout "All ashore"—then the doleful ringing of the starting-bell is heard accompanied by the words from the same, lusty sea dog "Last bell." The gang-plank is hauled off, the hawsers are replaced—and we try to smile as the boats leave their moorings,

but 'tis a wearisome task. Out upon the dancing wavelets the proud vessels sail so nobly, so grandly. Down into the far-distant Narrows, we strain our eyes, and see the two ships sailing so bravely.

In the invisible distance, miles beyond the last pebbled beach, the ships sail on. A storm arises and instantly all is in an uproar. "Whither shall we go?" "Captain, is she strong enough to outride this continual pounding?"

They separate upon their respective paths and lose sight of each other. Many days afterwards there sails into an anxious port, one of these vessels; scarred, racked, strained to the very keel. Amid the general merry-making and joy, there arises the solemn voice of the chaplain in accents of prayer.

But where is the companion ship? 'Twas only a sealed bottle that told the story of the departed captain. "She rode the storm poorly; heavy seas rose on all sides and swept the decks from stem to stern. The compass and other instruments refused to adjust themselves properly. Finally with one mighty hinge the bows were beaten in; and now, we know not what will come of us." The ship struggles but in vain; and, with one agonized shriek, she sinks with all on board.

Two ships left port; one reaches its heaven, the other is lost. "Which things are an allegory."

In the gay Parisian capital, a wan, weak mother lifts up her little babe and, with Eve of old, exclaims, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." How the little Frenchman is cuddled and caressed! "Long live the son," cries the father, and the toast is drunk standing.

Far from the frivolous Queen of foolish France, in a little wind-beaten hut, another child is born. No loud huzzas; no boisterous toasts mark his advent. A mother's earnest, simple prayer is all she can bestow upon her son.

Two ships have left port!

Years afterwards, the dainty hangings of the curtained couch of the Parisian-born child, now in full manhood, are moved aside by a long bony hand. "No one present, ah! at last." His hands attempt to fold themselves in uplifted, mute appeal. His lips attempt to utter the words of prayer. Oh! how helpless is the man. "Ha, ha;" shouts a friend who has silently entered

the sick chamber." Never would I have believed it of you, of all, men, you, Voltaire, trying to pray; have you really abandoned our self-sufficient philosophy?" "Hush, Jean, it is more than a word to be led astray. Go, I pray thee, seek the Father of yonder parish. Tell him I wish to see him; yes, Voltaire wishes to see him." "At last, he's come. Hast writing material with thee? 'Tis well; begin thus; make it plain and simple, "I charge all men to forsake the true God at no time; He has no rival, save in the pride of men. Young man, avoid false philosophy. Don't lose your God. That's right; now you sign that, after my name, first this holy Father, then Jean, there." After a few days had passed, Voltaire was found, writhing in convulsive agonies, and foaming in impotent despair, lying upon the floor of his chamber, and exclaiming, "Will not this God whom I have denied, save me too? Cannot infinite mercy be extended to me?"

In the memories of his physician, you may find the account of this man's last moments; the death of this impious man was terrible indeed.

Two ships left port; a storm arose and all was swept from one; compass, charts, wheel and rudder were lost and in blank despair, the ship drifted and drifted and sank.

Far off in a mountanious country a motley crowd lead out a simple, unassuming man. Here's the heretics' crown," shout several in the vulgar mob. "Let the world see that Bohemia can bring forth strong men as well as heretics," sang out another. An old hag grinned upon the martyr's face and hissed, "You've got devils on your paper crown,. now, crazy John Huss, you'll soon be in their midst." "Nay, good woman, My Lord Jesus Christ for my sake wore a crown of thorns, why should not I then for his sake wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious. Truly I will do it and that willingly." "Now I commend thy soul to the devil," spoke the bishop as he placed the paper crown on the martyr's head. "But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus."

When the fagots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said he, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency, and what I taught with my lips, I now seal with my blood."

Two ships left port; one reached the haven; the other, with a hoarse, piercing shriek, down, down into the unknown depths dropped.

You'll tell me man ne'er dies, but changeth life;
And haply, for a better. He's happiest
That goes the right way soonest. Nature sent us
All naked hither, and all the goods we have
We only take on credit with the world;
And the best of men are mere borrowers.

W. E. STECKEL, '98.

Muhlenberg's New Professor.

CHANGES MADE IN THE FACULTY—BIOLOGY IS ADDED TO THE COLLEGE COURSE.

THE BOARD of Trustees of Muhlenberg College at their semi-annual meeting January 12th, appointed Professor Philip Dowell, Ph. B., of Brooklyn, New York, to the chair of Natural and Applied Sciences including Biology. For the purpose of enlarging the course in Muhlenberg College, and unifying the instruction, the Board added the course in Biology and made a number of other changes. Prof. J. A. Bauman, Ph. D., who very acceptably filled the chair of Natural Sciences, was transferred to the chair of Mathematics and Astronomy, made vacant by the death of Dr. Garber, and Prof. G. T. Ettinger, Ph. D., who heretofore was Professor in Pedagogy and Associate Professor in Latin, was raised to full Professor in Latin and Pedagogy with increased salary.

The object of the Board of Trustees in adding Biology as a branch of the college course was to prepare students who expect, after leaving Muhlenberg, to enter a medical college. By taking this course the students will be able to reduce their term in the school of medicine from four to three years.

Prof. Dowell will enter upon his duties on March 1st. He was born in America and is of a swedish family. He graduated from Augustana College at Rock Island, (Ill,) where he took a classical course and received the degree of A. B. He also took a course in the University of Nebraska in Physics, and took a two years' course at Yale in Biology and other Sciences, where

he received the degree of Ph. B. in 1895. Later he was assistant to Prof. Smith in Chemistry and Prof. Verill in Zoology at Yale and received the degree of A. M. in 1896. He also took a course in the famous laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass., in addition to the thorough work done by him in the laboratories of the University of Nebraska and of the Yale Scientific School. He has also taught at Hope Institute at Moorehead, Minn. His present position is Instructor of Natural Science at Upsala Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A learned man can read between
The lines, 'tis often said.
The student, then, who cribs, must have
A well-developed head. A. S. H. '97.

About the College.

J. B. GERY, '98, left college and has accepted a position in an insurance office in this city.

A. N. METZGER, a former member of the Class of '97, has returned and entered the Class of '99.

ERB, 1900, who spent some time at his home at Slatington on account of a broken arm has returned.

THIS is the season of new resolutions. Here is one of them, by Schenck: "Not to make resolutions for others again."

A FRESHMAN looking at the Laocoon group exclaimed: "Ah, yes! Firemen, I see. But how did they become so intricately entangled in the hose?"

"IF YOU WISH to get rid of bummers, put them to work digging out Greek roots or breaking the heads of *cimices*" This is the advice of a Senior.

PRESIDENT DR. SEIP and Prof. Dr. Richards have contributed very interesting articles to the *Lutheran Church Review* of this quarter on the career and character of Philip Melanchton whose 400th birthday anniversary will be celebrated throughout the Christian Church on the coming 16th of February.

KUNKLEMAN, '99, was prevented from returning at the opening of the session by a severe attack of neuralgia. He came back a few days later with his accustomed smile.

REED, '97, spent part of his holiday vacation with Fegley, 1900, at Mechanicsburg, Pa., and had the rare and enjoyable opportunity of seeing the pupils of Irving College.

VACATION is over and the students have returned to work again. Many of the boys delivered Christmas addresses at the festivals of some of the Sunday-schools of this and other places.

YERGER, 1900, lost his mother by death during Christmas vacation. Our sympathies are extended to him. The Freshman Class drew up a set of resolutions of sympathy and sent them to their bereaved class-mate.

PROF. DR. WACKERNAGEL has begun his series of regular lectures on Religious and Church Doctrine, to the members of the Augsburg Society which meets every Friday evening in the Doctor's recitation room. On the evening of its last meeting before the holiday vacation the members in appreciation of his interesting and instructive lectures presented him with a beautiful Welsbach's lamp.

THE semmi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College was held in the College Chapel January 12th and Professor Philip Dowell, Ph. B., of Brooklyn, was elected to the Chair of Natural Sciences and Biology. Dr. John A. Bauman was elected to the Chair of Mathematics, which was vacated by the death of Dr. Davis Garber. Professor Bauman formerly taught Natural Sciences. He was voted honorable mention for his fidelity and ability as an instructor. Dr. G. T. Ettinger was raised to the full Chair of Latin and Pedagogics with an increased remuneration. At the session in the forenoon the reports of the Treasurer, Financial Agent, Executive Committee and Faculty were read.

Said a Senior to a Junior,
"Don't you wish that you were me."
Said the other, "When I get there,
I then shall always try,
When I speak to other people,
Not to use me for I." C. FEG.

THE following was the program rendered by the College Glee Club at a concert recently held at Freemansburg under the auspices of the Woman's Auxillary of the Lutheran Church:

PART I.

1. March—Onward, ... Geibel
Glee Club.
2. Blue Eyes, ... Witt
Glee Club.
3. Le Carnival de Venise, ... Samehtini
Ocarina Club.
4. My Homestead, ... Attenhofer
Glee Club.
4. Ocarina Solo—Petit Fantaise, Samehtini
G. E. Kramlich.
6. Catastrophe, ... Sprague
Glee Club.
7. The Band, ... White
Zobo Club.

PART II.

1. Talking School, ... Decker
Glee Club.
2. Please won't you be my—H'm? . . . . . Dero
Glee Club.
3. Flute Solo—Selected, ... A. S. Hartzell
4. M. C. Medley, ... Arranged by G. E. Kramlich
Glee Club.
5. Vocal Solo—Selected, ... H. K. Lantz
6. March—The Scorcher, ... Langey
Zobo Club.
7. Star of Descending Night, ... Emerson
Glee Club.

The present Glee Club consists of the following members: *Director*, G. E. Kramlich; *First Tenors*, Geo. Case, E. T. Laubauch, G. F. Erdman, Chas. Fegley; *Second Tenors*, G. I. Lenker, A. S. Hartzell, W. E. Steckel; *First Bass*, A. B. Yerger, J. P. Walters, H. A. Kunkle; *Second Bass*, Fred. Gruhler, W. F. Heldt, H. K. Lantz.

The Glee also sang at the College Missionary Concert held recently; at a meeting of the Reformed Guild held at the house of Mr. A. S. Hartzell, '97, January 19th; at the Luther League of Rev. Mr. Schoener's Church, South Bethlehem, January 21st. They will furnish the music at a lecture given by Rev. Mr. Meyers, of Reading, in Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Rev. Frank Fry, Pastor.

Our Alumni.

'74. We regret to announce the death of Captain David Schaadt, of Allentown, Pa., father of James L. Schaadt, Esq., '74, and J. Allen Schaadt, '81.

'75. E. H. Stine, Esq., Allentown, Pa., and John F. Stine, a member of the Senior Class recently lost their father, Mr. Henry Stine, who died at Fogelsville, Pa.

'79. The Parochial School of Concordia Congregation, Rochester, N. Y., Rev. Carl N. Conrad pastor, has 314 pupils and three teachers. This is said to be the largest parochial school in the General Council.

'79. Edwin J. Lichtenwalner, Esq., Allentown, Pa., is one of the directors of the newly organized Central Cement Company.

'81. We understand that Rev. Oscar D. Miller has resigned his charge at Hamburg, Pa.

'82. We clip the following from the "Pottsville Ledger:" Rev. L. J. Bickel, the efficient assistant to Rev. D. K. Kepner, in the pastorate of Emanuel Lutheran Church and its two live missions, St. James' Memorial and St. Peter's congregations, for a year and a half, was unanimously chosen pastor of the two missions as an independent charge, at an election on Saturday evening. St. James' and St. Peter's it will be remembered were made an independent charge last Spring.

The selection of pastor Bickel is an excellent one. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bickel, No. 420 Walnut Street, Pottstown, and was born in Lower Pottsgrove township. His early education was received in the schools of Lower Pottsgrove, after which he entered the Pottstown High School. Subsequently he taught school, and at the same time he prepared for college under the tutorship of his pastor, Rev. D. K. Kepner. In 1878 he entered Muhlenberg College, from which institution he graduated in 1885 with high honor. During his college course he won the junior class oratorical contest. Three years after his graduation from college in 1885, he finished his ministerial course in the Mt. Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary, at Philadelphia. His

first call was to Trinity Lutheran Church, Reading, as assistant to J. Fry, D. D. After serving there five years, in 1890, he accepted a call from St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, Wilmington, Del., at which place he continued until called to the assistant pastorship of Emanuel Lutheran Church Pottstown, in the Spring of 1895.

'91. Rev. W. W. Kistler is doing an excellent work in the Coopersburg, Pa., charge. He has recently had two dedications, one at Coopersburg on December 6th and the other at Centre Valley on New Year's Day. Both Churches have been completely renovated, the one at a cost of about $500 (paid by the Christian Aid Society,) the other at a cost of about $200.

'93. Rev. William F. Mosser was recently installed pastor at Coudersport, Potter County, Pa.

'93. William F. Rick, Esq., Bethel, Pa., is a student in the Yale Law School.

'93. Rev. P. George Sieger, formerly of Stettlersville, this county, who graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1894, is meeting with success as pastor of Emanuel Lutheran Church of Lancaster. The church is located in a beautiful section of the city. The congregation was organized last Easter and Sunday marked the first six months of Mr. Sieger's pastorate. The event was celebrated by the presentation of a very handsome and costly set of altar cloths to the congregation by a friend of the church. Twenty-eight new members were added to the list, which makes more than a hundred additions for the first half year.

Pastor Sieger received a well filled purse from the congregation as a Christmas present. The church edifice has been remodeled and refurnished in the last few months.—*Morning Call.*

'95. Rev. E. H. Kistler, formerly of this city, and pastor of Bethany United Evangelical Church, of Bethlehem, is not only a masterly pulpit orator, but a fine musician as well. He is also the director of the East Pennsylvania Conference male chorus, of the United Evangelical Church and has composed, both words and music, a hymn "Call for Help," and dedicated it to the chorus. Another composition of his is entitled "Requiescat in Pace," in memoriam of Rev. A. L. Erisman. The hymn "Call

for Help" an appeal of a troubled soul to Heaven for strength and guidance. It breathes a spirit of lofty devotion and submission and the music is a fit exponent of the Christian faith revealed in the words. His memorial hymn is tender in sentiment and is a poetic and fitting tribute to the memory of a good man.—*Chronicle and News.*

'95. At six o'clock last evening Miss Annie M. Gerhard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gerhard, of No. 1314 Hamilton Street, was married to John E. Sandt, of Sandt's Eddy, Pa., an instructor in Thiel College, Greenville, Pa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. D. Schindel at the home, the couple being attended by Thomas Gaffaney and Miss Amy Sandt, both of Trenton. After the wedding the couple left for Sandt's Eddy, where they will spend the holidays before taking up their home at Greenville. The bridegroom is a graduate of the Keystone State Normal School and of Muhlenberg College, Class '95. The bride is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women and has for three years taught school at Hokendauqua. Their friends wish them a large measure of prosperity.—*Chronicle and News.*

'83. On December 20th, St. John's Lutheran Church, Chicago, Ill., Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph. D., pastor, was dedicated with appropriate services. From the illustration we judge it to be a very neat church.

'84. Ira Wise, B. S., Allentown, with Max S. Erdman, '94, and Senior G. Fred. Kuhl represented the Muhlenberg Chapter at the Alpha Tau Omega Congress, recently held in Cleveland.

'85. We clip the following in regard to Rev. E. A. Yehl, from the Allentown *Chronicle and News:* "At Easton Mrs. Annie Miller was sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000 and go to prison for two years for selling liquor without a license and for keeping and maintaining a disorderly house. Lizzie Crissman was sent to jail for a year. Both come from Bangor. The arrest and conviction grew out of a sermon preached by Rev. Yehl calling attention to the bad state of things."

'86. On December 18th, the renovated Sunday-school rooms of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, North Wales, Pa., Rev. Charles W. Jefferis, pastor, were re-dedicated. Rev. J. L. Becker, '74, and Rev. C. C. Snyder, '91, were among the speakers.

The Editor's Table.

WE WELCOME "*College Days*" to our exchange department. It presents a neat appearance, besides containing several well written articles.

THE DECEMBER *Smith College Monthly* is an interesting and readable number. We read with satisfaction the article entitled "The Independent in Politics." In the Department called Contributors' Club we found many well conceived and entertaining sketches.

THE SIBYL maintains its high excellence. Its Editorials are well written. We quote as especially interesting the following: "No community is swayed more by the force of public opinion than a college community. Everybody will acknowledge that public opinion is more influenced by the social life of a college than by any other phase. It is that which makes a college regarded as a factor in a community, and it is that which should give a college the power to mold the intellectual, moral and social culture of its community. Necessarily a college is more or less isolated, but the less so the better. Especially in a woman's college does the social factor play an important part. The true theatre of a female influence and exertion is the domestic and social circle; that she should be qualified to adorn, improve and culture.

JUDGMENT.

"He entered the editor's sanctum
And vented his views unsought,
And next day was hanged as a bandit
For wrecking a train of thought."—*Ex.*

THE MINNESOTA MAGAZINE is the most interesting and best of any of our Western Exchanges. The article on "Universal Money" is timely and instructive, and is especially well treated. The author concludes by saying: "It is probable that nobody will care to bring forward international money for legislative or treaty action until the bimetallic fight is over. In the meantime it is a subject of such great academic interest and so noble a scheme that it ought to engage the attention of students of

economic and international law. The "Social Future of the Minnesota Farmer" is treated in a manner becoming one, who has convictions of his own." "Mississippi Roosters" is an interesting sketch of river life. The Editorials are well written and "THE MUHLENBERG" welcomes the "*Minnesota Magazine.*"

The one who tries
In artful wise
To steal his arm around her waist—
Oh, no!
The cavalier
Who doesn't dare
But shows he wants to, she likes best—
Just so.—*Ex.*

THE RED AND BLUE for December contains a very distinct frontispiece of S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL.D. The article on "The American University" is instructive and interesting especially to college men. From its columns we learn that the University has or probably will have 2,900 students. There is a decrease in the attendance of the Veterinary Department. "The trolley and the bicycle are said to be the causes of the lack of interest in veterinary science, as the horses' sphere of usefulness is decreasing daily, and a continual slow shrinkage in attendance may be expected for some time."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

'Twas a Boston maid I was calling on,
And I thought I'd put up a bluff,
So I spoke of Latin poetry,
For I knew she liked the stuff.

But she wasn't so slow as you might suppose,
In spite of her learning immense,
When I asked what Latin poem
Best expressed her sentiments.

For that Boston maid, who in classic shade,
Was supposed to defy Love's charms,
Just hung her head and demurely said:
I sing of men and of arms."

OUR EXCHANGE LIST is so large, that space forbids us to make especial mention of even some of the most deserving, such as "*The Roanoke Collegian*," "*The Knox Student*," "*The Mirror*," "*The Lafayette*" and the excellent December edition of the "*Nassau Lit*" with its entertaining Christmas stories entitled, "The Gold Eagle" and "Christmas Eve."

The World of Letters.

THE LIFE OF TENNYSON which is soon to be published by his son will be an interesting and important volume. It may prove, moreover, to be a good piece of literary work, for the present Lord Tennyson is a man of culture and ability, although he inherited none of the poetic genius that created the "Idyls of the King." He has always been devoted to his father's works, and was the great poet's closest friend and companion, though in many respects their personalities were very dissimilar. During the later years of Tennyson's life all his business arrangements were made by his son, to whose good management the very considerable fortune left by the laureate was largely due.

"STRATH NAVER," is the title of a new serial running in the *Christian Work*. It is a story of the great Scottish eviction. Between 1811 and 1820 the Duchess of Sutherland turned out 15,000 of her tenants in the County of Sutherland, in order to make her estate a vast sheep-farm. The Earl of Selkird became interested in these "crofters," and assisted many of them to reach Canada, where they settled, not far from Winnepeg, Manitoba. A portion of them emigrated to Iowa in 1835, and it was there the author of the story, Rev. Watson J. Young, met their descendants and had exceptional opportunities of acquiring an intimate and accurate knowledge of their true history. The story is a most interesting one, and depicts very forcibly the strong and resolute character of the Scottish race, and the privations and hardships which accompanied the establishing of a new home in a strange land.

THAT HALL CAIN should be eager to write an imaginative Life of Christ is not at all astonishing. Such a work would be but a climax of his novelistic trend from the start. His original novel, "Hagar's Crime," was an attempt to depict the redemption of a soul almost lost to sin, which he finally achieved in "The Manxman." Of his stories he has already declared "I think that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest to any one of the stories it tells. Whatever

strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob, though in my version sympathy attaches to Esau. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl. 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah. My new book also comes out of the Bible from a perfectly startling source."

STEPHEN CRANE'S "Red Badge of Courage" has been translated into French, and is meeting with a very favorable reception on the Continent. Nothing else that this young writer has done in any way compares with the "Red Badge," the work which brought him fame and showed him the road to fortune. It is a pity that the promise displayed in his successful book is not bearing better fruit. This young author has to write but a few more newspaper stories such as his stupid, sensational and dull descriptions of the "Tenderloin," that have been appearing in a New York Sunday paper, to unmake what reputation his successful book made for him.

HOUGHTON, MILLER & CO., thus foreshadow Joel Chandler Harris' ambitious new Southern novel, "Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances:" "Except 'Uncle Remus' himself, no person has stepped out of old Southern life into literature quite so natural and unblurred as Sister Jane. The atmosphere of an ante-bellum Southern village, and its slow and easy ways are so perfectly reproduced in this quiet, powerful story that it is likely to take its place in literature as the accepted and enduring representation of this interesting and obsolescent life of the common people of the South—a life that had its tragedies hidden and could almost forget them under its quaint and lazy self-complacency. Original in its material and unconventional in its manner, 'Sister Jane' is Mr. Harris' most elaborate and ambitious novel, and a notable addition to American fiction."

IT SEEMS LIKELY that "Phroso," Anthony Hope's new novel, will make a great success as "The Prisoner of Zenda." The "Sun" devoted a column editorial to it, and predicted for the book a great success. Among other things, it said: "It seems to us that it is likely to rank among the master works of sensational

and exciting fiction. Here is a story wherein the elements of real and fantastic are so adroitly mixed that, according as it falls into the hands of the young or of the middle age, it will be perused with breathless interest as a truthful record of adventure, or with the smile of gratification, which rewards the happy tour de force."

THE "BOOKMAN" pronounces Sienkiewicz's Neronian romance, "Quo Vadis," "to be one of the great books of our day, and after all, perhaps, the highest panegyric of the miraculous influences of Christianity that has appeared in modern times."

"DAYBREAK, a Romance of an Old World," by James Cowan, is one of the best of those imaginative stories that are now in such popular vogue. The old world of this title is the planet Mars, a world which is attracting much attention, both from writers and scientists. Many of the latter not only think it is reasonable to suppose that Mars is inhabited, but they believe the time will come when we of the earth shall know it is so and be able to communicate with the people there. The hero of this book, not bound by strictly scientific rules, has been to Mars, and not only discovered inhabitants, but found a much higher development among them than exists on the earth. The story is a fascinating one from beginning to end, and at the same time its tone is high and the character of its teaching uplifting.

"I WOULD LIKE," said Dr. Conan Doyle recently at the Authors' Club, "to say a few words about this work of story-telling, at which so many of us spend our lives. I confess that I speak with all diffidence, for the subject has many sides to it. This art of ours, which has to appeal to the infinite variety of the human mind, should be treated in a very broad and catholic spirit. The narrow, esoteric schools, who talk of the writing of stories as if their own particular formula embraced all virtues, take themselves much too seriously. There is nothing more absurd than the realist who denies merit to the romance writer, unless it be the romance writer who sneers at the realist. A healthy taste should respond to honest words of every kind. The man who does not care for the story is an incomplete man. The man who does not care for a true study of life is an incomplete man. The man who does not care for anything that has ever been or can be on the earth is an incomplete man. To interest is the ultimate object of all fiction."

THE MUHLENBERG

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ALLENTOWN, PA.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

HEADQUARTERS

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The Muhlenberg.

"Litterœ Sine Ingenio Vanœ."

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Editorials.

WITH THIS ISSUE OF "THE MUHLENBERG" begins the work of the newly-elected staff. Though the work may be new to most of the members of the staff, it is their aim to keep up the standard of THE MUHLENBERG which it has attained through the efforts of those who had charge of it in the past.

There will be no radical changes in THE MUHLENBERG. One new feature, however, that will be introduced, is the publication, in each number, of a short story written by one of the students, and for this purpose the students are again invited to send in contributions.

The members of the staff will endeavor to be prompt with the work of the several departments, so as to avoid unpleasant delay in the publication of the journal.

ONE OF THE SOCIETIES of our college which is of great benefit and interest is the Augsburg Society. As its name implies, it has for its object the study of the Augsburg Confession and also the discussion of other topics of a religious character.

Prof. Dr. Wackernagel, who is ever ready to be of service to the students, is at the head of the society. Through his interest in the welfare of the students, and his love for the work, he devotes a part of his time each week to the members of this society in the discussion of some appropriate subject. His lectures on Religious and Church Doctrines which are being delivered during this winter are always interesting and instructive, and much information is imparted that could not be so readily obtained elsewhere. That these efforts are appreciated is shown by the full attendance of the meetings of this society, and by the interest in general displayed by its members.

ONE OF THE EVENTS to which the Sophomores always look forward with pleasure is the Sophomore banquet. After having toiled for several months under the pressure of the work of this busy year they lay aside all thoughts of the arduous duties of the class-room and make merry with each other for a short time. Not only do they look forward to this event, but pleasant recollections of it linger in their memories throughout their college life. The Class of '99 observed this old custom when on the evening of January 22d, they held their banquet at Reading.

MUCH HAS been written concerning literary societies. We have two such societies of which every student is a member, and in which every student is supposed to take some interest. But suppositions are not always correct, and in this case they are again at fault in regard to some of the members. By interest we do not mean the continual lauding of one or the other society or the exceedingly great interest sometimes displayed at elections, but we mean that lacking interest in the performance of duties in the special line of work prescribed by the societies. We all know what these duties are, and the laws of the societies are such as to compel each one to perform from time to time, but notwithstand-

ing such compulsion there is a great lack of interest shown, especially when men do not take the time and trouble to rewrite some corrected essay.

So much for the so-called compulsory duties. There is another important feature in the exercises of our societies which indeed deserve some attention. This is impromptu speaking. There are very many men, and well educated men too, who can only speak with considerable preparation, and very few indeed who can speak *extempore.*

The societies recognized this fact and long ago introduced this feature of extemporaneous speaking in order to train men to think on their feet.

The results have shown that men who have taken advantage of this opportunity have in many cases become excellent impromptu speakers by the end of their college course.

But on the other hand there are many who derive no benefit whatever from this exercise. Such men are for the most part shirkers and their shirking methods are by no means honorable. They retire from the room when nearing this point of the exercises, and they stand around the doors until they are certain that another point has been reached. Such men are a credit to no society, and should be dealt with accordingly, if the honor system is to no purpose.

The Bronze-Hilted Sword.

"THERE, HELEN, kiss brother and run off to Susan and get ready for dinner, for father and mother will soon be home, and you must be neatly dressed to receive them."

The little girl threw her arms affectionately around her brother's neck, gave him a kiss and darted from the room.

Arthur Clyde sank back in his leather covered, upholstered chair, puffed vigorously on his "old briar pipe," which had become half extinguished, and gave himself up to his thoughts.

Young Clyde was a fellow who had had all the advantages which money and kind and loving parents could give. He had just passed his twenty-third birthday, having graduated from college two years previously. His last year at college had been

to him one of constant anxiety and perplexity as to what vocation he would be best suited for in after life. He had never been a brilliant student. He had never even been what was termed at college a "plodder." What he had was his own native brightness, his quick-wittedness, and with this he had gone through his college course not "*magna cum laude*" or "*cum laude*," but had received his "sheep-skin" creditably without the "laurel pickling."

After graduation, his father sent him on a trip around the world, and after his return home Arthur had entered a law office, where he was now at work preparing for a lawyer's vocation.

To look back on his trip was to the young the living over of past events, and it was his pleasure, when none were near with whom he could converse, to quietly sink into his favorite chair before the great open fire-place and blow great clouds of fragrant smoke toward the ceiling, picturing in them the scenes of his early youth, college life and travels. For a moment he was so absorbed in enjoying these first few whiffs that his mind was to all else a blank, but then he fell to musing in a sort of wandering fashion.

How loudly the rain splashed against the window panes.

How much more comfortable a man is when he is smoking his pipe in front of an open fire than when he is hurrying up and down the earth hunting for the "bauble reputation," for gold and for pleasure.

> "Oh give me a pipe with a sweet amber tip;
> I ask not for wine, nor for spirits to sip;
> I ask not for music, I ask not for song,
> As long as my briar is not over strong."

The handsome room in which Arthur Clyde was seated was decorated on all sides by souvenirs and relics which he had picked up on his rambles. Through the gathering gloom of the room, through which the bright flame of the burning logs in the fire-place softly penetrated, he could discern the outline of this or that thing, which vividly recalled to him the circumstance of its purchase and surroundings at the time.

There on top of the massive book-case stood the giant clogs worn by the Japanese, and he remembered the dark, straight-

haired, brown eyed little Japanese beauty who had sold them to him, and his parting "say onara" (one of the few words he had picked up) as he left.

Crossed over the door were two Alpenstocks which recalled to him his week's sojourn at the foot of the snow-crested Alps, and brought before him the face of a girl whom he had met at a dance, and whose card, bearing the name, " Miss Hilda Firth," now lay in his card case. She was an English girl, and, since her return to that country, he had received two letters from her, which he had been prompt to answer.

The great bear skin mat at his feet and the set of sleigh-bells hanging over the great fire-place spoke eloquently to him of Russia, of his thrilling sleigh-ride behind three whirlwind steeds and his visit to the Novogorod Fair.

So one after another of the mementos led his imagination onward until at last his eyes rested upon a large, heavy, old-fashioned sword, suspended among other things over the grate. The fire from the burning embers reflected it across the room to a mirror, then back again, gilding the edges of the old-time relic of war with a warm, blood-like hue. About four feet long, with a two-inch blade of steel, darkened by time and use, and a heavy, carved hilt of bronze, the warrior stood, grim and still in bold "haut-relief" from among an array of revolvers, daggers and pipes of all nations.

Far off to sunny Spain, the land of trickling music and romantic maidens, the yonng man's fancy took its flight. Back to the tiny villa, with its little row of low, latticed houses, interspersed with flowering plants and graceful fruit trees. Back to the little shop of odds and ends, with its queer old native store keeper and his wealth of fairy love.

It was here, in a nook of the little shop, that he had spied the old instrument of death, forgotten and unknown, the play ground of the weaving spider and the resting place of dust and time.

Eager to talk, and having ready listeners, the patriarch was but too eager to unfold the history of the sword.

Belonging to a time now long past, to one of the nobles of the land, it had, in his strong hand, oft cleaved its way to victory and to fame.

Wooed and won was the heart of his fair daughter by a knight of no mean name, yet he found no favor in the father's eyes. Stern decree forbade that the youth should meet the maiden of his heart, but love has laughed at obstacles from times of old and the two fled, pursued by an unrelenting father. Overtaken the young man meets the elder face to face, who, drawing his sword plunged it in the young man's breast. With a cry the maiden threw herself on her lover's breast and the gleaming steel pierced them both. The elder man, seeing the rashness of his deed, drew out the reeking sword and placing the point upon his breast, fell on it and expired.

What tales of romance and of war that inanimate, yet living, piece of steel could tell! Its day is past and gone. Hanging there on the chimney place, harmless and unfeared, with its dim halo of red fire-light, it seems a silent story-teller of the days when it once was young and in its prime.

The young man's eyes have closed, as he sits close up to the hearth with his feet resting on the massive iron fenders, the now cold "old briar" is in his hand. Lost deep in sweet thought he knows naught of the crumbling of the treacherous plaster around the base of the nail supporting the heavy bronze-hilted sword. There is a sudden crash, as it comes tumbling down, the bronze-hilt striking the dozing thinker square on the head.

Then all is still!

* * * * * * * * *

The door of the room opens and a little figure glides quietly up behind the young man's chair, suddenly throws her slender arms around his neck, and prints two soft kisses on his brow.

"Come, Arty, papa and mamma are home and dinner is ready. Wake up, brother! Why don't you talk to little Helen?"

The old bronze-hilted sword had yet another tale to tell.

W. H. S., '96.

Mechanical Labor.

THERE IS a tendency in the young men of the present age to despise mechanical labor and seek a professional life, which they consider to be the only calling of any importance. Many a young man thinks a trade beneath him, and aspires to be a gentleman,

a professional, or one who would carve his way through the world by his wits.

It is amazing to look over this magnificent land of ours, which history tells but a short time ago was a wilderness, and see what skilled labor has done. The prairies have been reclaimed, the greater part of the vast forests are subdued, and from the sea-washed shore of the Atlantic to the Pacific, the workman's axe has leveled the way for the almost unobstructed march of persevering, triumphant labor. Some one has rightly said, "The professional theorizes, but the mechanical meterializes thought." The best thing the professional can do is to have his thoughts bound in a book. The mechanical puts it in a different form. He digs the ore out of the bowels of the earth, dashes it into the fiery furnace, draws it out under a hammer, and moulds it at his will; he fells the mighty oak of the forest, slashes it under the buzzing saw, and at his will causes it to appear in all forms imaginable; he breaks off pieces of rocks and by means of the hammer and chisel he breathes outlines of beauty upon them. So he materializes his thought in all things, and shapes them into the most exquisite thought.

What a paradise is America for the mechanic! There is no caste here, and the artificers are not in a class exclusively to themselves. Among the Greeks and Romans mechanical industry and art produced models for all subsequent nations, and yet the mechanic there was classed among the slaves. Among the ancient Germans the great feudal lords collected on their own estates the skilled artisans, but none were freeman, all were bondsmen. In this enlightened country of ours a man has the opportunity of elevating himself from one class to another; he enters the best of society by his own cleverness, and if he has talent and success to crown him every one will favor him. If the mechanic becomes the skilled manufacturer, and the manufacturer becomes the great capitalist, he is honored everywhere. The achievements of these men are well known: Horace Greeley, the printer, is revered as the father of the *Tribune;* Ezra Cornell, the machinist, is immortalized as the founder of Cornell University; Andrew Johnson, the tailor, exalted the chief executive of the nation; U. S. Grant, the tanner, as the commander-in-chief of the army and the Presi-

dent of the United States. These and many more of our American mechanics have, both at home and abroad, been crowned with immortal honors.

We all remember the legend, how Solomon made a feast for his artisans. At the unveiling of the throne a giant, a muscular smith, had usurped the seat of honor, and carelessly rested on his ponderous hammer. The artisans murmered, and rushed upon the presumptuous intruder to slay him. "Stop"! cried Solomon, "let him speak"! The smith calmly replied: "Most noble King, to thy feast thou didst invite all the artisans but me. What could these have done without me? I fashioned all the tools that built thy temple." The King said, "Right! give the smith the highest seat." No wonder that we love to linger at the flaming forge and do honor to the skillful smith, as he shapes the tools of the mechanic amid a thousand flying sparks. The mechanic's industry and skill is almost invariably a guarantee of good citizenship. Besides, where do the great inventors come from, who help the process of labor and national prosperity so wonderfully? If James Watt had not nursed his mechanical dexterity by training, I doubt if he would ever have become the inventor of the steam-engine. Sir Isaac Newton laid the foundation of his greatness, when, as a little boy, he built a toy wind-mill. He applied motor-power in the use of the mouse to run his mill when the wind did not blow, and the ingenious water-clock, were already the elements of that philosophy and mathematics that worked out the wonder-theory of gravitation.

There is a tendency for the young men from the country and even from towns to forsake their calling for which they may be naturally gifted, to enter a professional life, where they make an utter failure, and thus spoil a good mechanic to make a poor professional. We need men with brains, but we need more with brains and skill.

WILMER F. HELDT, '97.

Dare to be wise, and now
Begin. The man who has it in his power
To practice virtue and protracts the hour;
Waits like the clown, to see the brook run low,
Which careless flows, and will forever flow.—HORACE.

The Three Ways.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES shows us three ways in which man is seen. The one is the way in which God sees him. Another is the way in which he sees himself. The third is the way in which his fellow men see him.

Dr. Holmes puts it thus: First, Real John, known only to his Maker; Second, John's ideal John, never the real John and often very unlike him; Third, Thomas's ideal John, never the real John, nor John's John, and often very unlike either.

I think we can state all this in plainer words. The first is—what I am; the second is—what I think I am; the third is—what others think I am.

What I am! This we call character. What I think I am! This we generally call self-conceit. What others think I am! This we call reputation.

What do I think I am? Most men think they are good natured. Few men think they are cranky or sensitive. Others are cranky and ill-natured, but *they* are not. If they have no friends it is because others are cranky and ill-natured. But some are more honest and modest. They say: May I not be cranky? May I not be ill-natured? Why have I so few friends? I want to be a friend to others, and I try to be, but for some reason they don't like me. Would to God some one would tell me my faults so that I could correct them!

This is very often what those honest people say to themselves. Ah, but my dear readers, where is the friend who will tell you privately your faults and advise you to correct them for your own welfare. Such are few. They generally prefer to talk, perhaps for hours, telling others your faults. Would it not be much better, my dear friends, if you would tell the person himself of his faults, instead of telling others? The former will probably aid him to gain friends, the latter, to lose them. Perhaps you are afraid it will anger him? Perhaps his very character will not permit you to tell him. This is often the case. How often have we ourselves become angry at a friend who ventured to tell us our faults? But let us always listen to our friends who tell us our faults, and if we think them to be faults, try to correct them.

If we see others disliked for certain faults, let us tell them in a kind manner and hope they will listen. But let us not go to them for the sake of complaining. Let us tell them because we love them.

This brings us to the second step in our theme, namely: what others think we are, or reputation. Some people are always striving after a reputation. My dear readers, there is no vainer thing in the world than reputation. When a man strives for a reputation, what does it mean? What is to be the standard by which a man's reputation is to be measured? Reputation is what others think of you. But who are these others? When I think of the word reputation, I think of a see-saw. When a man's reputation is called excellent by some, it is called bad by others.

Christ was a perfect man. With some he had a good reputation, but not with all. Josephus says of Him, "Now there was about this time Jesus a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man; for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure." The Pharisees called him a "wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." He was called a "deluder" and died an ignominious death. When we say a man's reputation is what others think of him, we must not think that the opinions of others are always, or even generally, unanimous. But you may say reputation is what the majority thinks of you. If this is so, it amounts to nothing, and it is not worth striving after. The best people in the world have poor reputations if this is what it means. The best thing is to do right and care not what your reputation be. Christ said, "If the world," meaning the majority of people, "hate me, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." In other words, if ye get a poor reputation, ye know that I too had a poor reputation. He then added, "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own, but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." In other words, if ye would do as the majority do, namely, wrong, ye would have a good reputation.

Lastly, what I am, or character. This we should strive after—a good character! According to this we shall all be judged on the final day. God will not say, "What did you think you were?" If he did, Satan would have few guests while the mansions in

heaven would have to be made larger. He will not judge us according to our reputation in this world because some of the greatest rascals would be enjoying the golden streets in heaven while some of the best men would be living in hell. But we shall be judged according to what God sees us to be. But how shall we know what our character is? We can know anything only by comparison with what is known.

Therefore, read the life of Christ, study to know Christ and compare yourself with Him, for He was a perfect man. When we learn to know Christ, and try to imitate Him, then we shall slowly but surely develop a good character. With some, our reputation will decrease, with others become greater; our self-conceit will lessen, and when the final day comes we shall enter in heaven, where there are many mansions prepared for us.

HENRY F. HEHL, '98.

Aye free, off-han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony;
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can,
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through every other man
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.—BURNS.

Sophomore Banquet.

TIMES AND SEASONS, for various reasons, usher upon the scene of life occasions of *sadness* and of *gladness*. The latter, however, is the one associated with the word *banquet*. Many ceremonies are performed, not because of actual necessity, nor for the benefit derived therefrom, but because custom calls for them. To this law the Class of '99 adhered and banqueted at the Mansion House, Reading, Pa., on Jan. 22d, 1897. At 11.30 P. M., the gentlemen, twenty-six in number, were ushered into the dining-hall, which presented an inviting appearance, and they immediately realized that "Nature abhors a vacuum", so all, feeling themselves equal to the occasion, began to dispose of the following:

MENU.

Blue Points. Chicken Bouillon.
Celery. Olives. Almonds. En Tasse.
Broiled Blue Fish A La Maitre D'Hotel. Potatoes Julienne.
Boiled Leg Canada Mutton. Cream of Cauliflower.
Terrapin Patties, A La Bellevue. Saratoga Chips.
Punch, A La Muhlenberg.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Oysters. Cranberry Sauce. Brown Sweet Potatoes.
French Pan Cakes. Currant Jelly.
Bisque Ice Cream. Assorted Cakes.
Oranges. Bananas. Grapes. Figs. Layer Raisins. Assorted Nuts.
Roquefort Cheese. Bent's Crackers.
Cafe Noir.
Champagne. Wine. Cigars. Cigarettes.

After due justice was done to the rich feast, the taking in ceased and the giving out succeeded as subscribed:

TOASTS.

Toastmaster . . . . . Howard A. Kunkle
President of Class

Our Class . . . . . E. J. Heilman
"United we stand, divided we fall."—KTY. MOTTO.

The Faculty . . . . . C. H. Bohner
"O' wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

The Freshmen . . . . . J. O. Henry
"And they served up the Freshmen in slices of toast
On the eve of that very same day."—EX.

Our Livery Stable . . . . . H. R. McCullough
"A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse!"—SHAKESPEARE.

When We were Freshmen . . . . . G. J. Case
The smallest worm will turn when trodden on."—SHAKESPEARE.

Our Sleigh Ride . . . . . James Berg
Hear the sledges with the bells;
What a world of merriment their melody foretells."—POE.

Allentown Curiosities . . . . . Edward Raker
"God made the country, and man made the town."—COWPER.

Experiments . . . . . Willis Beck
"This would work if—"—B.

Herodotus . . . . . F. N. Fritch
"When I drop the handkerchief, fire!"—DR. SLOCURE.

Reading . . . . . F. N. Buchman
"Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity."—MILTON.

Punch, A La Muhlenberg . . . . . Fred. A. Fetherolf
"Drink ye to her that each loves best."—CAMPBELL.

Coeducation . . . . . A. A. Kunkle
"What days, and what sweet years! ah, me!"—WORDSWORTH.

Fem. Sem. . . . . W. A. Hausman, Jr
"The proper study of mankind, is man,
The most perplexing, no doubt, is woman."—SAXE.

Our Banquet . . . . . Wm. J. Seiberling
"The feast is o'er."—Scott.

H. A. K.

About the College.

IT'S COMING—'98's Ciarla.

BILHEIMER, '98, has lost his mustache. Beck, C., thinks he has washed it off.

1900's latest officers are: President, C. Fegley; Vice President, Flexer; Secretary, Beck, A. G.; Treasurer, Yerger.

THE FOLLOWING have been elected officers of the Senior Class: President, Heldt; Secretary, I. O. Nothstine; Treasurer, Klick, I.

THE *Jugend-Freund*, Prof. Dr. Wackernagel, editor, celebrates its golden anniversary with the January number.

THE MUHLENBERG COLLEGE MISSIONARY SOCIETY met in the College Chapel, Tuesday evening, January 19th. Several interesting papers were read and discussed.

DR. M. H. RICHARDS preached the principal sermon on Sunday, January 17th, at the dedication of the remodelled audience room of the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration at Pottstown.

THE VARIOUS clubs and staffs have been photographed for '98's Ciarla. To all indications it will be one of the best and finest annuals ever published at Muhlenberg.

THE JUNIOR CLASS lately elected the following officers: President, Repass; Vice President, Seiple; Secretary, Beck; Treasurer, Eckert.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS recently elected the following officers: President, H. A. Kunkle; Vice President, Fetherolf, F. A.; Secretary, McCullough; Treasurer, Beck, W.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY elected F. Miller, Schofer, Fehr and Sullenberger as delegates to the Luther League convention to be held at Bethlehem, February 16th.

THE FRESHMEN are continually prophesying for snow, and are anxiously waiting for sleighing in order that they may enjoy a sleigh-ride.

THE AUGSBURG SOCIETY which meets every Friday evening is at present discussing the doctrines, rites, membership, etc., of the Roman Catholic Church. All students are earnestly requested to attend.

WE HAVE been asked the cause of the sad conntenance of a certain Junior. It is easily told. He loved Miss R———, and finally asked her to go skating with him, but his invitation was rejected and he became dejected.

DR. WACKERNAGEL delivered his new lecture to the Luther League of Zion's Lutheran Church, Tamaqua, on Thursday evening, January 28th. His subject was, "The Holy Land in the days of Christ and at the Present Time."

IN THE former part of the month of January, the committee appointed by the student body to prepare a set of resolutions to be presented to the family of the deceased Dr. Garber, presented the same in book form.

AT A recent meeting of Euterpea, the following officers were elected: President, Fehr, '97; Vice President, Fritch, N., '99; Recording Secretary, Henry, '99; Corresponding Secretary, Wert, '99; Critics, Fretz, '97, and Steckel, '98; Chaplain, Klick, J., '99; Pianist, Kistler, '98.

SOPHRONIA recently elected the following officers: President, H. Lantz, '97; Vice President, H. A. Kunkle, '99; Clerk, A. Kunkle, '99; Corresponding Secretary, J. Hartley, '99; Treasurer, C. Fegley, 1900; Chaplain, R. Case, 99; Critics, J. Stine, '97, and J. Reed, '97.

THE NEW MUHLENBERG STAFF comprises the following: Editor-in-Chief, Kline, '97; Assistant Editors, Hehl, '98; Eckert, '98; Beck, C., '98; Heldt, '97; Heist, '98; Alumni Editor, Dr. Ettinger, '80; the business managers are Kleppinger, '98, and Bilheimer, '98.

ON ACCOUNT of Messrs. Gruber and Sullenberger, it became necessary for the students to place a sign on the dining room of Mrs. Renner's boarding house which read as follows: "All students and others are positively forbidden to speak hog Latin at the table."

ON FEBRUARY 16th is Melanchthon day. On this day a special service will be held at Muhlenberg College commencing at 10 o'clock. The regular matin service will be used. Dr. Seip will speak on "Melanchthon as a Teacher," and Dr. Repass on "The Life and Character of Melanchthon." The College choir will assist by rendering select hymns.

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Jan. 20th, the Euterpean and Sophronian Literary Societies met in joint session to decide on the place for holding the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, which is to take place on Friday evening, March 12th. After much discussion it was decided that it be held in the Academy of Music. The Glee Club is preparing a special program for the occasion.

THE FOLLOWING course of lectures, to be given by W. Clarke Robinson, M. A., Ph. D., has been announced:

I. "Schiller's Life and Minor Poems."
II. "Schiller's Wilhelm Tell."
III. "Old German Mythology."
IV. "Lessings Life and Works."
V. "Goethe and "Faust."

This series of five lectures will be delivered in Y. M. C. A. Hall (in English), beginning Saturday evening, February 6th. Every student, if possible, should attend.

THE STUDENTS of the Academic School reorganized on Friday evening, January 22d, the "Lowell Literary Society." There were twenty present. This society was at one time a very important factor of the Preparatory School, but it seems the students lost interest, and the society was practically dead during the last two years. But the present students intend to work zealously for the welfare of this society, and to establish it on a sure foundation. We are sure we express the sentiments of the students of the College, when we say the young men have our best wishes for the welfare of this society. The following officers were elected: President, J. B. Gery; Vice President, C. Goersch; Secretary, Goldsmith; Treasurer, Benner; Chaplain, Heckenberger; Critic, Kline; Monitor, Fegley.

Our Alumni.

'69. Rev. M. J. Kramlich is now a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature representing Lehigh County. The speaker has appointed him to serve on some of the prominent committees.

'73. Prof. F. D. Raub, Supt. of the Allentown Public Schools, has been quarantined about one month on account of diphtheria in the family. We are glad to announce that the patient has nearly recovered.

'80. Dr. George T. Ettinger has been re-nominated by his fellow citizens for the office of School Director in the Third Ward, Allentown.

'82. Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph.D., of West Chester Normal School, delivered a very interesting lecture on "What a Plant Means," before the State Horticultural Society, whose last annual meeting was held in Allentown.

'85. Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., Allentown, the efficient Secretary of the Lehigh County Agricultural Society, the banner agricultural society in the United States, was re-elected to said position for 1897.

'86. We regret to learn that Rev. Edwin F. Keever, Boston, Mass., has been obliged to take a trip to Nova Scotia for his health.

'87. Rev. John W. Richards and family, Lancaster, Pa., visited Allentown for about a week.

'92. Prof. J. R. Merkel, of the Academic Department, has been elected a member of the Pennsylvania German Society.

'94. Allen V. Heyl is Vice President of the Young People's Society of St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

'96. The friends in this city of William Penn Barr, who was a member of last year's graduating class of Muhlenberg College, have just learned of a sad accident which befell him one day last week, and which may cripple him for life. Mr. Barr, who is married and has two children, lives with his family at Mt. Airy, where he is student at the Lutheran Theological Seminary. To

pay his expenses through the seminary he and his wife keep a boarding house for students of that institution. On the evening in question Mr. Barr was sitting at a table writing, when one of his children reached over to take hold of the inkstand. In doing so she knocked over the lamp, which fell on Mr. Barr's hands. At the same time the lamp exploded and the blazing fluid burned both of his hands so badly that it is not believed that he will ever regain the use of them. Mr. Barr was well and favorably known here, and the deepest sympathies of his friends and acquaintances are with him, coupled with the hope that the accident may not be as bad as reported.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

Since the above was published we heard the good news that Mr. Barr is improving and that he will not lose the use of his hands.

'96. The many friends of Samuel A. Bridges Stopp in this city, will be sorry to learn of the painful accident that befell him at Princeton, N. J., on Wednesday morning, and which resulted in the fracture of a leg. Mr. Stopp is a student at Princeton University. He matriculated last fall and on his examination entered the Senior Class. He took a room on Nassau Street, two blocks from the chapel. On Wednesday morning he attended chapel, and while on his way home and within two doors of his room, he stepped on something slippery on the pavement and fell, fracturing his right leg between the knee and hip. Assistance was soon at hand and he was taken to the infirmary connected with the university and one of Princeton's surgeon's called in, who reduced the fracture and made him as comfortable as possible. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stopp, were telegraphed for, who left immediately and are with him at present.

Mr. Stopp has been singularly unfortunate in his life in regard to accidents. The fractured limb is the same which is crippled, owing to the result of hip disease, due to a fall he sustained when he was seven years old. The day on which the accident happened was the first day on which the examinations for the first quarter of the year commenced and which last for three weeks. Mr. Stopp was working very hard in anticipation of these examinations and had been considering the advisability of asking to be excused from chapel, so as to give him more time for study, as well as on account of his difficulty in walking. As the dis-

tance, however, was short, he concluded to continue attending. The latest despatch states that he is doing well. His class graduates in June, but his standing is so high that it is not believed that the accident will interfere with his graduation. He will remain in the infirmary until perfectly cnred.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

The Editor's Table.

And so I penned
It down until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth the bigness
which you see.—BUNYAN.

IT NEVER occurred to the editor before he attempted to write his Editor's Table, that the literary man as well as the "poet is born, not made." From month to month his table is filled with productions for him to peruse, some of which are dry and parched; and were it not for the many interesting and thoughtful ones scattered promiscuously among the former his time would not be very profitably spent. We may well say that the latter repay him for his time spent in reading all of them.

WE TAKE the following clipping from the editorials of the *Buff and Blue* which is very valuable in the choice of books. "Though we are without doubt governed largely by our own preferences and tastes, the two main considerations in selecting our reading are the amount of information and the aid to our language to be derived therefrom. If we aim at the latter, fiction may serve our purpose. But it fails in the former. It is important to remember that we can do very little in the short intervals of a few years towards enriching our vocabulary and facilitating our flow of language."

Lives of freshmen all remind us
They can make their lives a pest,
And, departing, leave behind them
Feelings of relief and rest.—*Ex.*

AMERICA has three hundred universities and England ninety-four, yet there are two thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight more professors in the latter than in the former.

THE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS JOURNAL contains a fine cut of the college president, Prof. M. Wahlstrom, Ph.D., besides some very interesting articles.

REFLECTION ON PHYSICS.

We learn of many wondrous things,
In Physics' weird domain;
The rules which Proffy nimbly sings,
We gain with toil and pain.

But the queerest thing we've yet upturned,
As o'er its fields we scud,
Is after all the rules we've learned,
A (cow) sticks in the mud.—*Ex.*

THE NASSAU LIT. is always good and always a welcome visitor to the editor's table. The current number is rich in stories, there being four of these and only one essay in the whole number. Without possessing any involved plot, "The Cabin by the Boys" is a model short story regarded as a specimen of fine literary skill. "Prudence" is also a very readable production.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is a fine journal of literary production and is a worthy model for any college journal. The topics of the last issue which were of special interest to the editor are, "When Deep Sleep Falleth Upon Men," and "The German University."

LOVE AND LIFE.

"Love came and found me,
And placed his arms around me,
And whispered of a vale so wondrous fair;
Where all the birds were singing,
And every joy was winging
Its happy way throughout the sun-kissed air."

"Love turned and left me,
And then the sky grew darkened,
And all the earth was filled with grief and woe;
The flowers drooped in sadness,
The world knew naught of gladness,
And Joy was but a dream of Long-ago."

COLLEGE FOLIO.

THE LAFAYETTE is a welcome visitor to our table and is one of the best of the weeklies. The first number of the new year is a special foot-ball number and contains an excellent cut of the foot-ball team of last season.

The World of Letters.

"A PRINCETONIAN," by James Barnes is an excellent description of college life at Old Nassau. The book appears in Princeton's colors.

THE SERIAL publication in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of Mr. Anthony Hope's sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda" is awaited with general interest.

THE INDIGNATION of German librarians and bookmen has recently been aroused by the publication of some seventy volumes purporting Luther's autograph inscriptions, found in several of his presentative books. The matter was brought before experts, who, by comparison, discovered the fraud. During the last twenty-five years only about twenty autographs of Luther were put in the market.

FREDRRICK SAUNDERS, the oldest American librarian, has recently severed his connection with the Astor Library, New York. Mr. Saunders is ninety years of age and is of English parentage. He has served in the library since 1859. We might here state that this is one of the best equipped libraries in the Union. Charles Sumner writes, "I range daily in the shelves of the Astor, more charming than the gardens of Boccaccio, and each hour a Decameron."

"THE PERSONAL Recollections of Gen. Nelson A. Miles," recently published by a Chicago firm, seems to meet with universal approval. It gives an excellent description of the great West, the author seems to waste no time or labor in making the topographical part interesting as well as correct. The narration

of "The Custer Massacre" is a thrilling description of war and bloodshed. It shows Gen. Custer's superb generalship and exonerates him from all charges of misdemeanor.

"FRIDTIOF NANSEN, 1861–1893," by W. C. Brogger and Nordall Rolfsen, translated by William Archer, is not a book of Arctic exploits, as one might suppose, which is a most natural assumption, owing to his late and famous Polar journey. That Nansen's contract with the editors forbade them to mention but little about the Fram and its expedition is true and is probably due to his own ambition of narrating "Fridtiof Nansen, July, '93–August, '96. The book treats largely of ancestral romances and geological studies. Had the translator compressed it more, by cutting out its national flattery, it would be of greater interest to the American peruser.

"A HISTORY of the Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present," edited by W. Laird Clowes, of King's College, London, is expected to be one of the finest of its kind ever written. Among his collaborators are two Americans, Capt. A. T. Mahan and the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. The names will, however, not appear on the title page, as their work is supposed to be done in privacy. To Capt. Mahan has been allotted that part of English History which pertains more especially to the French, while Mr. Roosevelt's part relates mostly to our two great wars with Great Britain. Since Mr. Roosevelt is still a true American, we may hope that polluted history will be rectified and that the heroic bravery of men like Washington, Jones and Perry be brought to light again, instead of ignored as has heretofore been the custom of nearly all English historians.

"MERCY WARREN," by Alice Brown, is a work of historical as well as biographical nature, in which is done due justice to the worthy historian and poet, sister of the eminent statesman, James Otis, and the wife and helpmate of the Revolutionary hero, James Warren. In speaking of Mrs. Warren, we can do no better than quote Miss Brown's closing words: "It is not easy to compute the influence of Mercy Otis Warren. By no public word of hers, no definite deed to be traced to her hand or brain, can it be sufficiently indicated, and because she was a woman of rich domes-

tic life, as well as public effort, let what George Eliot said of Dorothea be recorded also of her: 'Her full nature like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth, but the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts.' "

"TAQUISARA" is the title of Marion Crawford's latest novel. Here as in most of his other works he shows his ability of being prolific, clear and concise. It is again an Italian theme, and seems to be a product of scenes taken from life combined with versatile imagination, such as this author is capable of idealizing. It narrates the story of an affluent Neapolitan princess, whose relatives are somewhat penurious; they try to embezzle her fortune by the union of one of their kindred to her in matrimony, they are however disappointed in their anticipations owing to the sudden suicidal disappearance of the bridegroom. They now plan to kill her but this project also falls short. The scene now changes and Taquisara makes his appearance with an invalid friend. Taquisara entreats her to be married to his friend, and the young princess thinking him to be at the point of death, consents. During the course of the ceremonies, the bridegroom falls over apparently dead, and Taquisara takes his place. The other recovers and both claim to be the legitimate husband.

THE MUHLENBERG

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F.M.

ALLENTOWN, PA.

MARCH, 1897.

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The Muhlenberg.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Danæ."

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Editorials.

FOR SOME time we have noticed that the rules of the Franklin Literary Association, which furnishes the papers, magazines and other periodicals for the reading room, are not observed by some of its members. That such an association must have certain rules and restrictions by which its members can be governed is evident to all. It is only by the proper observance of these rules that the affairs of our reading room can be conducted in a manner satisfactory to members.

Of late we have noticed that some one disregards all rules of the association. Not infrequently have we noticed that articles are clipped from papers, and that papers and magazines are taken from the room. These are violations of the rules which forbid that any paper or magazine be taken from the room without the

permission of the curators. Aside from the rules, propriety demands that such things should not be done. One who is guilty of the above offenses wholly ignores the rights and privileges of his fellow-members, for all the members of the association have equal rights. Each person, in becoming a member of this organization, is required to pay a certain fee into the treasury in order to defray the expenses of the subscriptions, etc., and thus becomes a joint owner of the periodicals, with the other members.

Such pilfering is to be detested by all who have any respect for themselves and for others. It shows the selfish, animal nature of one who cares not for others, but seeks only to gratify self and thus deprives others of their privileges.

The association can have no one to perform police duty in order to avoid such offenses, but each one is placed upon his honor to keep the periodicals in such a condition that all may use and enjoy them.

There are also some who seem to forget that this room is intended for a *reading room* and not simply for conversation and the discussion of various subjects, or to indulge in other disturbances. While these things may be done thoughtlessly and may sometimes be profitable, it should be remembered that there is a time and place for everything, and that they are not the less annoying to those who wish to make the proper use of this room.

IN A short time '98's *Ciarla* will make its appearance This is our College Annual published by the Junior Class and is always awaited with interest by the students. The artists and staff of editors have completed their work, and it is now in the hands of the printers. Much labor and time have been spent on it to make it attractive and interesting, and we have reason to believe that it will be equal to those of all former classes.

An undertaking of this kind necessitates a considerable amount of labor and a great expense. This book is published in the interests of the students and we hope that the alumni and every student will give it their support.

AN IMPORTANT factor in a student's education is the college library. Books are to the student what tools are to the mechanic.

From the regular course of study laid down for him, the student merely gets the frame-work of his education and culture to which he must add from other sources in order to strengthen the structure which he is rearing. One of these sources is the library. By making the proper use of this, by careful reading and diligent study the student will find abundant material to fill up the vacant spaces and thus fit himself for greater usefulness in after life.

There are three libraries connected with our institution. One, the regular College Library is chiefly a library of reference in which are to be found dictionaries, encyclopedias, philosophical and scientific works, etc. The others are the property of the Literary Societies and are maintained by them. They consist of several thousand volumes each, and contain the works of noted writers of the past as well as those of more recent authors. Fiction, poetry, history, biography, religion and the sciences are all represented in them. New books are added from time to time and thus all tastes can be satisfied. Ample provision is made for the use of all of these libraries. They are open to all the students. Opportunities are thus offered for study and reading which will be of the greatest value to the student if he takes advantage of them.

Virtue Rewarded.

"SHALL I, OR SHALL I NOT?" These scarcely audible words gave evidence of a struggle of no ordinary importance going on within him. During the silence which followed, his eyes could be seen glancing dreamily from the letter in his hands to a text-book on the table, and from there into blank space. "I will," he firmly announced at length, and seizing his hat, left the room.

Ross Edmund was just completing his third year at S—— College. He was a manly, well-built fellow of great will-power and strength of character, but of a kind and quantity that did not make him in the least overbearing towards his fellow students, as is often the case. On the other hand, he was very popular and could truthfully call every man his friend. He was studious but not clever, and what he knew, he was obliged to work for. His standing in most classes was good but not remarkable. He was

very frank and out-spoken, which last quality gave him some trouble in class room, it being regarded as impudence. Being a man of this stamp, his relation toward the faculty would naturally be friendly, but by no means confidential. It is unnecessary to add that he was not a favorite with all the professors.

The cause of his mental disturbance at this particular time, was a portion of the letter which he had received that day from his father. It ran thus: "I notice that there is to be a general overhauling of 'The Musicale' up at your place, and I think it is a first-rate idea. I have no doubt but that Prof. Teachem is very enthusiastic over it." The Musicale was a male organization, and had acquired the reputation of being able to out-sing any other club in the surrounding country. But through lack of discretion on the part of the leader, unqualified members had been later admitted, and a lack of interest was manifestly growing on the part of some of the other members. It was his intention to give a grand concert some time during the Summer, and, to insure its success, he had lately decided to re-organize. Those wishing to join, whether they had previously been members or not, were required to hand in their names on this particular day, he, claiming the right to accept or reject them. Names would be received at his place of business till 12 P. M., and under no circumstances would names coming later be considered.

Prof. Teachem, who occupied an important chair at S—— College, was the possessor of a fine tenor voice. He had for several years been a member of The Musicale, and prided himself greatly upon it. It happened that just now he was away to some distant town on a week's business, and was expected home early next morning to resume his classes. Unless he was immediately informed of the action taken by the leader of the club, he would fail to get his name in on time, and thus permanently sever his connections with the organization. It was this thought that troubled Edmund.

But why should it? Prof. Teachem was human, and like all other mortals, he had his likes and dislikes. It so happened that for some unfortunate and apparently unexplainable reason, Edmund figured more prominently among his dislikes. In other words, Edmund and Prof. Teachem were not very congenial.

The professor was considered by some, and especially by himself, as a wit, and it was one of his customs to make Edmund a target at which to hurl his sarcasms. Now it happened that Edmund was human also, and like all other mortals, had feelings, which were capable of being hurt once in a while; so, although he had all manner of respect for him as a teacher, yet it need not be explained why his personal affection towards him may not have been overly warm.

Edmund had at first cast the thought aside with a careless "serves the old fellow right," but his whole-souled, generous disposition could not long be satisfied with such thoughts as these. Try as he would, he could not dismiss the matter from his mind. Better thoughts soon took possession of him. He reasoned that most likely Teachem's wife had informed him of his only chance, or possibly some of his fellow members had done so. This seemed satisfactory enough at first, and he had well nigh forgotten the matter when a second thought presented itself. He remembered having heard that Teachem's wife was not at all in sympathy with his active interest in the organization; he also knew that Teachem's fine voice had aroused the spirit of envy on the part of a great many of the singers. This, together with the fact that his absence was not generally known, again dissolved Edmund's self-composure. He slowly began to realize, much as he strove not to, that if Teachem was destined to become aware of the present state of affairs, Ross Edmund was the instrument by which it could be done, and none other than he,—also, that if anything was done, it must needs be done quickly.

"But it is out of the question" said Edmund impatiently, and he once more picked up the previously mentioned text-book, slightly turned up his students' lamp, and was again absorbed in study. The book was a work on English Literature, the identical study in which Prof. Teachem would hear his class next morning upon his return. Literature was one of the studies for which Edmund had positively no liking, and in which he consequently did not stand very high. However, through hard work, he had managed to keep up fairly well with the rank and file of his class. He knew very well that if he failed in recitation he could expect nothing else than a fresh supply of the professor's witty (?) remarks

and cutting sarcasms. With such thoughts, he applied himself with renewed diligence, but the book was a mere blank. Truly, his eyes were reading Spenser, but his mind was on the professor.

"Confound it," he exclaimed angrily, "what a blessed fool I am, wasting my time in worrying over Teachem's affairs. Precious little would he trouble himself over mine, I'm sure of that." At that moment his eyes rested on a picture on the wall. It was a homely, out-of-date affair, generally considered as an eyesore, for it was nothing else than an elaborately framed copy of the Golden Rule, printed in equally elaborate letters. It had a place in his affections nevertheless, for it had been the parting gift of his mother when he left for school. He gazed at it intently for a few moments and his heart again softened. "Seems to me I could do something anyhow, if I only wanted to," he murmured at length.

Edmund knew the town at which Prof. Teachem was stopping, but he did not know his address. "If I only knew this," he remarked, "I would not hesitate at all." He thought of visiting the College President and getting the necessary information, but the possibility and lively probability of his intentions being discovered, caused him to abandon this plan. The thought of interviewing the Professor's wife also occurred to him, but discovery seemed more certain this way than before. Visions of the detestable actions of "college-sucks" loomed before him. He heartily despised them, and on several occasions had even publicly denounced them. He was fully aware that the professor's goodwill could easily be acquired by simply allowing him to find out his course of action, but nothing was further from his intention.

"All comes to him who waits" is a very true maxim—at least it was so in Edmund's case; for he presently hit upon a plan which caused him to hesitate, decide, and determinately leave the room, as we found him in the beginning of the narrative. In the hall-way he met one of his chums who had just come in for the night.

"I say Tom," he called, "can you tell me where I will be likely to find Joe Burton?"

"You will most likely meet him out at East End, at the band concert, Ross," answered Tom. Edmund started at once for East End.

Joe Burton was a very close friend of his, rather more inclined to out-door sport than in-door folly, as he termed it, and Edmund had better judgment than to look for him around College. He had not been ignorant of the concert himself, but had decided in favor of his nerve-testing Literature. Burton was the personal editor of the monthly journal, which was published and supported by the students of S—— College, and it was on account of this, that he wished to see him. When he at length reached East End, he was obliged to hunt around considerably, but he finally distinguished Joe's familiar figure in amongst a crowd of boys. "What's this coming here?" "Oh say, boys, he couldn't stay away anyhow." Edmund was immediately the center of a noisy circle of chums, each trying his best to say something. After the ecstacies had somewhat subsided, he singled out Burton and quietly withdrew from the crowd.

"Joe," he started, "I want to ask you something. Are you willing to do me a little favor to night?"

"Sure," he replied, "anything at all. What is it? Speak up!"

"Well," he resumed, "I would like you to go down to Mrs. Teachem's at once and find out for me where "Old Chestnuts" is stopping."

"What in ———."

"Please ask no questions Joe," interrupted Edmund, "tell me; will you do it?"

"What do you take me for, old boy," asked Burton dubiously, "what excuse could I offer for doing it?"

"Tell her you are gathering faculty notes for publication in the monthly. Come now, see how smart you can be."

"Very well, Ross, since it is for you I guess I'll have to," replied Burton, still in a rather dubious manner, and together they started for Teachem's home in silence. "I'll stay right here," said Edmund, when they were a short distance from the house, "and wait for you. Don't let it take you all night." In fifteen minutes Burton returned with the coveted information. "Thank you very much, my boy," said Edmund, jottling it down in his note book, "I am very sorry to have put you to any trouble, and will gladly return the favor." He darted off, leaving Burton staring after him in amazement. "Strange freak he is up to

now," he thought, and started to rejoin the boys. Edmund had meanwhile arrived at the telegraph office, only to find it closed.

"What does this mean?" he panted to the watchman standing in front of the door.

"The storm tore down some of the wires this afternoon and they will not be connected till somewhere around 11 o'clock," was the discouraging reply. It was the only office in town, but Edmund knew of a separate line at V———, a place ten miles distant. Luckily a train pulled up at that moment, and he resolutely boarded it. It seemed an interminable length of time, but he got there at length and was rewarded by finding the telegraph office in working order. "If you contemplate continuing with The Musicale, send your name in at once. No names received after 12 P. M." was the message despatched to Prof. Teachem. What seemed to him a mighty deed, was accomplished. His conscience was again at peace.

Edmund was obliged to wait over an hour for a returning train and when he reached College it was very late. He picked up his Literature but could not distinguish the words. Mental anxiety, together with bodily fatigue made study an impossibility with him. He laid down the book and went to bed, resolving to arise early and make up for lost time. Resolutions are very good things, but the tendency not to fulfill them has become proverbial. Edmund, to his horror, awoke next morning with scarcely time to dress for Chapel. His feelings can be better imagined than explained as he entered the Literature Class half an hour later. Sure enough, there sat Teachem in the flesh. Edmund had almost prayed that business would prevent his return that day, but his hopes were not to be realized. For fully twenty minutes he sat in hot water, so to speak, now actually praying that he might not be called upon. His prayers were either not heard or not answered, and for all we know they might not have been prayers; for, almost before he realized it, he was on his feet choking for an answer to the question given him by the worthy professor. Here is where Edmund made his mistake if he made any at all. He might have told the professor privately that he was not prepared, and taken his failure quietly, but pride forbade him to do this.

Teachem took in the situation at once, or thought he did, and with a complacent smile, allowed him to remain standing for about three minutes; then he dryly remarked to the fellow next to Edmund: "You may continue Mr. Edmund's discourse from the point at which he stopped." Amid shame and confusion he was obliged to resume his seat. Those of the boys who were inconsiderate enough to laugh at what they called a "great joke," did not contribute any to his feeling of self-composure. There was still a source of escape left had he chose to use it. He might have remained behind and invented some plausible excuse for his failure,—a practice frequently resorted to by students—but his self-respect was too great to permit anything of the kind.

Bitter were his thoughts as he languidly climbed the stairs after recitation was dismissed, and we dare not censure him on this account. His yearly average, which he had with difficulty kept to a respectable height, had fallen considerably; he himself had also undoubtedly fallen a few more degrees in the esteem of Prof. Teachem; besides having suffered such a mortification as only cruel, cutting, unjust words can create. "But why should I complain," he murmured, as he fitted his key to the door of his room, "have I not only received the reward of virtue?"

A. S. HARTZELL, '97.

"Bleeding Hearts" of Fiction.

ON VIEWING the numerous noted portraits in the art-galleries of poetry and fiction, one feels himself almost exclusively attracted to the master-paintings of Germanic genius. We dare say, that the Muses have shown themselves, at the least, propitious to the Teutonic mind. All honor to a Homer, a Dante, a Sophocles, an Alcaeus and a Sappho, yet we cannot help feeling that the poet of Germanic temper, sings with a passion, more sublime, a pathos more dramatic, and a sentiment more lofty and sympathetic. Having mentioned Shakespeare and Milton; Longfellow and Tennyson; Gœthe and Schiller, Klopstock and Lessing we have doubtless included the highest literary geniuses that have sung in any verses of a living tongue. Still we owe not a small debt of gratitude to such mellifluous singers as Shelley,

Keats and Poe; as well as to the authors of "The Scarlet Letter," "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Vanity Fair." Hawthorne's style is, indeed, the richest in the language, and Thackery's skill at character painting almost without a parallel.

Now standing in the midst of all this grand range of fictitious *personnel* depicted by our literary paragons, while you may, perchance, admire a gallant Launcelot or a courtly Percivale, and gaze with rapture on lovely Guinevere, or the beautiful Miranda; mourn for some brave Roland, or a lost Lenore, and extol the virtues of Cordelia, or fair lady Una, I am drawn, perforce, with deep emotion to the portaits of such as were the victims of shattered hopes and blighted love.

I feast my fancy on poor demented Ophelia, and the innocent Desdemona "who loved not wisely, but too well," and think of their plaintive songs, like the death-notes of the swan, carrying their bleeding souls into the spirit-land beyond.

My eyes now fall upon the gallant Romeo and his Juliet, the victims of disappointment, who, in the rashness of their youthful passion, died for each other.

Cupid and Mars, as the legend has it, meeting one day boyishly exchanged their arrows. How often do we find that Cupid's shafts are darts of death!

When his fiery bolts pierce the snow-white heart, the yet unsounded harp-strings at once begin to vibrate with enchanting melody; but when an unclean hand desecrates the sacred instrument, Oh, then how discordant! Gœthe's Margaret, is, as her name implies, a pearl—and of surpassing loveliness—whose every penitent tear is a pearl of liquid beauty, like the water drops which rolled from the glossy tresses of Aphrodite. Some one has aptly said: "The story of her fate is the tragedy of her sex throughout all time." An innocent godly maiden, unacquainted with the world's intrigues, and unconscious of Mephisto's guile, with frank delight her heart responds to the wishes of the gallant "Faust,"

> "And in amaze,
> She answers 'Yes,' to all he says,
> The poor unknowing child."

But how soon her peace and chastity had fled! Seduced, condemned and plunged in misery, her ineffable agony melts the soul to tears.

The arrow proved a fatal one—as false and cruel as that which pierced the heart of Oriana.

Olivia Primrose now meets my view. Her sallow features with that gnawing look, bespeak the stinging consciousness of forfeited chastity. Aye, for every sin there is a scarlet letter imprinted deeply within the soul! Like Cupid's arrow, which the fairy-king Oberon says, missed its mark, and fell into a milk-white flower that instantly turned purple with love's wound, so the arrows of sin redden the heart with wounds of guilt.

Next, I look upon the figure of devoted Clarchen whose lovely form the malady of heartache withered, and laid away into an untimely grave. Emilia Galotte, too, awakens my sympathy.

The great Suabian poet touches the tender chord in his Love and Intrigue.

Ferdinand and his lady-love Louisa, are two admirable conceptions. Ferdinand of noble birth; both of noble character. He bursts the chains of class distinction with the colossal power of his love. Then, deceived by his ignoble sire, he poisons his faithful Louisa; but like the Venetian Moor repents too late, and ends his life by suicide. What a grandeur and calmness of bearing, when she discovers her inevitable fate!

We admire Faust's aspirations towards something better and his efforts to release himself from Mephisto's bonds. We have tears for a Hamlet; but who can fathom the bitter sufferings of a wronged and innocent Hermione? Can you behold the lovely, orphaned Evangeline without a deep sigh of grief?

Before leaving this art-gallery, let me take a last look upon the portrait of Enoch Arden, that devoted father and unfortunate sailor, who like a dead man come to life, beheld with a bleeding heart.

> "His wife, *his* wife no more, and saw the babe
> Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
> And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
> And his own children tall and beautiful,
> And him, that other, reigning in his place,
> Lord of his rights and of his children's love."

Methinks I see the gnawing anguish in his bosom. His was the fiercest struggle ever waged by a mortal. His was the grandest heroism ever displayed by a warrior. He did not cut

short his wretched life upon the sword, nor sought to drown it in a watery grave; but cried to Heaven for aid and strength to bear his burden—"not to tell her, never to let her know." Thus upheld by his resolve, his strong heroic soul is finally borne upward——saved.

Ah! was this all fictitious which we have seen? I assure you it is no dream. Could we but read the unwritten volumes of human wretchedness we should exclaim: "It is stern reality."

W. H. FEHR, '97.

The Antiquity of the Natural Sciences.

SCIENCE, regarded as the pursuit of truth, which can only be attained by patient and unprejudiced investigation wherein nothing is too great to be attempted, nothing so minute as to be justly disregarded, must ever afford occupation of consummate interest and subjects of elevated meditation. The contemplation of the works of creation elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great and noble; accomplishing the object of all study, which is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty, and of that supreme and eternal *mind* which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love of delightful contemplation and pursuit of these transcendent aims, for their own sake only, the mind is raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for those high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them.

Chemistry and Astronomy are about the oldest of all the natural sciences.

Astronomy or Astrology as being the older of the two, we will discuss first.

Astrology was first used to cast horoscopes, which were used by the so-called Magi or sages, who used to foretell by these means the future events in the lives of people or the events to occur in the future of nations. Out of this superstitious idea grew the greatest of all sciences. Astronomy dates back to about 300,000 years before the Christian era, and strange to say this is proven by the science itself, by the position of the major axis of the

ellipse, which depends upon the direct motion of the perigee and the precession of the equinoxes conjointly, the annual motion of one being 11.2936 seconds, and of the other 50.223; hence the axis moves at the rate of 61.5166 years. It coincides with the line of the equinoxes 4,000 or 4,022 years before the Christian era, which is about the time chronologists assigned for the creation of man. You may here see how Astronomy benefits man. La Place says, "Whole nations have been swept from the earth, with their language, arts, and sciences, leaving but confused masses of ruins to mark the place where mighty cities stood; their history, with the exception of a few doubtful traditions, has perished; but the perfection of their Astronomical observations marks their high antiquity, fixes the periods of their existence, and proves that even at that early time they must have made considerable progress in science." The lengths of the meridian shadow at the Summer and Winter solstices are reported to have been observed at the city of Layang, in China, 1,100 years B. C. Thus the Chinese have made some advances in the science of Astronomy at that early period; their chronology proves the existence of the empire for more than 4,700 years, supposed by Baety to be 3,000 years B. C., and was proven by LaPlace from the acceleration of the moon, not to be more ancient than the time of Ptolemy, who lived in the second century after it. Now Eudoxus, a contemporary of Plato, mentions a star situated in the pole of the equator, and it appears from computation that Draconis was not very far from that place about 3,000 years ago; but that it is only 2,150 years since Eudoxus lived, he must have described an anterior state of the heavens, supposed to be the same that was mentioned by Chiron, about the time of the siege of Troy. Every circumstance concurs in showing that Astronomy was cultivated in the highest ages of antiquity. As the Chaldeans were about the first of Astrologers, so the Arabians were about the first to practice the science of Chemistry or Alchemy, as it was first called. As Astronomy grew out of superstition, so also Chemistry grew out of a desire to transform ordinary metals into gold. For many hundreds of years men worked with this object in view, and although they did not accomplish that which they undertook, still they did add greatly to our knowledge

of the action of chemical substances one upon another, and they laid the foundation of what has since become the great science of Chemistry. The work done by the Alchemists was necessary to prove that the transformation of matter which they tried to effect cannot be effected. The problem which they tried to solve was strictly a chemical problem, and the work they did was chemical work. While the Alchemist accumulated a vast amount of knowledge of chemical facts, they did not, strictly speaking, build up the science of Chemistry. It was only when chemists came to study the facts in their relation to one another, and when they were enabled to trace connections between them that they succeeded in discovering that certain general truths hold good for all cases of chemical action; when, in short the fundamental laws of chemical action were discovered, it was then that mere knowledge became science. It is impossible to say definitely when chemistry became a science. From the unorganized state to the organized there was a gradual transition. But it is certain that the labors of the French chemist, Lavoisier, contributed largely to making chemistry what it is to-day, and it is common to refer to his works as the beginning of the science. To show that Chemistry is also of undoubted antiquity, we will state the following facts elicited by the recent unrolling of a mummy at Bristol, England, which were communicated to the *Philosophical Magazine*, by Dr. Herapath. He says, "On three of the bandages were hieroglyphical characters of a dark color, as well defined as if written with a modern pen; where the marking fluid had flowed more copiously than the characters required, the texture of the cloth had become decomposed and small holes had resulted. I have no doubt that the bandages were genuine, and had not been disturbed or unfolded; the color of the marks were similar to those of the present marking inks that the experiment was tried to see if they were produced by silver. With the blow pipe a silver button was immediately obtained, and by the microscope and chemical re-agents the cloth was proven to be linen. It is therefore certain that the Egyptians were acquainted with the means of dissolving silver and of applying it as a permanent ink." Nitric acid is the only solvent that would decompose a metal and act on the flax fibre, but we are told that

Nitric acid was not discovered till the 13th Century by the Alchemists, which was about 2,200 years after the date of the mummy according to the superscription.

The greatest of the Arabian Alchemists was a man named Geher, or Djaper, who was born in Mesopotamia about A. D. 830. He has also been called the 'founder of Chemistry,' for though like his countrymen, he spent much of his time in trying to make gold, yet he is the first who, as far as we know, made really useful chemical experiments. He explains in his works many of the methods we now use in chemistry. But the discovery which most of all gives Geher the right to be called 'the founder of Chemistry,' was that of strong acids. He found that by heating copper with salt-peter and alum, he could distil off a vapour which cooled down into a very strong acid, now called Nitric acid. He used this to dissolve silver, and by mixing with sal-ammoniac he found it would dissolve gold. Sal-ammoniac was known to the Arabs before Geher's time ; they made it by heating the dung of camels, and the name ammonia was given to it because they made it first in the desert near the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Geher deserves great honor for the discoveries he made.

SUMMARY OF THESE TWO SCIENCES UP TO THE 18TH CENTURY.

To begin with Astronomy. Here Galileo led the way with his telescope. The structure of the moon, with its mountains and valleys; the existence of Jupiter's four moons revolving around it and giving it light by night; the myriads of stars of the Milky Way; the spots of the sun coming into view at regular intervals, and thus proving that the sun turns on its axis ; all these discoveries forced upon men's minds the truth that our little world is not the centre of everything, but a mere speck among the millions of heavenly bodies. While they humbled man's false pride in his own importance, they taught him on the other hand the true greatness which God has put in his power by giving the intellect to discover and understand these wonderful truths if he will only seek them in an earnest and teachable spirit. Then came Kepler with a still grander lesson, for he showed that the movements of the planets are governed by regular and fixed laws, which can be traced out so accurately that an astronomer is able

to foretell with confidence what will happen many years after he himself has passed away. Gassendi and Horrochs, by the use of Kepler's labors, calculated within a few minutes the time of a planet's passage across the face of the sun. By this Haley showed that we may actually number the millions of miles between ourselves and the great light around which we move. Newton sitting under his apple tree, found the one great law which accounts for all the bodies in the universe—a law which explains equally why a pin falls to the ground, and why a comet which has been lost from sight for more than 100 years will return to a certain defined spot at a day and an hour which can be accurately foretold.

Chemistry.—The science which before all others stands forth in the 18th Century is *Chemistry*; for certainly where all had been guess work before, it now shows the actual chemical changes which are taking place on all sides of the world around us, and teaches men to weigh and test invisible substances, and not to rest satisfied with their knowledge of any substance till they have traced it home to its first and simplest elements. We need not recapitulate here the different discoveries of Scheele, Bergmann, Black, Cavendish, Priestly and Lavoisier. You will remember how they all helped to overthrow the imaginary theory of Phlogiston, and to prove that combustion and respiration are merely chemical changes taking place between different substances and the oxygen of our atmosphere; and this truth is the starting point of modern Chemistry. D. R. K.

True Benefactors of Mankind.

OF ALL THE attributes which God has given to man, I believe the one that best incites us to deeds of benevolence is sympathy. It has a two-fold meaning. The one is narrow and confined; the other is broad and universal. The first means a feeling of pity and compassion for others when in distress, or a rejoicing when others are glad; the other is the very out-pouring of our soul for others. When we live, not for ourselves, but for others, trying to better their condition, and to alleviate their sorrows and sufferings, then we are fully in touch with the second meaning, and are true benefactors of mankind.

Is there a heart which has no sympathy for mankind or its surroundings? It must indeed be hard which knows not sympathy. Carlyle the unsympathetic could have wielded a far greater influence if he had been sympathetic. What a contrast with Luther whose very soul went out to the world, and whose influence becomes greater and greater. What are all the acts of charity, the deeds of love, such as clothing the poor, founding orphan's homes, building hospitals, sending out missionaries to the heathen world, but acts of sympathy? It is this that urges men on to deeds of benevolence and philanthropy. For whom have we greater admiration than for the man who is a benefactor, who gives unselfishly so as to improve the condition of his fellow-men? How we admire a Peter Cooper or a George Peabody, who have been a blessing to mankind because they were sympathetic men in touch with their surroundings. Yet there are men who are so apathetic as to take no interest in their fellow-men or surroundings. But they are either disappointed or dwarfed in their views. He who is not in sympathy with the world, or with the progress of the age, is either unfit for the world, or has lost his grip on it.

There have been men who were not in sympathy with their surroundings, but they were beyond the age in which they lived, and, consequently were abused and persecuted, and oftentimes suffered death. Galileo was imprisoned and condemned as a heretic; Luther was abused and buffeted; Huss was tortured and burned at the stake; Christ was shamefully treated and crucified; all these were ignominiously treated, because their sympathies extended far beyond the age in which they lived.

There is a tendency on the part of some people to over-estimate the intellect of man, and under-estimate the heart. They give great credit to smartness, brightness, quickness of thought, knowledge, scholarship, and think far less of great-heartedness, fellow-feeling and sympathy. They say such qualities belong to the common people, *the plebian*, but not to *the patrician*. Intellect is useful and grand as a servant, but give it absolute authority and it is like Phæthon driving the chariot of the sun, rushing on to destruction. The heart is largely the man—out of it come the great impulses and incentives which ennoble him. Intellect

of itself is cold and selfish; but the most and best of man is the heart. Here originate all the deeds of love and acts of charity.

If you read a book, and you are so interested in it as to forget everything around you; that you wander away from your material surroundings, and are present in all the scenes and incidents described by the author, you are in sympathy with him. Or, if you study the old masters and take in their best thoughts, and thus increase your knowledge from their store-house, then add a little from your own, and give it to the world, you are a benefactor, and in sympathy with it. All men may not be eminent and possess such gifts to give to the world as noble thoughts and riches make it possible for them to do. But all men can be in sympathy with their environment; with those who move in their circle. What blessed benefactors of goodness and grace can men be to their immediate surroundings! What kindness and love they can show in their homes and in society!

I know an old gentleman who, whenever any person mispronounces a word in his hearing, makes it his business to use the same word correctly in one's presence. What tender sympathy! It is not gold or silver that the world needs so much as sympathy, sympathy for the rich and sympathy for the poor; for both have their burdens, though different; great and small have their trials which are hard to bear. They ought to have sympathy, tender considerations, and all the good words that can be spoken to them for their encouragement. Let us then early strive to cultivate that feeling of sympathy, which makes life so beautiful to live for, and which every one can have for his fellow-men.

E. J. KEULING, '98.

Sons of Muhlenberg.

THE THIRD annual meeting and banquet of the Muhlenberg College Alumni Association of Philadelphia and vicinity was held at the Bingham House, on Friday evening, February 26th. At the meeting preceding the banquet the following officers were elected: President, Geo. R. Ulrich, D.D. S., '88; First Vice President, Geo. C. Loos, '94; Second Vice President, W. J.

Snyder, '95 ; Treasurer, S. R. Weaver, Esq., '90 ; Secretary, Rev. U. S. Grant Bertolet, '92.

President of the College, Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, was to have represented the faculty and to respond to the toast "Muhlenberg College," but sickness prevented him from being present. The toast "Muhlenberg College" was taken by Rev. C. J. Cooper, Treasurer of the College, who with Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, '70, of Germantown, represented the Trustees. Rev. Jno. H. Waidelich, '86, of Sellersville, Pa., acted as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to :

TOASTS.

"Muhlenberg College" . . . . . Rev. C. J. Cooper.
"The College and What it Stands For" . . . . . Geo. S. Fullerton, Ph.D., Vice-Provost University Pa.
"Our Alumni" . . . . . Rev. Chas. W. Jefferis, '86.
"The Ministry" . . . . . Rev. U. S. G. Bertolet, '92.
"The College and the Law" . . . . . Wm. H. Staake, Esq.
"Philadelphia" . . . . . Evan B. Lewis, '90.
"The Surgeon" . . . . . Thos. Leidy Rhoades, M.D.

MENU.

Blue Points.

Radishes. Consomme Macedoine. Gherkins.

Fried Canada Smelts, Tartare Sauce.
Potatoes Nana.

Sugar Corn. Filet Pique, with Mushrooms. French Peas.

Sweetbread Croquette Aux Points D'Asperges.

Salade De Tomates.

Vanilla Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Banquet Wafers. Cheese.
Cafe Noir. Cigars.

Those present were Dr. Geo. S. Fullerton, Ph.D., and Wm. H. Staake, Esq., guests of the Association ; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, '70, Chas. Keller, '71, Rev. J. L. Becker, 74, Rev. C. L. Fry, Rev. H. D. Reiter and Prof. O. G. J. Schaadt of the Class of '78, A. B. Hassler, Esq., '82, Prof. Francis G. Lewis and Howard S. Seip, D.D. S., of the Class of '85, Rev. Chas. W. Jefferis, Rev. A. Grant Loder and Rev. J. H. Waidelich of the Class of '86, Geo. L. Ulrich, D.D. S., '88, Geo. S. Kleck-

ner, Evan B. Lewis, Esq., and S. R. Weaver, Esq., of the Class of '90, Rev. Milton J. Bieber, '91, Revs. U. S. G. Bartolet, Frederic Doerr, H. B. Richards and Chas. Spieker of the Class of '92, Rev. Geo. A. Kercher and Rev. A. W. Leibensperger of the Class of '93, J. W. Heintz, W. U. Kistler, Harry C. Kline, Geo. C. Loos, Warren Nickel and Martin Trexler of the Class of '94, V. J. Becker, Chas. E. Kistler, Fred. C. Krapf, Luther D. Lazarus, Newton Miller, Elmer E. Snyder and W. J. Snyder of the Class of '95, W. Penn Barr, Fred. E. Cooper, O. R. B. Leidy, Joseph Slough, Geo. T. Spang, W. H. Steinbicker, Paul Z. Strodach, Samuel Trexler and L. Domer Ulrich of the Class of '96, Thos. Leidy Rhoads, M.D., at one time a member of the Class of '93, Reuben Kaufman and Wm. C. Loos of Philadelphia, Geo. Maull of Wilmington, Del., and Wm. Ulrich of Selinsgrove.

"Alma Mater, Alma Mater,
Thee will I ever sing,
For thee my heart shall cling,
Of thee my praises ring,
O Muhlenberg! Alma Mater,
O, My Muhlenberg!

About the College.

IT WILL soon be about—'98's Ciarla.

WALTER is struggling hard with his mustache.

DR. SEIP is again able to meet his classes, after having suffered from a severe attack of sciatica.

A CERTAIN Junior's favorite expression: "Dr. Bauman's incessant written reviews are simply abominable."

SEAMAN, ex. '98, who attended Lafayette this year, has returned to Muhlenberg, and has entered the Junior Class.

KLINE, '97, was elected President and McCullough, '99 Vice President of the Luther League of St. Michael's Church.

REV. H. A. GERDSON, D.D., Chancellor of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, was at College to consult with Drs. Richards and Ettinger.

REV. C. J. COOPER attended the banquet of the Philadelphia Association of Muhlenberg College, at Philadelphia, on Friday evening, February 26th.

THE AUGSBURG SOCIETY is at present discussing the doctrines, membership, etc., of the Greek Church. The discussions are very interesting and instructive.

DRS. S. A. REPASS and T. L. Seip attended the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Lutheran Ministerium, at Reading, on Tuesday evening, February 9th.

HARTLEY, '99, of West Philadelphia, is about to conclude a contract with the authorities to supply natural gas for the College and vicinity for the next two years.

REV. DR. REPASS lectured February 16th in Trinity Lutheran Church, Reading, on "The Personal Factor in the Reformation," with special reference to Melanchthon.

THE GLEE CLUB rendered several of their famous selections at the lecture given by Prof. Wagner in Dietz Hall, College for Women, on Friday evening, February 12th.

SOPHRONIA elected the following officers: President, Trexler; Vice President, Case; Critics, Seiple and Lantz; Clerk, Kunkle, W.; Corresponding Secretary, Fritch; Treasurer, Steigerwalt; Chaplain, Benze.

DR. WACKERNAGEL has consented to deliver his new lecture, "The Holy Land in the Times of Christ and Now," at some future date. A special invitation will be extended to the friends of the institution. Due notice will be given.

A SPECIAL invitation was extended to the students of Muhlenberg College by the Luther League of St. John's Church, to attend the lecture given by Rev. Dr. Krotel on Thursday evening, February 18th. The lecture was entitled, "The Four February Days." It was a very interesting and eloquent address.

THE FACULTY, trustees, students and friends of Muhlenberg College will be given a chance to show their esteem and appreciation of the works of Philip Melanchthon by subscribing to the Melanchthon Memorial Fund. We anticipate that Muhlenberg College will be able to send a very liberal offering. We think the cause a worthy one, and one that should claim the attention of all our students.

BEFORE THE issue of the next number of the MUHLENBERG, the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest will have been something of the past. That it will be a success we all believe and hope. As there is more or less expense connected with this affair goes without saying, but there is no reason why it should not be a financial success, if all the students do their part in selling tickets. Let us endeavor to show to all our sister institutions that when "Old Muhlenberg" attempts anything, success is sure to follow.

THE SENIOR and Junior German Literary Societies have decided to give prizes of books to the Sophomore and Freshman Classes respectively. The contests are supposed to take place in the latter part of May. The Senior German Society has elected the following Committee to procure the prizes for the Sophomore contest: Nothstine, Fehr, Kramlich and Kopenhaver. They will also be the judges at the contest with Dr. Wackernagel as chairman.

The Junior German Society also recently elected the following Committee to purchase the prizes for the Freshman contest: Bilheimer, Heist, Kressly and Lenker.

THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of Philip Melanchthon, the co-laborer of Martin Luther, was celebrated on Tuesday morning, February 16th, by the faculty, students and friends of Muhlenberg College. The service began promptly at 10 o'clock, and was conducted by President Seip. Prof. J. A. Bauman, Ph.D., read the Scripture Lesson; Rev. M. H. Richards, D.D., read several articles of the "Augsburg Confession." After the College-choir had rendered several select hymns, two very interesting and instructive addresses were delivered. The first on "The Life and Character of Melanchthon" was delivered by Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, followed by President T. L. Seip, who spoke on "Melanchthon, as a Teacher." Prayer was then offered by Dr. Seip, in English, and Dr. Wackernagel, in German. The regular matin service was used.

Our Alumni.

'70 and '72. Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, '70, and Rev. John A. Scheffer, '72, have been elected President and Secretary of the General Council Publication Committee, the body under whose care the new *Lutheran* is being published so successfully.

'71. Rev. Henry B. Strodach, formerly pastor of the Lutheran Church at Jamestown, N. Y., has resigned, and has taken up his residence at Reading, Pa.

'78. Rev. J. D. Woodring preached his farewell sermon to Bethany United Evangelical Church, Allentown.

'80. Dr. George T. Ettinger was re-elected School Director of the Third Ward, Allentown, by a handsome majority. He led his ticket.

'82. Rev. Edwin L. Miller, after nine years of successful work in Scranton, as pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, has resigned to accept a call to St. Mark's Lutheran Church of South Bethlehem. During Rev. Miller's stay in Scranton great progress was made in the church work of that place. Trinity Church in '88 was a mission, but under his care it became self-sustaining and a debt of $7,000 was wiped out. Three missions were also started under his care.

'83. A recent number of the *Lutheran* contained a cut of the neat and churchly edifice erected and dedicated by the congregation served by Rev. W. A. Sadtler.

'84. On Friday evening, February 12th, Rev. Prof. C. E. Wagner delivered a lecture on "How the Drama grew in England," before a large audience in Dietz Hall, Allentown College for Women. The lecture was declared an "able effort," "well prepared and delivered."

'85. Dr. Howard S. Seip was among the Allentonians who received invitations to attend the Boies Penrose Banquet held at the Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Feb. 26th.

'87. Raymond E. Butz has abandoned the Reformed Ministry and is now a student in the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia. He has been elected President of the Junior Class.

'89. Rev. Preston Laury, Marietta, says much on Foreign Missions that is to the point. His notes on this subject in the *Lutheran Church Review* and his sketches of lessons in the second number of the *Lutheran Teachers' Quarterly* are of this nature.

'89. On February 11th, at 3.30 o'clock, Miss Addie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Sherman, was married to Rev. F. C. Oberly, at the residence of her parents in Page, Page Co., Va. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. Armand Miller, of New York City, a brother-in-law of the bride.

Mr. Oberly after graduating from the College and the Seminary, was tutor at college for one year, then Pastor of the Lutheran Church at Luray, Va., for several years, and is now located at Decatur, Ill.

'90. The church edifice of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Allentown, served by Rev. Chas. Rausch, was recently damaged by fire, and a new structure will be erected.

'90. At the recent re-union of the Arion Musical Club of Allentown, "Fear Not, Ye, O Israel!" by Buck, was the tenor solo sung by Dr. Harry S. Snyder, of this city. Dr. Snyder did splendidly, and his many friends in the audience told him so by the applause they gave him.—*Morning Call.*

'90. Rev. I. B. Ritter, Pastor of the Zionsville Lutheran Charge, who received a call to become Pastor of the Lutheran Church at Amityville, Berks Co., Pa., has decided not to accept it.

'92. Revs. Frederic Doerr and Henry B. Richards have been elected delegates from the Philadelphia Central of the Luther Leagues of Pa., to the State Convention to be held at Altoona.

'92. Prof. J. Richmond Merkel is now the President of the K. S. N. S. Alumni Association of Lehigh and Northampton Counties.

'94. "*Hamburg, February 18th.*—A joint meeting of the four Lutheran Consistories, comprising the Hamburg Charge, was held here to-day to select a pastor. Harry C. Kline of the Mt. Airy Seminary, Philadelphia, received the unanimous vote of all present."—*Philadelphia Ledger, February 19th.*

'95. Forley A. Ebert has taken to teaching. He was elected Principal of the South Allentown School over five candidates for the position.

'95. On February 18th, A. A. Killian, Principal of the Park Valley Institute, Franklin County, Pa., was married to Miss Sarah A. Houck.

The Editor's Table.

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught."—CRANCH.

WE HAVE received a large number of periodicals and journals from the various Colleges and Universities and desire to express our appreciation for them. These frequently furnish us with valuable information besides fine material for our exchange columns. It is usually a difficult matter to discriminate what is the best to present to our sister journals.

THE MINNESOTA MAGAZINE contains excellent literary productions which are a credit to the authors and the editorial staff. The current number contains a fine story entitled, "On the Altar of Science," on which the author deserves compliments. All the College journals would be more interesting reading matter, if the essays were interspersed with such stories.

"My kingdom for a horse," he cried,
"To clear this classic fog!"
Next day from Arthur Hinds received
A welcome catalogue.—*Ex.*

"A CYCLING TRIP in England" is an interesting continued article in the *Roanoke Collegian.*

THE PHŒNIX is made interesting reading by "An Arctic Sledge Journey."

THE URSINUS COLLEGE BULLETIN is neat in form and contains, as usual, interesting reading matter. It includes but few "ads," which shows that it is well supported by the institution and alumni.

"A gallant youth, a pretty miss,
A trolley car that's dark,
Would it be right to say that this
Was an electric spark?"—*Ex.*

THE COLLEGE MERCURY has again made its appearance to the Editor's Table in its usual neat form and with its interesting articles. It gives ample space for alumni notes and also to the local editor.

TRUE COLLEGE spirit is an evidence of a broad mind. Not every one can be an orator, nor an athlete, but every one can and ought to have an interest in the different phases of college life. Ability to sympathize with all kinds of work should be the result of a liberal education.—*College Days.*

The World of Letters.

"UNKIST, UNKIND," is the title of Miss Violet Hunt's new novel.

A MEMOIR of the world-tenowned singer, Jenny Lind, has recently been published by her daughter.

MR. BRISBEN WALKER, proprietor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, has recently secured the services of Julian Hawthorne to visit India and write a series of articles on that plague-stricken country.

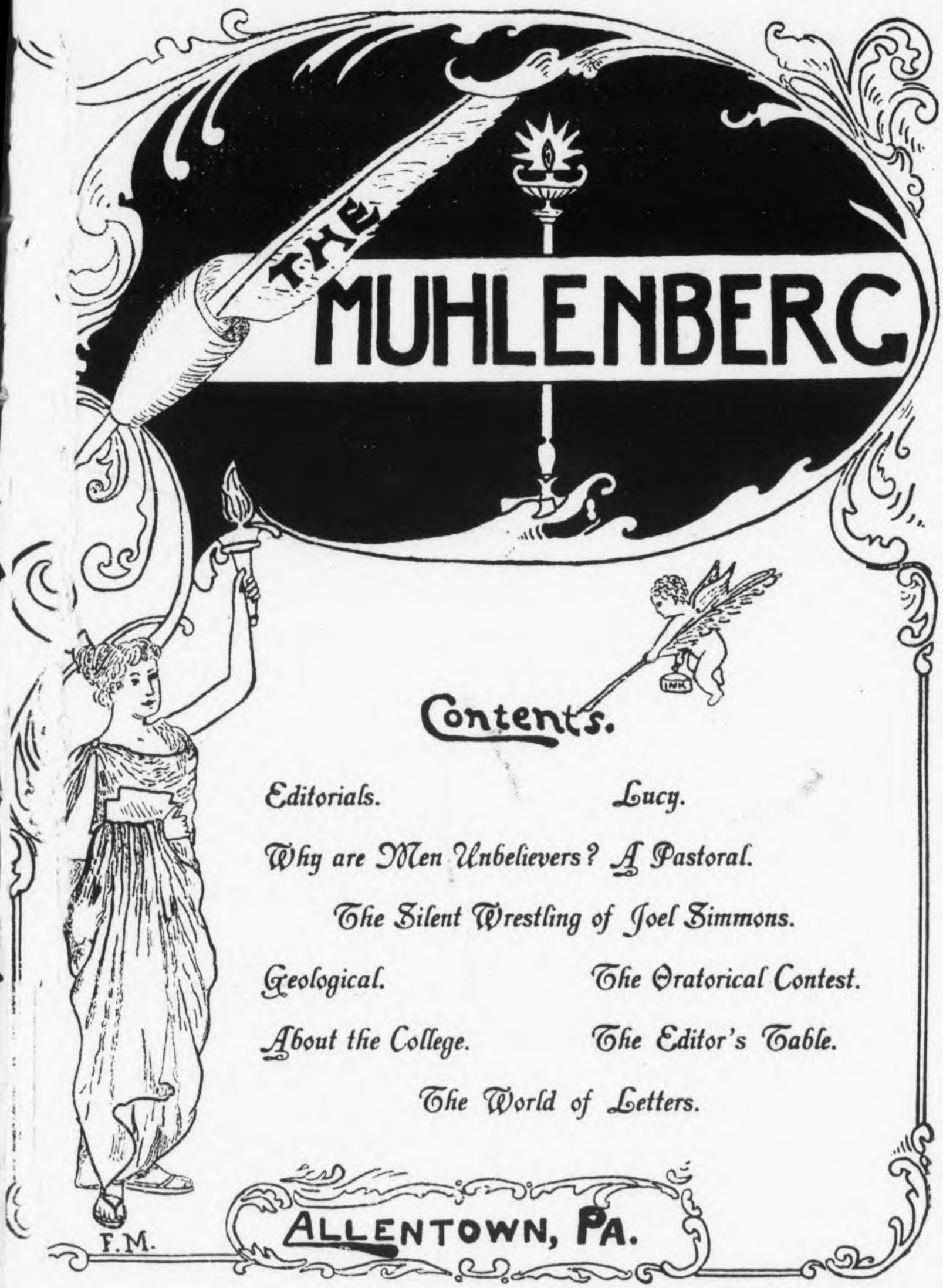
ELIZABETH BISLAND'S ability as a playwright will soon be put to test by the production of her first play, "Goblin Castle," in New York next season. Mrs. Wetmore, as she is called in real life, has gained quite a reputation as a journalist in recent years.

"OUTWARD BOUND," the complete works of Rudyard Kipling, appear in two volumes. They are gotten up in a highly artistic order, the type is large and the arrangement very methodic. "Plain Tales From the Hills" and "Soldiers Three, and Military Tales," appear among its contents.

IT IS rumored abroad that the conclusion of the "Russalka," by Pushkin, has been found. The manuscript of this part which was supposed had never been written, contains two hundred verses and is claimed to be authentic. Thus, after a lapse of fifty years, the whole poem will appear in print.

"A PUNCHBECK GODDESS," a work on Indian society by Mrs. J. M. Fleming, the sister of Rudyard Kipling, is soon to make its appearance in the Literary world. It is said to be of an interesting and amusing nature. Judging from her brother's ability as an author there is no reason to doubt but what it will meet with universal approval.

"ON MANY SEAS," by F. B. Williams, who rose from the meagre position of a cabin-boy to that of a captain and an author is a very creditable production. The author manifests in his work the true life of a sailor, the good side as well as the bad. On one page the peruser is amazed at the author's self-revelation, on the other he is surprised to find that this revelation has gradually changed to amusement. He is a born story-teller, his portrayals of adventures and hardships on the sea are thrilling, graphic and impressive.



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ALLENTOWN, PA.

APRIL, 1897.

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The Muhlenberg.

"Litterœ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Editorials.

THE SORROWS of the Lenten season are over. We have seen the Savior of the world betrayed, tried, mocked and at last crucified at the hands of his enemies, a disobedient and ungrateful people whom he came to save. The darkness and gloom hanging over the world during this season and culminating with the Savior's cruel death on Good Friday is now dispelled by the brightness of the joyful Easter morning which witnessed the fulfillment of the prophecies of old and of the Savior's own promises. The gladsome news of Easter breaks forth upon the world and proclaims the Savior, "despised and rejected of men," risen, and thus fills the hearts of His people with new hope and new life, for in Him, the Conqueror of Death, they have the assurance of eternal blessedness. Thus Easter is in harmony

with the season of the year in which it occurs when all nature seems to rejoice over the return of new life and new energies after the dreariness of Winter is past. The brightness of this day has shed its light throughout the world until now the joyful news of the Resurrection is proclaimed in nearly all parts of the world, and salvation is offered to all mankind.

OWING to the lack of material we are obliged to omit the Alumni notes this month. It is not with any degree of satisfaction that we are compelled to make this announcement, and we trust that the Alumni will in the future assist us in this department.

What we need is the hearty co-operation of all the Alumni, for scattered as they are it is utterly impossible to maintain this column without their aid.

We are pleased with the support that the Alumni give THE MUHLENBERG, and we know that they will help us out of our present difficulty.

Lucy.

I.—PROLEGOMENOUS.

NO HISTORY is so delightful as that connected with one's native hills and streams and fields. There is an inspiration in such intimate association with the scenes hallowed by the labors of world-famous men, an inspiration which is the basis of the soundest patriotism. It is this which makes the German and the Englishman and the Frenchman think there is no country like theirs under the sun. (With painful distinctness we recall the effect produced on our juvenile historical consciousness by the meagre accounts which the earlier historians gave of the settlement of Pennsylvania. The rich array of fact and romance, the links which bind the new world to the old, all that goes to make one's "native heath" glow with life and sacredness, had been compressed into a score of lines. We felt like an inhabitant of an unexplored planet, only regretting that fortune had been so

malevolent as to cast our lot so far from Plymouth Rock. *Sed, in pace.*)

Within a radius of six miles of the campus of Muhlenberg College—which, by the way, is itself historic ground, being the last remnant of the great manor given by William Penn to William Allen, Esq., chief justice of the province about two hundred years ago—there lies a portion of country rich in memories of some of the greatest men of history. It was here that George Whitefield, Count Zinzendorf, Benjamin Franklin, not to speak of the missionaries and pioneers, whose deeds "unhonored and unsung" await some poet's pen—spent portions of their lives, some as missionaries to the Indians, others in the sterner duties of war and still others as the sturdy upbuilders of the faith of the old country on the virgin soil of the new. With the hope of arousing an interest in the rich local history of these places, so near at hand, the following fragmentary sketch is attempted:

II.—The Old World.

"Gott segne diese Pfalz am Rhine."—Tannenberg.

The beauty and fragrance of a glorious Spring-tide, such as only Germany has, was slowly creeping down from the Upper Rhine valleys. Already the bright blue waters of the river caught the flash and color of the pleasure-crafts. Each day the herdsmen went a little higher up the slopes, and the music of their horns at evening rang out with a merrier note; and in the cities, those massive piles, grey with antiquity and honored in song and story, was heard the hum of renewed activity.

Early one morning in the beginning of this memorable Spring, in the royal city of Spires, we catch the first glimpse of our heroine. The morning sun is just gilding the lofty campaniles of the cathedral. The air, cool and balmy, is laden with the scent of lilacs. A flock of sparrows sporting in the spray of the fountain, and two ragged children luxuriating in the deliciously cool grass are the only occupants of the great square, still in the shadow of the church. On three sides of this lawn-like square stand the quaint old, ivy-covered houses with their stuccoed walls and projecting upper stories. Now on this particular morning it is evident that "*The White Rose*"—such is the

inscription on the lintel—will be deserted. The half open door reveals a bare interior; and a moment later a man, middle-aged and well-built, and a young woman, the picture of pure and healthy beauty, have passed out and closed the empty house. A striking resemblance of the features of both, characterized by an expression of frankness, refinement and intelligence, mark them at once even to the casual observer as father and daughter. The two pause a moment before the old home. There is a charm about one's birthplace that grows stronger with the years. Each nook and angle, each shrub and vine has a mysterious attraction for the heart; and to leave the scenes of childhood's cloudless days is like the parting of dearest friends. Such are *their* thoughts as they silently and sadly turn away. Their movements have not been unobserved, for a neighboring lattice swings back and a kindly face all wet with tears meets their eyes. The farewells had all been given over and over the previous night, and it had been their intention to slip away early, but good Frau Gisela had not been able to resist the impulse to see them again in the morning. Lucy's eyes fill as she lifts her sweet, young face close up to the motherly one above her and with her reassuring smiles and words brings back the wonted cheerfulness of her old friend. The sound of a bell recalls them, and amid a shower of farewells they take their final leave. A few minutes walk brings them to the landing. The noise and bustle at the landing-place, the rushing and crowding of passengers, all seem like a dream when at length they find themselves gliding swiftly down the river.

Slowly the great city sinks into the hazy distance until only the old, white Roman Tower, gleaming in the sunlight, marks the familiar scenes in which they so lately moved. And now the memories of happier days come welling up. It seemed to her but as yesterday when she with her handsome brother and Henry, Frau Gisela's only son, played as children in the shadow of that old tower, and then, tired of play, lay for hours in their favorite nook of the square, watching the clouds and the birds and the black-gowned friars about the great church, and planning ever to live thus together. In the evening they would gather around the hearth in Henry's cosy home, and Frau Gisela would make

the glowing embers alive with the personages of her stories. They never tired of hearing how the Romans first took Spires; and the tales of the Merovingian Dagobert and Conrad the Salian; and how King Henry IV lay unburied for five long years, while a solitary monk sang and prayed before the body day and night, until his ungrateful son and the Church—a cruel mother to him—relented; and how all the bells in Spires rang of themselves at his death; and how one night, in a terrible storm, a vast multitude of ghosts compelled a half-drunken sailor to ferry them across the Rhine so that he was found in the morning half dead with fright and fatigue; and how the wonderful picture of the Virgin in the great Minster which one day rebuked the Holy St. Bernhard for some slight offence had been put to shame and silence—a silence which the legend says was never afterward broken—when the good monk quoted St. Paul's "*Mulier taceat in ecclesia*;" and the numberless stories of Luther and his time.

Thus the little trio lived and loved and grew up together, and as the years brought them nearer to manhood and womanhood, the childish affection of Lucy and Henry had ripened into a pure and holy love. How well she remembered the day of her betrothal! Never had life seemed brighter or happier; but on that very day the thunderbolt had fallen which robbed her of brother and betrothed.

The father's heart too is full, for he also is thinking of the past. His college days, those delightful years at Halle, in company with Nicolaus von Zinzendorf, and the inspiration of the "Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed"—that famous organization whose founder and chief light was young Nicolaus,—and the persecutions of the inquisition, which had deprived him of his only son, all this makes him quiet and sad.

Evening finds our travellers well down the Middle Rhine where the scenery is at its wildest and best. The sun is just sinking among the Western hills, and flooding land and water with a golden light. Father and daughter are leaning on the rail of the swiftly moving boat. There is a letter in his hand, worn with frequent examination and reading. "* * * * * friend George, I hope by the favor of God thou wilt be per-

mitted to arrive in time to spend Easter with us at Bethlehem. Thou wilt find America a true home for the oppressed. Benigna sends her greetings to thy daughter Lucy.

Thine in the Faith,

NICOLAUS LUDWIG,

Count von Zinzendorf."

These are the closing words of the letter, words which give them new hope and fill the glowing West with prophetic meaning.

III.—THE NEW.

In the midst of a small clearing, surrounded on every side as far as the eye can reach with forests just bursting into leaf, stand two stone houses and a number of straggling Indian huts. Away to the North—until it disappears through the historic Wind Gap, stretches the great Indian trail to Canada and the Great Lakes. And this is Bethlehem! What a faith that was which saw in this wilderness a "house of bread." Often and often when the smoke of ruined homes and the cries of human victims rose above the forest tops must the wretched settlers have thought this house of bread a failure. Not so did the hopeful group think which was gathered in one of those stone houses on the night before Easter Day, 1742. It was a happy night for those laborers in a strange land.

Count Zinzendorf and his daughter Benigna, returning from one of their visits to the Indian settlements, in order to be in time for the Easter service, had found their old friends from Spires awaiting them with open arms. It was like a great refreshing for them all.

With the first faint glimmer of morning they are all astir. There where now stretch the long rows of simple white tablets, sacred to the memory of the heroes and martyrs of those early days, stands a strange assembly. Many of the brethren from the other settlements have arrived during the night; and these with the brethren at Bethlehem and the friendly Indians are patiently awaiting the rising of the sun.

Brighter and brighter grows the sky above the Eastern hills; and when at length the morning sun rises in all his splendor, the strains of the beautiful hymn:

"Come, ye faithful, raise the strain,
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought this Israel
Into joy from sadness!"

swell into a grand chorus.

But another scene has taken place. Two young men, who had come from Nazareth during the night, have caught sight of our travellers. With exclamations of joy they run and embrace each other. The one has found a father and sister, and the other a long lost bride! The light of an Easter morning never dawned on happier hearts. America had proved a "true home for the oppressed." I. O. N., '97.

Why are Men Unbelievers?

THE VERY IDEA of unbelief is so repulsive to human nature, that the question is often asked whether, in a healthy state of mind, man can become so dead to all sense of truth, as conscientiously to embrace it in any of its forms, or at all believe it to be consistent with the nature of mind. And yet, when, in the history of man, such men as Voltaire, Payne, Hume, Strauss, Ingersoll, and a host of others, to say nothing of the many thousands of the common people in all ages and countries, as well as of the many with whom we personally come in contact,—when *these profess* themselves to be either infidels or atheists, or assume such titles as deists or free thinkers, or live on the equator called agnosticism, we are utterly beaten off our ground. We, therefore, naturally inquire into the causes of such human depravity.

The subject, kowever, offers such a wide field of research in various directions, that in this short article I shall be able merely to touch upon the more important causes; to the exclusion even of the many beautiful anecdotes and forcible illustrations that offer themselves from all directions.

There are some people who do not seem to be able to reason from what is visible to what is invisible, and whose power of faith seems either never to have been aroused from its latent state or to have withered from lack of exercise. They live, propagate, and die, as they think, like the brutes with which they suppose

themselves to be of the same stamp and destiny. This class of people, from the nature of their depravity, we can pass over without a murmur, and it but remains for us to direct and instruct them properly, and their evangelization will become certain.

But there is another class, consisting of those who profess themselves learned, who, we are sorry to say, even while reading and studying the works and the laws of nature, refuse to believe in its author, God.

The exclusive study of the natural sciences accustoms the mind to reason in the concrete, leads to materialism in philosophy, and thus unfits the mind to grapple with abstract truth—to comprehend and appreciate the higher religious aspirations of mankind. By studying nature exclusively, they become worshippers of nature. In studying the harmony of nature's laws, they have by analogy arrived at various false conclusions.

They have thus, as they think, conclusively disproved the doctrine of miracles and of a special providence. For, according to their method of reasoning, the laws of nature being uniform, any change in the natural order of events, as the plagues in Egypt, the raising of the dead by Christ, the obedience of the sun and moon to the command of Joshua, and similar miracles, or rain or any other blessing in answer to prayer, or any divine interposition of any kind, would vitally mar or utterly destroy the harmony of nature's laws. And yet he who reads the events of the world aright, is overwhelmed with the idea that the history of man is one grand record of special acts of Providence.

They thus deny the records of the Bible, and are utterly plunged into infidelity. It was thus that Strauss tried to disprove the divinity of Christ by declaring that it was contrary to the laws of generation that a human being could be generated without the concurrence of the sexes.

The very foundations of Christianity and of all religion in general being thus, as they think, sapped of truth, the whole superstructure must inevitably fall. Having now apparently proved the Bible to be either a farce or a grand fabrication, and having removed God from the world to the infinite beyond, they argue, "If nature's laws are thus the sole causes of events, and if the long-cherished beliefs of religion are untrue, we have no

need of a God." Some, like Spencer, remain on the equator of things by neither denying or affirming the existence of such a being, and may be called agnostics; while others, like Voltaire, take the extreme by utterly denying His existence, and are properly termed atheists.

Vain creatures, that they cannot see God through His manifestations in nature, or that they cannot understand that the *God* of nature certainly has the *laws* of nature under his control!

The great Engineer can certainly modify the speed of His engine, or stop or reverse its motion.

But many of these sophists, either because their very nature is yearning for something higher, or because they want to gain the respect of the world at large, swing the pendulum of thought to the other side and declare that there is a God-pervading nature, but in no sense personal, but that He is synonymous with nature. They believe that this all-pervading Energy has, from the by-gone eternities, without any intelligent design, been developing the starry universe from an incandescent concourse of atoms filling all space; the individual suns with their planets surrounded by satellites, from different uncleated nebulæ of this "star dust;" and the living organisms thereon; by gradual evolution from germs and principles eternally inherent in matter through their different stages of plants and animals to man.

They accordingly take nature as their God, and general evolution as their religion, which, to use their own word, is "creedless."

Matter, with many of them, is eternal, for, having denied the existence of a personal God outside of matter, how could matter have had a beginning, or how could it have come from nothing?

They thus substitute second causes for the "Great First Cause," and confound and worship the creature for the Creator.

This is *one* of the systems which engages the attention of these sophists so largely.

But not only are these men *themselves* led astray and alienated from God by their speculations, but their writings, fascinating as they are to many, curious for the wonderful and novel, are eagerly read by thronging thousands, multitudes of whom become converts to their views, and are also dragged into the dark and hopeless abyss of infidelity. The Darwins, Huxleys, Spencers and

Mivarts are fast gaining the ascendency in our libraries. Our space is too limited to give any arguments against these unverified theories.

But a new thought, once in the mind, becomes a part of one's mental fibre, and demands acceptance on the part of others on that sole authority. Thus these theories have grown, idea by idea, from the Brahminic, and other theories of old, to the present Darwinism, until they have actually formed an entire system of false philosophy, legislating the true God out of existence, and substituting for Him nature with its sway of inflexible, iron laws, called by Emerson "the beautiful necessity."

Moral responsibility, under such a reign, can have no reality, and the sophists have thus inaugurated a supposed God to suit themselves and to meet the general approbation of the depraved element of mankind, under whose reign, the institution of the Sabbath is a delusion, and the great principles of the relations of man to man, perpetuating the existence of peace and justice to nations and communities, are but a dream, while the world is opened to the lawless sway of socialism and communism, anarchism and nihilism. I almost shudder and sink under the very thought of these things,—what the true significance of these diverse causes and results of infidelity is,—seeing the many authors whom Satan is constantly converting through unsound philosophy, and employing to set his net for the world at large, and seeing the readiness of the people, especially the educated, to enter in at the chorus of that delusive choir of sweet-voiced singers.

But the thought that "He maketh the wrath of man praise Him," arrests my meditations.

Methinks I see it all. The future is lighted with the radiant colors of hope.

Divine foresight is but confounding these speculators for a while to test the faith of the Church.

These men are vainly endeavoring to solve the problems of creation and eternity, and to pry into the secret counsels of the Almighty, not thinking that His ways and thoughts are not man's, for as high as the heavens are above the earth so high are His thoughts and ways above man's. No man can find out the Almighty to perfection.

He thus allows a seemingly ceaseless war between truth and error to wage for a time on earth, to make the divine truths of the Bible stand out the more conspicuously by the strange contrast, and by the ultimate victory of the Church militant over the errors of ages, while the succeeding ages of the world will look upon this conflict between so-called science and religion, as Israel upon Egyptian bondage, as the decisive battle in the Kingdom of Christ, the heralder of the millennium

God and nature are not at strife, but true science and false science to interpret revelation; but, "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? for Truth next to the Almighty is omnipotent."

L. F. GRUBER, '98.

A Pastoral.

GOMER B. MATTHEWS, '97.

Many a morning in the meadow when Eos ope'd the day;
Many a morning in the garden have I seen bright Phoebe's ray

Burst the petals of the daisy and reveal its heart of gold
As it nodded unto Zephrus which among the flowers stole.

Many a morning, as I sauntered through the copse and by the stream,
Have I heard the feathered songsters trill their lays as in a dream;

For their twittering and their warbling seemed as music from a sphere
Far removed from human ken yet dimly conscious near.

In wonderment the lark I've watched wing his upward flight
Till far beyond in azure depths he mounted from my sight;

Entranced I stood and list to catch his melody full clear,
His matin song, his benison, poured forth to Maker near.

I have seen the horses moving as with steady, steady gait
They drew the plough that eared the mould of the squire's estate.

I have heard the plough-boy humming a quaint but ancient lay
When the faithful team was resting just where the furrow stayed.

In the distance saw the black-bird, parson-bird he's often called
Because of stole so sombre, and grave but stately mien.

Swiftly skimmed the swallow borne along upon the air;
Upwards, downwards, backwards, forwards over meadow, over lea

Till it seemed somewhat of spirit so unwearied on the wing;
Not of earth, but more of heaven sportive in its Summer glee.

Many a noon-tide have I rested on the seat beneath the tree
Whose cooling shade refreshed me when I stayed to take mine ease.

Many an evening in the gloaming have I seen the setting sun
As it slowly sank to rest proclaiming another night begun.

When the sheep were safely folded and the shepherd homeward gone;
When the bars were up, and gates were locked, and Colin's work was done

I have watched the sable goddess spread her robes across the sky;
Beheld the stars as one by one they came and said—"good-night."

The Silent Wrestling of Joel Simmons.

"WHERE y' goin', Joel? You don't forget, I hope, that we must have some groceries afore Sunday." The old-fashioned wife and mother turned from the humble deal table and proceeded to scrape the particles of dough from off her worn hands. "Seems to me, Joel Simmons, that y' do be gettin' most uncommon forgetful, here o' late. For the life of you, y' couldn't explain to me why y' act so, either. Could you, now, Joe? and she paused in her work, and beamed upon her husband that winning, sweet smile that he still had some memories of; yes, twenty, thirty, even forty-two years ago, on her way to Hawkins' spellin' bee, she met Joel; and he remembered her as she tripped up over the stile and—smiled—on him. He'd never forget that. Yes, and that calm evening in early May, they were slowly walking, arm-in-arm, from Deacon Perkins' barn-raising, it was very warm, and every few minutes her face would be illuminated by the heat lightning, that was forty-two years ago, and yet, as he stood with his hand on the door knob, he saw her then on that memorable day when the girlish face looked up into his, and her eyes—she always did have most beautiful eyes—somehow seemed to loosen that growth of several months in his throat, and to his simple question, she murmured fondly "yes."

"Well, now, Liza, 'deed I can't tell whether it be the Spring weather and the bursting crops or whether it be the new parson. Twixt the two and you, Liza, 'deed I ain't myself at all." And the big, happy farmer of sixty-five years shuffled his feet and felt a bit ashamed, just as when a little urchin in the district school, he had kissed that prim little girl sitting a seat ahead of him. Now he somehow felt that Liza knew just what he was thinking

about; perhaps she too remembered that kiss. The atmosphere was becoming close for him, and his eyes began to well up so rapidly that he turned square around and went off toward the barn and at once began to empty his soul to old "Pike," as he emptied the measure of oats into the feed-box of his faithful brute friend. "Now there, Pike, eat your grain, and be just as contented as—well, you ain't got any women folks to confuse you, making you feel as cheap and mean as a little shaver—when–you're–goin' on–sixty-five, yep, Pike, sixty-five—it's a pretty long time, old fellow," and he stroked the horse, the faithful friend of many a year. "Now, I'll throw down some hay and then," he moved close to the horse's face and looked into the animal's quiet eye, "then I am goin' to face her again, and Pike, mark my word, if she makes me simper and snicker again, sure as anything, I'll think I'm comin' from Perkins' barn raising and then, Pike——," and, winking knowingly, he sauntered away, whistling through the crevice between his two remaining upper teeth.

As he came down the path, laughing as though some one had prodded him in the ribs, he was greeted by a cheery "Good afternoon, Mr. Simmons." He jerked up his head and met the new parson, face to face. "How d'ye do, Mr. Marlow;" the farmer called out, advancing to grasp the young minister's soft, perfect hand in his hard, horny, gnarled paw. "Er–y'er quite a stranger–er–yes, quite a stranger–er–this is, er–your first visit to our house–ahem—," the old farmer was quite taken aback. "Come into the house, Mr. Marlow; I know Liz—er, I mean Mrs. Simmons will be real glad to see you."

Thus they entered the house. No formality lodged in Farmer Simmons' breast and so he ushered the new domine into the kitchen and announced the arrival to his wife, whose back was turned as she removed five large, brown loaves of bread from the oven.

Whatever opinion or prejudice she may have harbored in regard to the new pastor, Mr. Marlow; some had said he was too young and inexperienced, all was swept aside as he held out his hand and greeted the kind woman heartily. "You've seen each other, now make up," was Joel's introduction as he hung up his hat on the nail above the towel.

"Yes, as I passed your fields of waving grain, they seemed to beckon me to come down here and visit you," began the new domine. "I've seen your faces in church almost every Sunday."

"We're glad to have you come, Mister Marlow, and hope you'll feel welcome at at any time. There's almost always room for one more at Simmons'," rejoined the old lady.

Joel Simmons, thinking it about time to be heard, started out upon opinion of the weather, then the crops; finally relating the merits of his new filly and the little bay mare down in the meadow next to the road.

Thus the conversation ran on for fully forty minutes. The new parson had always been a city boy and while the farmer dwelt upon wheat and horse-flesh, he looked wise and answered in monosyllables.

Now his opportunity arrived. He launched out upon the fertile question of benevolence and philanthropy. This outburst took Joel Simmons by storm. He eyed the minister askance and inwardly mused, "Well, so we've got you on your hobby. Parson Hilburn, afore you, was great on his doctrine of the 'state of the unforgiven after death,' and so yours is giving to the poor," and he scraped his throat and shifted his feet around and folded his arms resignedly. Joel could be patient and could endure much. To him benevolence was somewhat of an advertisement announcing to the public that this or that person practicing benevolence was a contestant in the competive contest to get to Heaven. Furthermore, beneficence was all right for those who had it to give, but he could just manage to get along, and then, wheat was selling for virtually nothing and his potatoes were rotting on his hands, and under these circumstances one should not ask him to give his products away; at least so he reasoned.

"Yes, Mr. Simmons, we have been greatly blessed with unbounded prosperity," spoke the minister.

"Prosperity, nothing," cried the farmer, almost glaring at the minister. "Prosperity? Why, afore election everybody was a-saying 'you elect Mr. So and So, and we'll have good times, good prices and plenty of money,' and all that sort of rot. An' here I go and vote for this prosperity man and, dash it all, we've been havin' worse times than afore. Recollect, Mr. Marlow, I

ain't sayin' anything agin you ministers, but you don't know what it means to see your stock rottin' afore your eyes, just because some graspin' misers are cornerin' all the wheat and corn."

"So you voted for the prosperity man, Mr. Simmons?" was all the parson said.

The farmer rocked himself savagely, nursing his supposed injuries at the hands of the grasping misers.

"You've heard about the famine in India, Mr. Simmons, I presume?" ventured the pastor again.

"Nothing very much; only a few blacks dying off, I believe," came the surly answer.

"Yes, quite a few dying off, and just because we won't give them a morsel to eat—the minister continued—"do you know, Mr. Simmons, that some of those poor fellows have not seen a grain of wheat in—" here the door opened and Jim Sloan bawled out: "Where dye' want this wheat to go to, Mr. Simmons? We've got six wagons full of the stuff, and everything's full."

"Run it into the shed, Jim."

"Can't do it, sir. The shed's full of corn from two years past and the lofts are all filled. Besides there's a storm threatening, and we've got about thirteen more loads to get in."

"Stack it up in old Dorwin's barn. I'll fix it all right with old man Dorwin later," replied the farmer.

The door closed with a bang and Mr. Simmons and the parson were again alone. "You voted for prosperity and you've got it and still you're complaining, Mr. Simmons," said the minister, with his eyes upon his parishioner. "Did you ever take time to think who gives this prosperity, Mr. Simmons? You've jumped your ticket over and over again, and never think anything of it."

"Where's the prosperity and love shown to us when we have our barns and lofts stocked so full of wheat and corn that we can't get rid of it? Show me that, parson." The farmer had arisen and was standing before the window.

"Where's your love when you, with abundance and plenty, knowingly allow a brother to die of starvation? Have you ever thought why all this grain was given to you? Can it be that you will be tested and tried to see if you will relieve this need? Mr. Simmons, you'd curse to the lowest pit a man with plenty

who would look on and see one of your children perishing. Wouldn't you? You know how angry you became when old man Knowles would not sell you those beeves at your price, but wanted a quarter of a cent more; and here you won't move a finger to help a poor black with not a crumb in his stomach for weeks and months. Remember the rich man and Lazarus."

The old farmer turned from the window and faced the young minister. "Here, parson Marlow, your arguments may be all right, but tell me, who owns India? England, doesn't she? Why doesn't she provide for her children? It's her duty, not yours and mine."

"Mr. Simmons, this wheat belt right around you has stored in its barns more wheat and corn than Egypt ever stored up in her years of plenty."

"Now you're jumpin' 'round from India to Egypt, parson. Keep to your text and answer my question. Why doesn't England take care of her children?" persisted the farmer.

"Mr. Simmons, were the children of Israel the subjects of Egypt when the famine arose in the land of Canaan? Yet Egypt sustained Jacob and all his house in those days."

The farmer was nonplussed. "I can't argue with you, Mr. Marlow, but it does sorter seem as if you're right."

"I must be going, Mr. Simmons,,' spoke the parson, and, after bidding Mrs. Simmons good afternoon, he departed. And still some would call him inexperienced!

Next day was Sunday. Joel and Liza Simmons were in their pew. The former, however, seemed to be lost in thought and could remember nought of the parson's sermon except the text, a triple text. Mark 6-36: "They have *nothing* to eat;" Lam. 1-12: "Is it nothing to *you*?" Mark 6-37: "Give ye them to eat."

Liza noticed something peculiar in Joel's conduct, but said nothing. The small choir sang softly as the congregation dispersed and all seemed serene and common-place.

Joel Simmons, however, went hunting early Monday evening. His only weapon was a well-sized piece of paper at the top of which were written the words of the Sunday's text.

Another week rolled by and again Pike trudged over the three mile stretch to the church. Joel was happy; his face beamed.

He heard very little of the sermon; his wife asked him what the text was, but he knew nothing. Only when the collection basket came around, he proudly dropped in a neatly folded paper which the parson read later.

"We, each and every one, pledge to give five hundred bushels (or more) of wheat or corn in behalf of starving India." Then followed the names of sixty-three farmers who had become successful in the wheat and corn belts. Last of all appeared the name of "Joel Simmons, and just beneath was the quotation:

"To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak."

WEST ECKEL, '98.

Geological.

ONE EVENING at twilight I sat alone, in my study, lost in a revery. The stillness of the hour and the gentle warmth of a Spring day may have made me drowsy. At any rate, the forms about me in the room seemed slowly to recede. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, they lost their distinctness until I could barely distinguish their outline, and, at length they vanished altogether. My spirit seemed to have left the body and to be borne along swiftly, but gently, just as a cloud is borne before a steady wind. Yet it moved not through space but through time. Back, back, it went down through the Dark Ages, in which I comprehended the deeds of those days, further back, and I noted the wonderful learning of the Egyptians, back to the creation of man whom I beheld in his innocent perfection. Yet my spirit did not even stop here, it was still borne along for a long time until at length ir stopped, and I awoke with a start, for I seemed to have again possessed my body.

But, behold, what wonders! Instead of my study I was standing in a deep, dense forest, surrounded on every side by a most wonderful vegetation. Great, grand trees, trees the like of which man never saw, gigantic, magnificent trees, towering high above, taller than the tallest I had ever seen! And what strange forms, some were almost branchless, bearing an immense cluster of long strap-like leaves high over head; others had long, straight, erect branches, all covered with short needle-like leaves. I looked around, and a little way off, on lower ground, I could just discern

through the trees the surface of a small quiet lake of dark-colored water, the shores of which were clothed in splendor; great tree-ferns grew there and spread their long feathery leaves above in dense clusters, while beneath the whole ground was covered with beautiful ferns and rushes in rich profusion. But I did not distinguish all this at once, for this was a peculiar climate. The air was hot and stifling, and there was a soft mist covering everything, while the dense foliage of the trees produced a sort of twilight in the forest.

All the time from out of the forest issue strange noises, the cries of strange animals. Some were hissing sounds, like that made by snakes, others were deep, long, loud, like the roar of an elephant. Strange to say, I had no fear of them. Suddenly there was a noise close to me, and looking, I saw a monster, dreadful to behold. Its body was long and snake-like, fully thirty-five feet long. Its middle was more bulky than the rest, and was supported there by the two hind legs. The front legs were much shorter than the other pair, giving it an uncouth appearance. The middle rose at least fifteen feet from the ground. Its back was dark brown and covered with scales, while its belly was white and more smooth. Moreover, on its head it had two horns, a yard long, which projected forward like those of the horned toad. Ever as it crawled along it gave out sharp, hissing sounds, like a monstrous snake would make. But soon its hisses became louder and more frequent, and it darted its head about as if in anger. Looking for the cause of this I saw a second creature, more terrible, if possible, than the first, approaching from an opposite direction. This one had the form of a kangaroo, but its feet were more like those of the eagle, the toes were long and slender, and armed with claws a foot long. As it advanced it savagely showed its long rows of teeth, which were long and pointed. It stood at least twenty feet high.

Thus they appeared, and one can scarcely imagine a more horrible spectacle than these huge monsters of a by-gone world about to give battle in the midst of this primeval forest. The reptile approached slowly, with head and neck near the ground. The other was quicker in its movements, and as it walked it gave out harsh, discordant cries. When near eaeh other, the reptile,

arching its neck to strike, raised its monstrous head high up in the air, its two feet being lifted off the ground. Fearful spectacle! I started back in terror, when lo! everything had vanished and I found myself in my study again. I had been dreaming.

J. H. S., '97.

The Oratorical Contest.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL CONTEST of the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union, held under the auspices of Muhlenberg College, on Friday Evening, March 12th, in the Academy of Music, was a grand success. Every College was represented in the audience by large delegations, and the various speakers were enthusiastically greeted by their college-mates and friends.

The colleges represented were seven in number, and spoke as follows:

"Supremacy of Individual Effort," . . . . . Franklin K. Fretz, Muhlenberg
"The Nationalization of the Railroads," . . . . . F. A. Rupp, F. and M.
"A Plea for Restricted Immigration," . . . Basil George Kodjbanoff, Lehigh
"The Bar Sinister," . . . . . C. Morton Sciple, Lafayette
"Noblesse Oblige," . . . . . Sarah Bancroft, Swarthmore
"Shoals of Success," . . . . . Henry Wolf Bikle, Gettysburg
"The Higher Aims of Statesmanship," . . . Ralph Huston Spangler, Ursinus

After a somewhat lengthy discussion by the judges, it was finally agreed to award first prize to Basil George Kodjbanoff, of Lehigh, and second prize to F. A. Rupp, representing Franklin and Marshall. Honorable mention was made of Franklin K. Fretz, of Muhlenberg.

The judges were Hon. John Stewart, Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk and Rev. G. H. Sterling, D.D.

The committee of arrangements, to whom its success was largely due, consisted of H. K. Lantz, Willard D. Kline, Archibald Schenck, L. F. Gruber, William Steckel and John Sykes.

The prizes awarded were $25 and $15 respectively.

The music was rendered by the Muhlenberg College Glee and Zobo Clubs, for which occasion a special programme was prepared. Their music was greatly enjoyed and appreciated, as was manifested by the many encores to which they were obliged to respond.

The following selections were rendered by the Glee Club:

1. MARCH.—"On to Victory," . . . . . Geibel
2. MY HOMESTEAD, ... Attenhofer
3. MARCH.—"The Scorcher," . . . . . Langey
4. VOCAL SOLO, ... H. K. Lantz
5. MUHLENBERG COLLEGE MEDLEY, ... Arrg. Kramlich
6. FOOTLIGHT FANCY, ... Ezechiels
7. STAR OF DESCENDING NIGHT, ... Emerson

After the contest a reception was tendered the various delegations of students and friends, in the College Chapel, by the lady friends of Muhlenberg. Ruhe's Orchestra furnished the music for the occasion.

About the College.

HAVE PATIENCE—it's coming—98's CIARLA.

REV. DR. S. A. REPASS has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to again attend to his duties.

QUITE a number of new books have been purchased by the Literary Societies within the past few weeks.

DR. RICHARDS, after a severe attack of *la grippe*, which confined him to his home for several weeks, is again able to meet his classes.

JACOB B. GERY, ex-member of '98, has taken unto himself a wife. He has the best wishes of all the students, and especially of his ex-classmates.

THE JUNIORS have begun their work in the laboratory, and every Thursday and Friday afternoon the recitation rooms and halls are filled with the odoriferous H 2 S for the enjoyment of the other students.

SULLENBERGER, (night previous to the Inter-Collegiate Contest): "Gentlemen: I am going to take my girl to the contest to-morrow night." The next evening he was seen to enter the Academy of Music in company with our friend, ——— 'Squire Shock. We have been asked if the 'Squire is his girl.

REV. C. J. COOPER was at Danville on Sunday, March 14th, in the interest of the College and the Lutheran Jubilee.

THE Glee and Ocarina Clubs rendered several of their famous selections on Saturday evening, March 6th, at the eighth anniversary of the Young People's Association of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Catasauqua.

THE editors of the *Ciarla* have finished the work of their respective departments, and all the matter is now in the hands of the publishers. As far as the book itself is concerned, it will, undoubtedly, prove a grand success.

THE Executive Committee of Muhlenberg College met on Monday afternoon, March 29th, in regular monthly session. The members present were: Hon. C. J. Erdman, Rev. S. E. Ziegenfuss, of Philadelphia; Alfred G. Saeger, Rev. J. S. Erb, of Slatington; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Dr. S. A. Repass, Dr. T. L. Seip, and Hon. E. S. Shimer. Only routine business was transacted.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, March 19th, Dr. Wackernagel delivered a very interesting lecture on "Palestine in the Time of Christ and at the Present Time." The lecture was given under the auspices of the College Missionary Society. It was an open meeting, and many friends of the Society attended. But on account of the inclemency of the weather, the audience was much smaller than anticipated. Those present received an intellectual treat. Through the co-operation of Mrs. S. J. Brobst several excellent musical numbers were rendered.

AT A recent meeting of the Senior German Literary Society, it was decided to send a challenge to the Junior German Literary Society to a joint debate. The Junior Society, at its last meeting, accepted the challenge. The debate will be held in the College Chapel on Friday evening, April 23d. The question has not yet been announced. The debaters elected by the Senior Society are Fehr, Nothstein and Shofer. Messrs. Held and Trexler were elected as substitutes. The Junior Society elected Messrs. Bilheimer, Kressly and Lenker, and as substitutes Messrs. Eckert and Wenner.

THE regular monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society was held on Tuesday evening, March 23d. The speaker of the evening was Dr. Wackernagel who spoke on "Hinduism, as it is," and on "The Month of March in the Missionary Calendar." The remarks were highly appreciated.

THE Glee Club, not having received proper encouragement, decided to disband. This disbandment was effected on Tuesday evening, March 23d, at the Arlington House, Catasauqua, where the club met for the last time around the festive board to partake of a sumptuous banquet. The club rehearsed many of its songs.

MENU.

BLUE POINTS ON HALF SHELL.

Celery. Queen Olives.

ROASTS—Chicken.

Oyster Filling.

Chicken Salad. Sweet Bread Raised. Fried Oysters.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes. Tomatoes. Corn. Peas. Beans. Entress.

Mixed Pickles. Pickled Cabbage.

DESSERT.

Oranges. Grapes. Bananas.

Assorted Cakes. Assorted Nuts.

Ice Cream. Champagne. Cigars.

TOASTS.

TOASTMASTER—GEORGE E. KRAMLICH.

The Glee Club; Its Past . . . . . John P. Walter

"Nothing now is left but a majestic memory."—LONGFELLOW.

Before the Footlights . . . . . C. K. Fegley

"Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts."—SHAKESPEARE.

The Ladies . . . . . H. A. Kunkle

"The beauty of lovely woman is like music."—ELIOT.

Oppression . . . . . A. S. Hartzell

"Delenda est Carthago."—CATO.

Ice Cream . . . . . W. E. Steckel

"Taxation without representation is tyranny."—HENRY.

Side Issues . . . . . Fred. Gruhler

"And whatever else shall happen to-night, give it an undertanding, but no tongue."
—SHAKESPEARE.

The Band . . . . . Geo. F. Erdman

"And the Band played on."

Mix Yourselves . . . . . Geo. J. Case

"To bring you thus together is no sin."—SHAKESPEARE.

Farmers . . . . . W. F. Heldt

"Poor Farmer Brown is resting now."—TERRY.

Serenades . . . . . G. I. Lenker

"Well hurry and go, I'm holding the slop basin ready to throw."—BOWNE.

The Glee Club; Its Future . . . . . E. T. Laubach

"To be or not to be."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE WINTER TERM of Muhlenberg College will close on Saturday, April 10th, at noon, and will open on Tuesday, April 20th, at 8.30 A. M.

THE BASE BALL FEVER is beginning to take hold of the students. They have been practicing on the campus for the last few weeks. To all indications there are hopes of organizing a strong team for the coming season.

The Editor's Table.

AGAIN our table is filled with periodicals and journals from the various colleges, which furnishes us ample material for the exchange columns.

The Dickinson Union is a journal, neatly arranged, and gives extensive space to the exchange department. This should be the case with all college journals, for that department often furnishes valuable information.

THE ALL-AROUND MAN.

"In the Fall he played at foot-ball,
And played the season through;
In Winter he played the banjo,
And sang in the Glee Club too;
In the Spring he swung a racquet,
And base-ball, too, played he,
In one year he graduated,
With the degree of G. B."—*Ex.*

OUR contemporary, *The College Folio*, is a welcome visitor to the editor's table. It is a breezy and interesting paper, and according to the literary contributions it seems that the students take great pride in their publication. The work of the business managers is also worthy of mention; for the well filled pages of "ads" show that the young ladies are a decided success in their work.

The Sibyl is a welcome visitor to our table, and always has good material in store for its readers. The current number contains several interesting stories. "The Poacher" is the

title of one, translated from the German, which is very interesting, and the editor waits with the rest to read the continuation in the next number. The "ads" are interspersed with short poems.

The Bucknell Mirror now devotes more of its pages to literary matter, which is a stride forward in its career. This step is a worthy example for several more of our contemporaries.

"These college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease;
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees."—*Ex.*

The Ursinus College Bulletin is a breezy and up-to-date college journal. It contains excellent literary productions, and the one that deserves special comment is, "The Educational Value of Artistic and Instructive Entertainment."

THE current number of *The Smith College Monthly* contains, as usual, fine literary productions. We take the following clipping from "The Ideal College Girl": "If one is to be an efficient, all-around woman, she must be well trained in the various departments in which she is to be active. The training for all these activities cannot be acquired at the same time, and it seems to me that while a girl is in college she should avail herself of the social and other privileges of our college life, just enough to keep her development normal and her health good; and that her time and strength should be devoted to developing her intellect."

"A record is the athlete's goal,
He struggles hard to make it;
But when it's made, he turns around
And straightway tries to break it."—*Ex.*

The Gustavus Adolphus Journal contains an interesting article on "Lincoln as a Student." It places him at the head of self-made men in the best and truest meaning which was accomplished by his studious habits, his greed for information, and his thorough mastery of the difficulties of every new position in which he was placed.

"Half an hour of napping,
Half an hour of fun,
Three and twenty hours of work
And then the day is done."—*Ex.*

The World of Letters.

THE fourth edition of the "Seven Seas," by Rudyard Kipling, is now in the hands of the printers.

"THE MIDDLE PERIOD, 1817-1858," by John W. Burgess, Ph.D., L.L. D., is a valuable addition to the "American History Series."

PAUL DU CHAILLU, who has announced himself as a candidate for the post of United States Minister to Sweden and Norway, is an author and lecturer of great renown.

"HORACE MANN AND EDUCATION IN AMERICA," by Prof. B. F. Hinsdale, of the University of Michigan, will be published next September as a volume of the "Great Educators Series," edited by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler.

MR. F. N. DOUBLEDAY has recently resigned as staff-member of *Scribner's Magazine*, and has now joined the S. S. McClure Company, where he holds the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Doubleday was manager of both the business and subscription book departments at Scribner's.

"ANNALS OF PHILADELPHIA AND PENNSYLVANIA IN THE OLDEN TIME," is from the pen of John F. Watson. It is a collection of memoirs, anecdotes and incidents of the city and country folk. The author is one of high reputation and here, as in his other works, depicts clearly and explicitly.

SEVERAL months ago the New York State Library submitted a list of the most important novels published during the foregone year, to over 800 prominent librarians, asking each to vote for the most significant ones. On summoning up the accounts it was learned that J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" received the highest number of votes, with "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphry Ward second.

WE ARE very sorry to note the death of William T. Adams, an author of well-known ability. He was a resident of Boston and did much to elevate the school system of that city. He pro-

duced a quantity of reading for the young which has not been equalled by any modern author, with the possible exception of the famous Hungarian, Jokai. From his pen sprang over one hundred books and a thousand stories, nearly all of them being of a fascinating and pleasing nature. Among his more important works are "The Boat Club Stories," "Army and Navy," "Riverdale," "Lake Shore," and "Upward and Onward."

NAPOLEAN BONAPARTE," by William Sloan, has recently been published in book form after having appeared as a serial. It is well gotten up and shows a good bit of research. The character of Napolean which he describes in a grand and graphic manner is very impressive not on account of flowery or rhetorical language, but because the wonderful mental power of Napolean is so explicitly set forth. The author is rather mutable in his style, at times he is lucid and easy, then again onerous and cumbersome, thus it often becomes necessary to read sentences over before their meaning is fully comprehended. He seems to lack the faculty of depicting vividly the nature of certain events in a short and concise way. But laying all censure aside, it may truthfully be said that it is the best biography of Napolean ever published.

"SISTER JANE" is the title of Joel Harris' latest novel. Those who remember the clearness and vitality which Mr. Harris brings out in his "Uncle Remus," can fancy the nature of "Sister Jane." His construction is weak and can be severely criticized, yet it is easily overlooked when we think of his superiority in narration. Sister Jane is of course the chief character and her home the central figure of the story. Here Jiney Meadows forms a very intimate friendship with Mandy Satterlee, which the author describes in an entertaining manner. Here too are introduced to us Mrs. Beshears and her haggard sisters. The elopement of Mrs. Bullard also forms an interesting part, the lady does not seem to be in a great excitement about it, since she bids her friends good-bye while her partner sits in the buggy, at the risk of being caught by the husband, who is on the "look-out."

THE MUHLENBERG

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F.M.

ALLENTOWN, PA.

MAY, 1897.

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The Muhlenberg.

"Litterœ Sine Ingenio Vanœ."

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

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Editorials.

ONLY A FEW weeks more and the Class of '97 will bid farewell to old Muhlenberg. At present the Seniors are looking forward to their final examinations, and undoubtedly also to that delightful Senior vacation.

But not only is the Senior looking forward to future events.

The Junior looks forward to the annual oratorical contest, and on a calm, clear day causes the rocks and oaks to re-echo with his stirring words.

The Sophomore is interested in the beauties of nature, and can daily be seen trudging over the hills with trowel and tin box.

The Freshman also has his work and is secretly practicing his little part for the "entirely new conception."

'Tis well, for such occupations are excellent specifics for the well known Spring disorder.

WITH THIS ISSUE OF THE MUHLENBERG we present a cut of the Press Association of our college.

This Association is an organization whose members are selected from the Senior and Junior Classes. It was organized in 1892, and its objects are "to inform the public through 'the Press' of the current events of Muhlenberg College, and to develop the journalistic traits of its members."

Through this medium the current events happening in and about college are circulated throughout the eastern section of the State. The papers on the list of the Association include all the city dailies, as well as others of the daily and local papers in this section of the country, and the religious papers of our Church.

The successful workings of this organization depend entirely upon its members. The same faithfulness in the performance of duty is requisite to the carrying out of its objects as is necessary for the accomplishment of any other project. Only such persons who are willing to perform their duty are selected as members. Many have already been profited by the opportunities extended to them in connection with the Press Association, and it is hoped that the members recently elected to fill the places of the Seniors, who are about to leave, will be actuated by their sense of duty and will be faithful in the performance of their work; then only will the aims of the Association be attained.

Within Sight of the Goal.

THE STREET was in an exceptionally bad condition; Baxter's Corner was almost impassible, and the huge banks of snow on either side of the road presented a most formidable appearance; but what of it,—wasn't it only the day before Christmas, and what is Christmas without snow? There was very little traffic at that time of day, and Mrs. Rahlston recognized her son approaching at a rapid pace, far down the street. Her heart gave a bound of joy as she arose and prepared to meet him.

Tom Rahlston neither saw the snow nor minded the cold in his feverish haste to reach home. He had looked forward to his Christmas vacation with almost childish joy for weeks in advance,

THE PRESS CLUB.

and now that it had come—well, no matter, but show me the college boy who, however glad he was to leave home, is not ten times more glad to return. He carried something in his pocket which alone would have gone very far toward accounting for his jovial spirit; it was his sessional report. Yes, truly, his report, that despicable piece of paper which so often strikes terror and disappointment to the student's soul, was in this case a thing of joy; for by means of it, he had every reason to infer, in fact he was quite sure that he occupied the first place in his class. Understand me, Tom was not a vain boy, he was rather the opposite, but at present he was simply indulging in that delightful degree of satisfaction which invariably accompanies success in any line of work. What a pleasure it would be to show it to mother! He imagined he saw his father's eyes sparkle with undisguised pride. Indeed, Tom had a perfect right to feel both proud and happy.

How vain would a description of his home-coming seem! Foolish the pen that presumes to depict the meeting of a homesick son and a loving mother. Tom's dreams were at last realized. Supper was over, the lamps were lighted, and he was once again perched in his favorite chair, relating his experience to a circle of eager listeners. Soon the conversation took a more serious turn. Mr. Rahlston inquired after his son's progress. How willingly he drew forth his report! With what satisfaction he saw them read it, and with what pleasure he sat and listened to his father's encouraging words and his mother's wild ecstacies! The evening could not have passed more pleasantly, and when bed-time approached, his mother arose, and, coming to where he sat, placed her head against his and said: "The Rahlstons have all been honorable men, and I know my own son will be no exception." His heart sank within him, he knew not why. How strangely full of meaning were her words! But he soon regained his composure and replied: "Yes, mother, I hope so." Vacations pass only too quickly, and it was not long before Tom found himself back at school again, starting in on the homestretch, as it were, of his last year at college. Work had fairly begun and we now see him in his study poring over Greek. Let us leave him there for a while.

Tom Rahlston was what one might justly call a bright young man, but that alone could not account for his excellent standing in class. Experience has taught us that it is generally the hard-working man that succeeds rather than the bright man, and Tom could not justly be called industrious. No, early in his college life he had allowed himself to fall into a habit, from which very few, I may say *extremely* few students are exempt, namely, cribbing. With no thought as to the right or wrong side of it, he naturally chose the easier way. Besides, did not every one else of his classmates do it? It has been said that it takes brains to "pony," and quite rightly too; but be that as it may, Tom had brains, and good ones at that, and with the aid of his "*legitimate helps*" he found it quite easy to maintain the first place in his class.

As we have said, Tom was studying. With half his mind on the home he had just left, he found it anything but an easy task. He opens his drawer, his hand rests upon a small brown book, and soon it lies face upwards upon the table. The work of construing has begun. How delightfully smooth it runs! He is getting on famously, when suddenly his eyes assume a startled look, his hand moves convulsively to his brow, and the color leaves his cheeks as he hears, and still does not hear, a gentle voice saying: "The Rahlstons have all been honorable men, and I know my own son will be no exception." Unwittingly he seized the brown book and closed it with a snap. A shower of shame o'erspread his face as he paced his room. In that short time he had suffered untold agonies of self-reproach, and, with no thought of the consequences, utterly regardless of what might follow, he vowed never to touch the book or any like it again. Unlucky is the man who vows in haste, and it may be well to say that Tom never did so again without due deliberation.

Poor Tom, his troubles had but begun. To this day he looks back upon those weeks of tugging and grovelling as one might look back upon a siege of sickness. How differently Greek seemed to him now! What had once been his favorite study, one that he was wont to dispose of in an hour, now became a miserable task of four or five hours' duration. Quite frequently, he was obliged to enter the class-room not fully prepared. His once

faultless recitation began to assume the shadow of deterioration. He was compelled to witness in silence the surprise and amazement of his teacher and fellow students. Even the exultation of Jack Carton, his hated rival for first place, did not escape his notice. Only a character as strong as his could possibly have enabled him to bear up, and could have prevented a relapse. Gradually, yet none the less surely, he could see his fine dreams vanishing. Slowly and painfully he perceived his coveted position slipping from him into the eager hands of Jack Carton. In his mind's eye he could see the disappointed look on his mother's face, and on the faces of all who were interested in him, and who expected so much from him. Yes, Tom's life was anything but an enviable one.

* * * * * * * *

Commencement day, in all its splendor, dawned at length, bringing with it many joyful and expectant hearts, but leaving one without a ray of comfort. To Tom Rahlston, now the mere shadow of a man, it bade fair to be the most miserable of days. The result of the year's work had placed Tom on the programme to be sure, but what comfort was there in that, while in the next room Jack Carton could be heard "thundering off" his valedictory. Time flies quickly on these days and Tom was soon seated with the rest of his class on the stage, confronting an audience that completely filled the spacious hall. The programme had begun, but he scarcely realized it. His pale face looked still paler, contrasted with his dark gown, while his firmly set lips occasioned comment. He was thinking of Carton—Carton, who glorified in his own success as well as in Tom's failure—Carton, who under similar circumstances, could not have done half so well as he himself had done, and yet who sat there smiling serenely. And now he recognizes his mother; she sees him and smiles encouragingly, and he is again seized with bitterness.

He feels an arm nudging him and a voice saying: "Jump up, old boy, what's the matter with you? It's your turn." Deliberately he steps forward and begins. There is a strange and almost unnatural tone in his voice, but it is impressive and holds the audience from the first. Scarcely had he started before he left the impression that it was not Tom Rahlston who was speaking,

but rather that it was his soul pouring itself forth unrestrainedly. The speech was by far the most eloquent production of the morning, and long after he had resumed his seat, his closing words were ringing in the ears of all present: "God spare the times and may He spare the people of the times, who reward dishonesty and allow the honest to suffer. Show me an honorable man, and you shall have shown me God's greatest handiwork—the world's most precious treasure."

Somehow he felt greatly relieved as he sat down; things assumed a less gloomy aspect. He was conscious of having done his best, and was well satisfied with himself. He actually found himself wishing success to Jack Carton, who by this time had lost his serene smile and was trembling. Again he caught his mother's eye, and her happy smile rewarded him for all his effort. Once more he fell to dreaming, but his dreams were of a healthier sort. In his fancy he was again perched in his favorite chair before the fire. Soon a soft hand was laid on his shoulder, a loving head was nestled close to his, and a sweet, familiar voice was murmuring: "The Rahlstons have all been honorable men, and I *know* my own son will be no exception."

* * * * * * * *

Tom was once again turning Baxter's Corner on his way home. This time there was no snow to hinder him, for it was a perfect June day. This time he also carried a report that did not compare at all favorably with the one he had carried the previous Christmas, but he was none the less happy. The door opens and he is in his mother's embrace. "Oh Tom," she cries, "I am so proud of you! You did splendidly! Go into the reception room at once. Mr. Torney, the eminent New York lawyer is there, and speaks of taking you into his office; he heard you at commencement. Just think, Tom dear, isn't it splendid."

Tom was dazed as he prepared a hasty toilet before meeting Mr. Torney. Little did his mother know what a great change her simple words had wrought on his character, and he resolved she never should. No, he would never tell her how he had been within sight—yea, even within grasp of the goal, but had let it pass for honor's sake.

A. S. HARTZELL, '97.

Reform Movements.

THE PAST several years have been made memorable by the great number of reform movements that have swept over the country. These were caused by the corruption in municipal government. Our principal cities were under the control of political parties who managed affairs so that the maximum of the profits and the minimum of the labor and responsibility of city government fell to them. They feathered their nests at the public's expense, and carried matters to such an extent that the people were forced to call a halt. The result was, that while the abuses were lessened for a short time, the vital causes of the difficulty were left untouched and in a few years the latter state of affairs was worse than the former. While the efforts of the people to better their city government were not entirely successful, yet they were far-reaching in their influence, and the light that shone from the victory over Tammany served to guide other cities that were in the power of grasping rings. These sought to free themselves from the galling fetters that bound them, but their success was only temporary.

Looking at the question from a disinterested point of view the following thoughts are brought to our mind: Why is it, that these movements so rarely succeed? It is sad, but true, that success in this movement is extremely rare. Some will point to New York as a proof of the results of reform; but that victory was not won directly through the reform movement. There it was a fight against Tammany. Reform and politics were allied, and the Platt Machine rode into power with the same aims and purposes as the defeated "Tiger."

Taking New York as an illustration, and by criticising the methods employed in the attempts previous to the Tammany victory, we are able to arrive at the following conclusions:

In the first place, the reform movement is generally right in principle, but as a noted politician once said: "Politics does not consist in being right, but in making other people think you are."

The cause of the reform being determined, which is, as we have said before, corruption in municipal government, the reform element is awakened. The reformers often are men who are only partly successful in business; for the successful business man does

not have time to work in politics, and so only the least successful try. They are inexperienced and do not know the people with whom they have to deal. Each one thinks he is right, and as their bread and butter do not depend upon the issue, they quarrel with each other to their heart's content and so rarely can unite their forces and present a solid front to the enemy.

Opposed to these are the "bosses," who are thoroughly at home with the masses; have lived among them and know their ways and by what means they can most easily influence them. They are in politics for a living, and have learned by sad experience that they must sacrifice their own ideas and opinions in order to produce harmony and à solid vote.

The reform candidate is usually a man of sterling character, and one well known to the better element of the voters. Such a man was George William Curtis. He was erudite and of marked ability; cultured and occupying a high position in New York society. Yet he represented only a small portion of the voters. His very culture was a bar to progress in the work in which he was engaged. Such a man could not be understood by the masses, and his opponent, who represented ninety per cent. of the voters, easily won.

A man of the ability of Curtis is one we should like to see in the control of our politics; but the reformers still have to learn that it is not the character of the candidate so much as his power to influence votes that makes the winning man.

Their method of conducting the campaign is senseless and unbusinesslike. They say to the party in power: "You are scoundrels; we will turn you out; the people who elected you are fools; we will show you how to run the affairs of the city." Yet they ask these same people, whom they denounce so severely, for their votes. Is it any wonder they fail to influence the masses? The reformers come unknown, and after laboring among them for three months they expect the people to vote for their ticket and believe all the untruths they have uttered about their leaders. The people will believe the men who have lived among them for years sooner than those they do not know. It takes time for a reform movement to mature, and to launch one successfully requires a great deal of experience, shrewdness and

tact. The seed is planted in one campaign and it may be years before it blossoms and bears fruit. Patience is an important element of success here also.

The benefits of reform must continually be kept before the people; not during the campaign only, and then, if unsuccessful, laid away until the next election. The love of self aggrandizement, which enters so largely into these measures, is certain to destroy their effectiveness. There are always a great number of politicians looking for a job; they envy the party in office, and coveting their positions endeavor to displace them by starting a reform movement. They make fair promises to the people, and by the liberal use of party literature, expect the people to put into power a party equally as corrupt as the former one, hoping the fair name of Reform to cover all defects.

These sham reformers do a deadly injury to the cause of true reform. Until the line of distinction between true and false reform is clearly drawn, public interest will lag, for the people are tired of being deceived.

There is a chance for the reform movement to succeed; but it must be conducted on lines similar to those of the other parties. The measures of the reform must be explained to the people; it may be necessary to work among them for years, for no change can be brought about in politics until the masses have been educated to accept it; and we must not be discouraged if success does not crown our efforts at once. The masses are conservative and require time to change, but when they do—like the pendulum—they swing as far out on one side as on the other.

B. R., '98.

True Americanism.

ITS EXISTENCE.

A PRUDENT and intelligent mariner, in charge of a valuable cargo, always approaches an unknown coast with great caution. He minutely examines the depth of the sea as he approaches the shore. So should we cautiously and patiently examine and well consider the above question, so as to acquire a right and true conception of "True Americanism."

Where does true American life really exist? Is it in our great national centres or in our smaller American communities? History tells us that as far back as two thousand years, we find the life of the Greeks and the history of Greece all centered around cities. The history of the Roman Empire is practically all told in the history of Rome. Even at the present time we need only speak of France, and Paris rises before us. Yet, in no city in the world is life less typical of the French than in Paris. No Frenchman, with any respect for his country, will allow any individual, representing another nationality, to form his impressions of French life from what he witnesses in Paris. We speak of England, and London comes before the mind. Yet the great commercial and political strength of England lies not in London, but in the smaller communities, as Manchester and Birmingham.

This is practically the case in our own country to-day. America is best known to other nationalities by New York. In fact, scarcely any other American city was known to them, until the World's Fair sent the fame of Chicago from one end of the world to the other. These, with only a few more, are known to other nationalities. The average foreigner, landing upon our shores, visits and sees these cities, and he feels that he has seen America, and has come into contact with real American life. But is that really and truly the case? If I were to follow my own convictions, I would deny any affirmation declaring that it is.

Our great centres are not our typical American communities. The true American life does not exist within them. Strictly speaking, domesticity is almost an unknown element in the life of our great American centres. It is when we visit the smaller communities of our nation that we find the real American life. In them Americanism is more fully developed and rounded out. In them the truest phases of American life are manifested. It is in these smaller American communities that we find the truest and deepest significance of American life. Compare the life of our great centres with that existing in our smaller communities, and you will soon discover how remote the former are from the truest and happiest way of living.

OUR DUTIES.

At this particular time I am confronted with the question as to how we are to cause and at the same time enjoy the welfare and prosperity of our nation. In this great temple of nature which has so often echoed the words which teach us of a nobler life hereafter, and which is to be gained by a manly struggle here on earth,—it is very befitting and proper that we should seek the opportunity to labor. It is an opportunity to live honestly and thereby uphold and preserve our national honor and integrity. It is an opportunity, which, if properly pursued and enforced, will cause this grand Republic of ours to burst into tree and flower. It is an opportunity which means more than to all the world besides. An opportunity which means the proper fulfillment of our municipal and national duties.

An American citizen has no more right to be neglectful of the interests pertaining to his country than a parent or child has to be neglectful of the domestic circle of which he is a member. The same quality of disrespect is necessarily involved in both cases, and whether a man lets his nation shift for itself, or whether he lets his family do the same, in the one instance as well as in the other he is false to his corporate duty.

Man is so constituted as to be selfish and egotistic, which is one of the most impending evils at the present time. Addison truthfully said that there is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country. If a man loves his country, and is true to her institutions, there will always be something which he will do in her behalf. National honor is the culmination of individual honor and the foundation of national prosperity. The true American will not labor principally for his own interests, but for the municipal and national welfare as well. It is our duty to follow in the footsteps of those noble patriots who rescued the American colonies from tyranny, and thereby led the way to her freedom and prosperity. It is for us to preserve and nourish that feeling of patriotism which has been manifested and extended to us by our American forefathers. It is for us to go forth into the world and on behalf of our country meet all rising emergencies, no matter what they be. It is our corporate duty to accomplish

our civic and national obligations to the best of our abilities. When we are called upon to act, it is our duty to speak and act with such a fiery decision, as shall help us to secure that welfare and prosperity.

We are the arbiters of our own destiny. Our future depends largely on ourselves.

Should we, as American citizens, recognize our responsibility to Him under whose guidance and blessing we have hitherto enjoyed prosperity,—should we nourish and cultivate the virtue of industry, economy and integrity, there is a brilliant future in store for us. The aforesaid conditions existing, the years will not be far distant when we will find this glorious Republic of ours to be the most powerful nation that ever existed.

JOHN T. ECKERT. '98.

Grant as a Student.

THE UNVEILING of the Grant Monument in New York City quite recently, has awakened such an interest in the life of the famous ex-President that various articles have been written on different parts of his life, and a few words on Grant as a student may be of interest to us.

When Grant heard that a cadetship had been procured for him, he at first refused to accept it, so distasteful was the life of a soldier to him, but his father insisted, and Ulysses was compelled to comply with his father's demand. He left his Western home in 1839, when he was but seventeen years of age, to enter West Point.

Grant, like many of the students of to-day, had had some preparatory training, but, as one writer says, it was not worthy of such a name. Not only was his mental education faulty but his social also, and the coming from the frontier life with its rough habits and uncouth manners into the strict etiquette and polished manners of the Military Academy must have made a lasting impression on the young man's mind. Although Grant's classmates were fully a year in advance of him in preparation, yet he held his own in the studies with some difficulty. The study that Grant especially liked and became proficient in was his mathe-

matics. He became a clear thinker and learned how one thing follows another, an accomplishment that had a marked effect in the management of his campaign some years later.

The years that Grant spent on the frontier of Ohio had acquainted him with the practical work of a soldier, and during his second year at West Point he received the appointment of sergeant of battalion for his superiority of horsemanship. As a cadet, Grant was an inconspicuous person. He spent most of the time in his room smoking his pipe and working at his studies. He was popular with his fellow-students as he annoyed or disturbed none.

In the last year at the Military Academy he was appointed to a position in command of a company of cadets. He discharged his duties without undue exercise of authority, an unusual occurrence for a young man placed over others of his own standing. Grant graduated from West Point in 1843, holding a position in scholarship at about the middle of the class. When he left the school he had still not acquired a love for war, and he intended taking up teaching as a profession, but the United States had trouble with the Indians at this time and he was pressed into active service.

W. A. H., '99

About the College.

IT'S OUT—what do you think of it?—98's CIARLA.

THE Freshmen are actively engaged in rehearsing their play.

THE final examinations of the Senior Class will be held on May 24th, 25th and 26th.

THE Sophomores are roaming over the hills and meadows in search of botanical specimens.

ELMER E. CREITZ, 1900, left college. He will open a select school at Jacksonville, where he resides.

REV. T. L. SEIP, D.D., on Sunday, April 4th, spoke at the organ dedication in St. Stephen's Church, Wilmington, Del., of which Rev. Doerr is pastor.

MR. FRANCIS MILLER quite frequently visits Kutztown and Reading for the purpose of inspecting Meters.

MR. C. C. MILLER, '97, addressed the Sunday School of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, of Reading, Pa., on Easter.

TUESDAY, April 6th, Rev. T. L. Seip, D.D., attended a meeting of the executive committee of the synod, which met at Lebanon.

ON Saturday, April 3d, Rev. C. J. Cooper attended a meeting of the Jubilee Committee of the Lutheran Church, at Philadelphia, Pa.

THE smiling countenance of John Beck, ex-1900, was seen about the college premises. He was the guest of Messrs. A. and W. Beck.

REV. PROF. WACKERNAGEL, D.D., preached at St. Paul's German Lutheran Church, Sunday, May 2d, of which Rev. Lambert is the Pastor.

ON Friday evening, April 23d, the Senior and Junior German Literary Societies held a very interesting joint debate. The question was: "*Resolved*, That ambition has a greater good than evil upon humanity." The Senior Society, represented by Messrs. Fehr, Nothstein and Schofer, upheld the affirmative side, while the Junior Society, represented by Messrs. Bilheimer, Kressley and Lenker, supported the negative side. The judges, Revs. G. H. Gardner, D. C. Keiter and J. C. Rausch, decided that the Seniors used the better German, and the Juniors presented the better arguments.

THE Muhlenberg College Missionary Society held its annual open meeting in the college chapel, Friday evening, April 30th. The audience, though not as large as anticipated, was an appreciative one. Rev. W. G. Hudson, a native of India and a graduate of the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, now pastor of Trinity English Lutheran Church, Catasauqua, Pa., made an eloquent appeal in behalf of missions. His subject was: "The Duty of the Church towards Missions." Mr. Gomer B. Matthews read a paper on "Our Individual Duty towards Missions." The paper was a lively and instructive one. Miss Blanche Miller favored the audience with a recitation. The meeting was a grand success.

PRESIDENT SEIP attended the meeting of Conference at Nazareth, Pa.

DURING the former part of April Rev. Dr. Laird, of Philadelphia, was the guest of President Seip.

DR. W.—Where is India Rubber found?

WENNER, of Fogelsville.—"Why, Dr., in the sap of a tree."

SCHOFER was present at the lecture on "Faust," delivered by Prof. Clarke Robinson, but his (Schofer's) necktie was absent.

THE following students have recently been elected members of the Press Club: Messrs. Berg, Hehl, Henry, Kaufman and Kunkle.

THE German Oratorical Contest of the Sophomore and Freshmen Classes will be held in the College Chapel on the afternoon of May 19th.

PROF. G. T. ETTINGER, PH.D., is Dean of the faculty and Professor of Latin Language and Literature, and Prof. M. H. Richards, D.D., is a member of the faculty and teacher of Economics and Psychology, at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, at Mt. Gretna, Pa.

REV. DR. M. H. RICHARDS has completed his list of post-prandial talks at the sessions of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna, which opens on July 1st. They are as follows: "Classes and Masses," "Duties of Health," "Imperatives of Success," "What is a Peaceable Life," "The Limitations of Science," "The Third Line," "The Organization Craze," "The Church Choir Problem," "Legislative Nostrums," "The Survival of the Fittest," "The Show Window," "The Fly in the Ointment," "Flash Lights," "Is Wealth Robbery or Creation?" "Is Caricature Good Citizenship," "To Polarize Society."

THE following is a specimen skeleton of a Sophomore, found in one of the halls:

SUBJECT—"THE SILK HAT."

Intro.—About the manufacture.

I. Shape.
II. Size.
III. Color.
IV. Material.

Conclusion.—For what purpose used.

Our Alumni.

'69. On the list of Associate Editors of the new Lutheran Cyclopædia, to be published by the Christian Literature Co., of New York, with Dr. Henry E. Jacobs as Editor-in-chief, we find the names of Rev. R. F. Weidner, D.D., LL.D., '69, Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. D., '71, Rev. John Nicum, D.D., '73, and Rev. S. E. Ochenford, D.D.

'78. Rev. C. L. Fry, Lancaster, Pa., contributes an article, "Why are We Lutherans," to a recent number of *The Lutheran.*

'79. Rev. Carl F. Conrad, Rochester, N. Y., had a confirmation class of eighty-eight persons.

'80. Rev. Solomon B. Stupp, Hepler's, Pa., has accepted a call to the Mercer charge, Greenville, Pa.

'81. Rev. Oscar D. Miller, lately of Hamburg, Pa., has accepted a call to Tuscarawas, Ohio, and is already located in his new home.

'83. St. John's Lutheran Church, Chicago, Ill., Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph.D., pastor, received a gratifying number of new members at the Easter communion.

'84. Rev. William J. Finck, Anderson, Ind., writes an interesting letter to "*The Lutheran*," descriptive of mission work in his neighborhood.

'84. The engagement of Prof. C. Ernest Wagner, Professor of English in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., to Miss Cathell, of New York City, is announced. The wedding, we understand, is to take place on June 10th, and on the 12th they sail for Europe. "THE MUHLENBERG" extends its heartiest congratulations.

'85. At the end of this scholastic year Francis G. Lewis, Esq., intends to leave the Academic Department of Muhlenberg and practice law, very probably in Philadelphia.

'86. J. J. Snyder, Allentown, Pa., has recovered from a severe spell of sickness. "Jerry" has again been engaged to deliver the Decoration Day Oration in Mt. Union Cemetery, Philadelphia.

'87. Rev. John W. Richards is meeting with eminent success in his pastorate, Lancaster, Pa.

'87. We are glad to learn that Rev. Frank M. Seip, Lebanon, Pa., has largely recovered his former good health. He is very popular and successful.

'88. Dr. George R. Ulrich has removed his Dentist Rooms from 1402 Erie Ave., to 3522 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

'89. Rev. Ernst M. Grahn, Easton, Pa., contributes an article on "The Pastor and his Catechumens" to a recent number of "*The Lutheran.*" During the past year his congregation made a net gain of forty-five members, and had an income of $2,100.

'89. Rev. J. W. Horine, now pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Incarnation, Philadelphia, and one of the ablest of the younger generation of preachers, has been called as pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Charleston, S. C. It is likely that Rev. Horine will accept. To succeed a man like Dr. E. T. Horn certainly is a great honor for a young man like Rev. Horine.

'89. Rev. John H. Raker, Pen Argyl, Pa., has been delivering a special set of lectures on the prophet Daniel.

'90. John J. Yingling has been elected chairman of the Republican City Committee of Allentown, Pa.

'91. Rev. M. J. Bieber, Mt. Joy, Pa., issued a very neat Lenten Calendar. From "*The Lutheran*" we learn that the congregation is flourishing in its new home.

'91. Rev. Edwin D. Meixell, Delmont, Pa., recently preached in St. John's English Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa.

'92. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar F. Bernheim, Allentown, Pa., are to be congratulated upon the arrival of a little daughter.

'92. On Sunday, April 4th, St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, Wilmington, Del., Rev. Frederick Doerr, pastor, dedicated a splendid pipe organ. Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, President of the Pennsylvania Ministerium, preached the sermon at the morning service, and performed the act of consecration. In the evening of the same day the congregation celebrated the eighth anniversary of its occupancy of the present church home, the sermon being preached by Rev. Dr. Benjamin Sadtler. Rev. Doerr's work at

St. Stephen's has been richly blest, and, after the 1st of July, the congregation will become self-sustaining.

'92. Rev. Isaac H. Stettler, North-East, Erie Co., Pa., recently finished a course of lectures on the Beatitudes.

'94. William U. Kistler, a student in the Mt. Airy Seminary, has received a call to Grace Lutheran Church, East Stroudsburg, Pa.

'94. Among the speakers at the commencement exercises of the Mt. Airy Seminary will be Harry C. Kline, George C. Loos, and Frederick W. Wackernagel.

'95. Frederick C. Krapf of the Seminary still keeps up his interest in "THE MUHLENBERG" by sending us "Personals." We appreciate his help very much and wish other Alumni would also contribute whatever items may come into their way.

The Editor's Table.

WITH this number of THE MUHLENBERG ends the exchange column, for the next issue will be the commencement number.

THE editor agrees with the editor of the "*Dickinsonian*" in the idea of a college journal and its several departments, and would take the following clipping from the current number of the "*Dickinsonian*":

"All the journals contain items of general interest and value to the student community, and so we assign each a place in the college reading room, where they are easily found. The exchange column is there used to call attention to the several important exchanges, and to point out the articles appropriate to our own college life. Thus the exchange department may be made quite valuable and interesting. A general interest is created amongst the students of one college in the doings of other colleges, thus rendering it possible to keep in touch with active college life."

THE *Irving Sketch Book* is a welcome visitor to our table. It always brings valuable and interesting information, and the

literary department of the April number deserves special praise. The article entitled: "Reform in Spelling in the English Language," contains quotations from the most eminent men on that subject.

The bald-headed man in his family pew
Leaned back on the cushions and slumbered;
He dreamed that the preacher these words had proclaimed:
"The hairs of your head are all numbered."

The bald-headed man awoke with a start
From his weekly devotional slumbers;
Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed,
"O, Lord; send me down the back numbers."—*Ex.*

"There was a man in our town
As wise as were our sires;
He ran across a piece of glass
And punctured both his tires;
And when he saw the air was out,
With all his might and main,
He took his little nickel pump
And pushed it in again."—*The Sybil.*

WE noticed in several of our exchanges the fact that the largest university in the world was located at Cairo, Egypt. We would say that to call it a university is a great misnomer, for it is Mohammedan institution, and its students study little more than the Koran.

NOT FULLY RECOGNIZED.

"A college course a race course is,
With a difference though 'tis said.
For those who trot the fastest pace
Come rarely in ahead."—*Ex.*

OBERLIN has among her students representatives from forty-seven states and territories, and fourteen foreign countries.

WE again greet the *Free Lance* among our list of exchanges after a long absence. It contains the usual number of interesting short stories and college news.

A WINGLESS BEE.

How does the busy gossip bee
Improve each shining minute;
By gathering trouble all the day,
And getting people in it.

WE most heartily welcome the "*Maryland Collegian*," which comes to our table for the first time. One thing is lacking in its columns, and that is the exchange department. This department, if the editor is careful in selecting his matter, is generally very interesting.

THE editor always finds interesting reading matter in the *Smith College Monthly*. Although the April number is concise in its Exchange and Book Reviews, it redeems itself in the literary matter, which places it in the foremost rank of college publications.

The World of Letters.

THE manuscript of Rudyard Kipling's new short story, entitled: "Number 007," has been handed over to the editor of a well known magazine.

A CERTAIN American book-firm has lately published a new edition of Mr. Harold Frederic's works. The great success of Mr. Frederic's "The Damnation of Theron Ware," has induced the publishers to attempt the undertaking.

"THE CHOIR INVISIBLE," from the pen of Mr. James Lane Allen, is now in press. The first edition consisting of ten thousand copies, will be out of print in a few days. Though the book is twice as long as any of his others, yet he succeeded in composing the entire work in six months.

"KING NOANETT," recently published in England by Mr. John Lane, is meeting with universal approval, the critics in particular are loud with their praises. The "*Academy*" says of it, that it "is not inferior to the bewitching 'Lorna Doone' * * * * * *. There are many romances in which one would fain here and there reconstruct a sentence or obliterate a chapter; but there is not a word in "King Noanett" which we should wish to change. In its reticent ease, its tenderness, its cleanly strength, the story is admirable."

"PATIENCE SPARHAWK AND HER TIMES," by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, has just been published by Mr. John Lane. The book differs largely from other novels in that it contains a portrayal of the life of Spanish settlers in America, a subject heretofore untouched by novelists. The author dwells principally on five different phases of American life—picturesque, religious, society, journalistic and prison life—all of which are described in a pervasive and fantastic manner. Since the publication of this work, Mrs. Atherton has written a new story entitled: "His Fortunate Grace," which is now in the hands of the publishers.

THE May number of *McClure's* brings with it the conclusion of Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous" or "A Story of the Grand Banks." It is a work that abounds in adventure and romance, which the author depicts in a vivid style, thus making it fascinating to a certain degree. At places, however, sentences must be read over before their full purport is clear, this in particular is the case with the talk of different characters which is made cumbersome with preceptive matter. Judging these individuals by the places they represent one would naturally expect the conversational style very mutable, but this fails to be the case. His characterizing may also be regarded as poor, since one of his crews is composed of an excellent skipper, a farmer, an Irishman, a Portuguese, a Pennsylvanian, a black cook and an idiot. For those who are acquainted in Gloucester, Mass., the very place Kipling selected to make his studies for the novel, will at once perceive that such a crew would be more than extraordinary.

W. E. HENLEY has recently edited the Works of Lord Byron, with elucidative notes. He compares Byron with his contemporaries and draws the lines of distinction. Much space is alotted to the character of Thomas Moore, to which the author does due justice. In reference to the history of Byron's time, on which the author seems to lay particular stress, we can do no better than quote Mr. Henley's own words:

"The years whose voice-in-chief was Byron have always seemed to me among the most personal, so to speak, as they are certainly the worst understood in the national existence. They

were years of storm and triumph on all the lines of national destiny; and they gave to history a generation at once dandified and truculent; bigoted, yet absolute; magnified, but vulgar, (or so it seems to us), artistic, very sumptuous and yet capable of astonishing effort and superb self-sacrifice. It was a generation bent above all upon living its life to the uttermost of its capacity; and though there are still those living who can remember when its master-poet was gathered to his fathers, so great a change has come upon his England in the interval between the obsequies at Hucknall Forkard and the writing of this Preface, that it is practically not less remote from ours than England of Spenser and Raleigh."

MISS MARIE CORELLI has recently celebrated her twelfth anniversary as a novelist. Miss Correli is acknowledged as one of the best writers of the day, in narration and imagination she is surpassed by none, if equalled. In point of income she is by far the richest author of the time, her celebrated "Romance of Two World's" being in itself sufficient for her support. She is a resident of London, England.

REV. DR. JOHN WATSON, better known by his pen name as Ian McLaren, has been charged with heresy by one of his own faith. The charges, which have probably arisen through jealousy, are reported to be false. When queried about the matter by a about the matter by a representative of the Associated Press, he said: "I desire to thank the members of all churches in America who have written to me or cabled me, for whose sympathy and kindness I have been very grateful."

IT HAS recently been learned that Mrs. Margaret Deland, the celebrated New England novelist, is a Pennsylvanian by birth, but through marriage has allied herself to the people of Boston. Mrs. Deland has already gained quite a reputation as a novelist and poet. "The Old Garden," a volume of poems, was her first book published. This was followed by her famous "John Ward, Preacher." In 1890 she produced "Sidney"; two years later, "The Story of a Child"; and last year her last and probably most famous story, "Philip and His Wife."

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

THE MUHLENBERG

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ALLENTOWN, PA.

JUNE, 1897.

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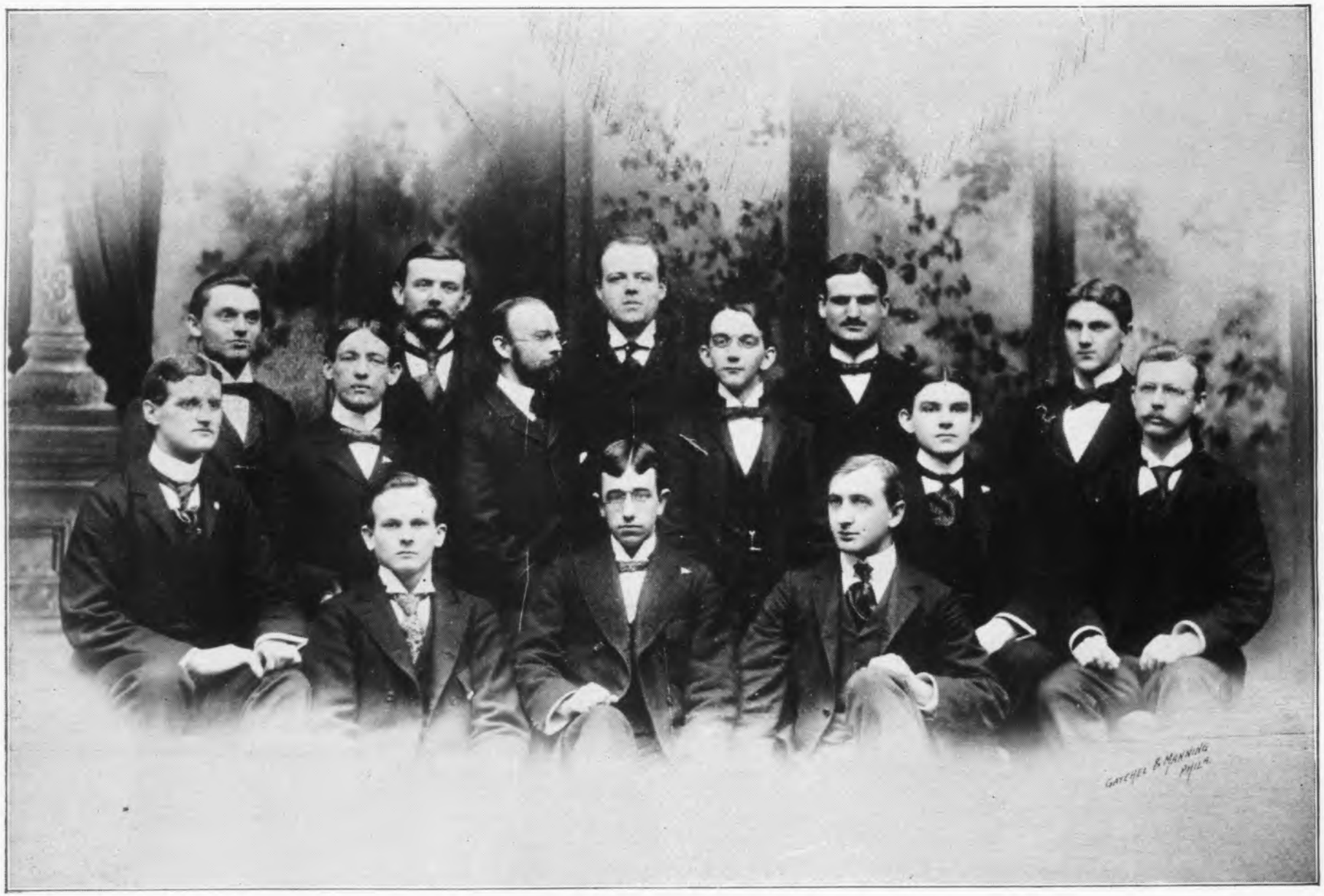

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Editorial.

THE THIRTIETH COMMENCEMENT of Muhlenberg is over. Ideal was the weather and many were the pleasures during the entire week. Alumni, Graduates and Under-Graduates all joined heartily in the many festivities, and no doubt their only regret is that such occasions pass away too soon. Thursday was the great day of the week when twenty-four young men went forth from the sheltering care of their Alma Mater, and one important chapter in their lives was brought to a close. In future years this chapter will often be referred to and be read and re-read until Death shall close our eyes. The next chapter will also be an important one and ere it is brought to a close we can see who of us shall have brought back the golden grain and who the chaff to dear old Muhlenberg. Farewell!

Baccalaureate Sermon.

BY PRESIDENT T. L. SEIP, D.D.

"THE GRACE of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Gost, be with you all. Amen." II COR., XIII: 14.

The benediction contained in our text is used with equal propriety, in different forms more or less complete, both at the beginning and the end of nearly all of the epistolary writings of the New Testament. It is found also in briefer form in the last verse of the Revelation of St. John, the Divine, thus concluding the Holy Scriptures with the invocation of a blessing.

The benediction is found in its fullest form in our text, in the last verse of Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians. After concluding his instruction and exhortation to them, he finally pronounces his apostolic benediction upon them, just as St. John, as a fitting conclusion to the teachings of our Lord and his apostles, uses as his last utterance in the New Testament the words of holy blessing.

In accordance with this inspired example, we have thought it not inappropriate, my young friends of the graduating class, to use these words of the Apostle Paul as the basis of our last remarks to you in our present relations. After completing our course of instruction and training during the years that you have been with us as students, what more suitable blessing can we invoke upon you than the benediction contained in our text: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen."

We therefore invite your attention this morning to the consideration of

THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

I.—WHAT BLESSINGS DOES THE APOSTLE HERE PRONOUNCE UPON HIS READERS?

1. In the first place—Grace: not natural or physical grace; not grace of person, of external form and manner; grace of movement, of expression, of language. No. This would have been a superfluous wish; for, the Corinthians, to whom he wrote, had all this. The Greeks valued above everything else—nay,

worshipped external grace and beauty, especially as embodied in the human form and represented in their inimitable works of art in statuary. A large part of the education and training, their assiduous pursuit of physical exercises, had in view the development of health and strength and consequent grace and beauty in human form. They cultivated, as no other nation in the world's history, grace and beauty in art, in literature, in oratory. The temples in Corinth were celebrated for the gracefulness of their architecture; and, the Corinthian style was the most admired of ancient times, and is copied in some of the most celebrated buildings of our own age and country. Corinth had been one of the most prosperous and luxurious cities until the Roman conquest, and was filled with the finest specimens of Grecian art. Even in the time of St. Paul, the city, which had been rebuilt by Julius Cæsar, contained many relics of its former splendor.

From all this we may readily perceive that it would have been superfluous for Paul to wish them a grace which permeated the very atmosphere in which they were reared. He did not invoke upon them grace of external character, but what they needed much more, and what we all need—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ—a saving grace, that saves body and soul; a grace that is joined with mercy and peace to the believer; without which there is no salvation, no mercy, no peace either to Greek or Jew. When Paul invokes grace upon them, he invokes the divine *gifts*, *favors*, *benefits* and *blessings* conferred on man through Christ and his gospel.

Had it not been for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ then would be no salvation for us. For we believe with Peter, "that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved," and with Paul, that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior; that, being justified by his *grace*, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal

life." "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." The Scriptures are full of passages like these, showing the essential nature of grace as the foundation of our hope of salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. With his grace, our Lord confers upon the believer every needed gift; his mercy, his peace, his strength and power, by which the Christian can resist the Devil, can overcome the world and flesh, can preserve under trials and afflictions, can endure poverty, sickness and death, and come off more than conqueror through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2. The apostle invokes upon his hearers not only grace, but also *love;* not a natural love, such as characterizes the conjugal, parental, filial or social relation, and is found among heathen and savages in common with Christians; but, the love of God, which passes all knowledge, by which he "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Who is able to comprehend the length and breadth, the depth and height of the love of God? It is recorded throughout the uttermost parts of the earth. We find in it every leaflet and flower, in the babbling brook, in the songs of birds, in the joyous hymning of all sentient life; in the sunshine; and the color in the dewdrop, and the snowflake. We see its height recorded in the blue dome of heaven, in the colors of the rainbow, and the brilliancy of the stars: its depth in the waters of the sea, teeming with food and plenty for the refreshment of the earth.

Nature reveals the love of God in myriad forms wheresoever we look for it. God has fixed the impress of his love upon all creation.

In studying nature we study His thoughts. Just as the painter first thinks out—forms a mental picture of the landscape, which he intends to put upon canvass, and, in the finished painting, the beholder reads the thoughts of the artist, so God, the Great Master, the Supreme Thinker, reveals his thoughts of love and beauty in the various landscapes which he has spread out before us in nature for our study and contemplation.

His love has super-added beauty and consequent pleasure to things in which mere utility without beauty would have sufficed for the material wants of his creatures. A plain field of unmixed green may furnish as nutritious a pasture as a beauteous meadow decked in all the glorious colors of vernal flowers. But God's love has given us the flowers along with the green blade. His love is manifest in the order, arrangement and organization of the universe; in the wonderful adaptation of means to end in nature; in the marvelous structure of the mineral, vegetable and animal creation; and most of all in man, who was made in his own image in his mental and spiritual nature, and fearfully and wonderfully constituted in his physical structure.

God's love gave man's mind and spirit a body adapted to its purposes here as the organ, the instrument of the soul. He might have clothed the mind in the body of a swine or some other animal, in which the soul would have been imprisoned, fettered, disabled. On the contrary he has given us the human form divine; with at least five senses, all adapted to the uses of the soul in the period of its probation on earth. And what should be particularly observed in this connection is the fact that God's love has super-added pleasure to every animal function, when in a healthy condition. So simple, yet necessary an act as the partaking of food for the sustenance of bodily life, might have been attended with constant pain as the normal, but necessary condition of its reception. On the contrary it is only in a diseased condition of the body that this is the case.

So his love has made all the necessary acts of the body, when in a state of health, a source of pleasure. And who can recount the higher pleasures of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge both human and divine! The delight of the mind excited by the perceptions of sight and hearing; the objects of grace and beauty in nature and art that please the eye and inspire the soul with noble thoughts and ideals: the heavenly music of a Bach or a Mozart, that charms the ear and fills the heart with harmonies and chords by angel fingers touched—all these are evidences of the love of God. And yet, when we have recounted these, we have but begun the story of his grace and love. We can say with the Psalmist of old: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit?

or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou are there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

"I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God. How great is the sum of them."

But the love of God which is so abundantly exhibited in nature, in his providential care of his creatures is a blessing common to all, to the unbeliever as well as the believer. For "he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

But the love of God mentioned in this benediction means more than this. It is that which is connected with the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Had it not been for the love of God in this sense, there would have been no grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. For it was the unfathomable love of God that led him to give his only begotten son to suffer and to die as a voluntary sacrifice for the sins of the world. It is this love of God, a pure spiritual affection, looking not only to our temporal welfare, but to our soul's salvation, that is here invoked upon all, and received by the believer.

This love of God, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, begets in the recipient a corresponding spiritual affection, a love of God in the heart, which manifests itself in the life of the believer.

The same Greek word which is here translated *love*, is used by St. Paul in the 13th chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, where he describes love, or charity, in language, which for the simplicity and beauty of its diction, to say nothing of its divine inspirations, is worthy to stand side by side with the most exalted specimens of classic literature—nay more, worthy of the pen of a learned apostle inspired with the love of God. He there teaches that all gifts, however excellent, are of no value without love, a love which is the result of the grace of God shed abroad in the heart. He says: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass,

or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things; endureth all things. Love never faileth."

The love here described is not a natural love, but a fruit of the divine Spirit, and is one of the gifts of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God implied in the benediction.

3. The apostle invokes upon his readers not only grace and love, but also *communion*. He does not mean a communion of friend with friend, a merely natural relation, growing out of man's social nature, and therefore common to mankind in heathen as well as Christian lands, but the communion of the Holy Ghost, a spiritual communion, a communion of the Holy Spirit with our spirit, by which he communicates to us the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, through the devout use of the means of grace—the Divine Word and Sacraments. When our Lord comforted his disciples in view of his approaching death and ascension from their midst, he said: "If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world can not receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

Here the indwelling, the communion of the Holy Spirit is promised to those that love the Lord Jesus.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."

In these words of our Lord, the gift of the Holy Spirit is promised to testify of Him, and to remind us of whatsoever He hath said. How constantly are even the most devoted christians in need of this communion of the Hoiy Ghost. How often do they forget their duty, and need to be reminded of the teachings of their Lord. How often does an unholy spirit seem to possess men, when they are filled with evil desires, and do the works of the flesh. The communion of the Holy Ghost expells such unholy desires, and the believer brings forth "the fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."

Such is the communion, which the apostle invokes upon his readers—a communion of the Holy Ghost by which he communicates to all believers the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and with them every needed blessing for this life and the life to come.

II.—FROM WHOM DOES THE APOSTLE INVOKE THESE BLESSINGS?

We answer from the Triune God—Father, Son and Holy Ghost; grace from the Lord Jesus Christ, love from God the Father and communion from the Holy Ghost; from the same Trinity in whose name disciples are baptized, and who is revealed in the Holy Scriptures as the only true God.

Man left to the study of nature alone can only discover the existence of God and certain of His attributes. We may indeed read God's thoughts of love and beauty in the things which he has made, in our own marvellous structure and in creation round about us; but we can never discover by our own unaided reason that which it concerns us most, in our morally-wrecked condition, to know—the existence of a Savior, and of a Holy Spirit.

Natural religion reveals to us no means of grace, no remedy for sin, no plan of salvation. It fails even to bring life and immortality fully to light, and hence does not make known to man the specific end of his existence here, as a probation and prepara-

tion for the future life. These can only be learned from the revelation of the triune God in the Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. These holy oracles reveal the Father as God, the Son as God, and the Holy Ghost as God; three distinct persons in one divine essence, constituting the mystery of the Holy Trinity. St. John in his first epistle, 5:7, declares: "There are three that bear record in Heaven: the Father, the Word (the Son), and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." Our Lord himself in his commission to the apostles says, "Go ye, therefore, make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The Psalmist says, "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth." We therefore worship the one God in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the essence. For there is one person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. But the God-head of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost is one; their glory equal, and their majesty co-eternal, as the Athanasian creed declares on the foundation of the word of God.

The divinity of the Father has never been questioned by any that believe, or profess to believe in the Deity. The point of attack has been the doctrine of the Trinity. The divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost has been called in question, because human reason can not understand this mystery. Men would enthrone reason and utterly ignore faith, would attempt the impossible, for, who by searching can find out God? How can limited, finite man comprehend the unlimited, infinite God? We can not even understand the mysteries that confront us in every day life, and surround us on every side in nature; much less can we as reasonable beings expect to comprehend the mysteries of the infinite God.

Man is endowed with capacity for faith, as well as the faculty of reason. We claim that God has given us a revelation of himself and his will in his word. It is the function of reason to test the evidence of this claim; of the genuineness and authenticity of that word, and to discover its teachings, its doctrines. When reason has properly performed this task, then faith must

accept whatever the word of God declares, whether it be a mystery such as that of the Trinity, the two natures of our Lord, or some narrative so plain that a child may read and understand it.

Thanks be to God, the evidences in favor of the authenticity and genuineness of the Sacred Scriptures, and the claims of Christianity, are so convincing and numerous that any honest investigator who will seriously and prayerfully examine them, and seek after the truth as he would search for a pearl of great price, can have no invincible doubts on this subject. This word of God teaches the doctrine of the Trinity, and therefore we believe it, because we believe this to be the word of God. Jesus was either God or an imposter. It was impossible for him to be the perfect character, which humanitarians would hold up as an example for the imitation of mankind, without being what he himself claimed to be, and permitted himself to be called—namely God. He could not have remained an honest man even, and permitted his disciples to be so deceived as they would have been on any other supposition than that he was truly God. The narrative of the skeptical Thomas, as given in the Gospel of St. John, is sufficient to prove this. We there read: "And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy fingers and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him: my Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto them, Thomas because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and yet believed."

The divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Holy Spirit is clearly proved by the following points, which we have time only briefly to state without giving the numerous Scriptural proof passages that abundantly substantiate them:

1. First, the great name Jehovah, which is the essential name of the one and only God, is ascribed to the Son and Holy Ghost.

2. Secondly, the Son and Holy Ghost are expressly called God.

3. Thirdly, such religious worship and works, such essential attributes and properties, as can in no wise be ascribed to a creature, but can belong only to God, are attributed, in various places in the Bible, to the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Any student of the Bible can readily verify these statements for himself. The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost are represented in the Word of God as equally *called* God, *worshiped* as God, and exercising the powers, the possessing the attributes of God. It is from this triune God that the apostle in our text, invokes grace, love and communion.

III.—UPON WHOM DOES PAUL PRONOUNCE THESE BLESSINGS?

Upon all. They are offered to all, but received only by those who do not resist the grace of God, and reject his call. All who hear the gospel are called, but not all believe. "Many are called, but few are chosen."

This is the statement of a fact, and not the declaration of God's will and purpose with reference to the salvation of men. It is his gracious will that all should be saved, but not all are willing to accept salvation on the terms on which it is offered. Our Lord himself says: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." St. Paul says: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

The gracious will of God, embracing all in the offers of mercy and salvation, is clearly made known in these and many other passages of Holy Writ. The fact that many are called, but few chosen, is due to the perverse will of man. Our Lord, in his touching lamentation over Jerusalem, clearly shows this, when he exclaims: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Christ *would*, but they *would not*. While, therefore, the apostolic benediction is pronounced on all, and the blessings of our text are offered to all, only those will receive them who do not resist the benign will of God by their own perverse wills, those who

come to him, who "seek," who "knock," who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as their only Redeemer.

My young friends of the graduating class!

We have endeavored during the years that you have been with us as students, in accordance with the divine injunction, to train you up in the way in which you should go. We have aimed at furnishing your hearts and minds with such instruction in the Christian religion, and such a course of training in the liberal arts as would fit you for usefulness here and blessedness hereafter. You have reached a most interesting and important period in your lives, when you are about to go forth from the sheltering arms of your Alma Mater, to test for yourselves the value of the preparation which you have made, the strength of your principles and character, in the wider spheres of activity to which you may be called.

You have come to the end of your College life, with its many happy associations, its friendly, social and literary contests, its emulations, perhaps rivalries, its multifarious experiences of success and disappointment, its daily drill and developments of mind and character.

It is too late now to add much to this most important chapter in the book of your lives. Whatever has been recorded in it will remain indelibly imprinted, either for your encouragement or admiration in the further record of your lives.

The fruitage of this seed-time will be according to your sowing. For what a man sows that shall he also reap. We know that much good seed has been sown, and we pray God that by his blessing, it may bring forth fruit an hundred fold in your career in life, so that you may prove an honor to your Alma Mater, a blessing to your fellow-men, and useful servants of the Most High God. As a fitting conclusion of all our instruction and of this first chapter in your career, as embodying all that you need in order to give force and vitality to what you have learned in your college course, to make you truly successful in your mission in life, as my last words, expressing my sincere valedictory prayer for you, I conclude as I began—"May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen."

Valedictory.

F. K. FRETZ, FIRST HONOR.

THE DEATH KNELL of the middle ages was yet ringing in the ears of mankind, and modern history was just passing through its birth throes. Medieval darkness and the gross superstitions of ages were hurled into the immensity of eternal night. Like the few lingering specimens of a former age, still found by the geologist, so also a few legends survived, too beautiful to be lost. All the learning and intelligence of Spain believed the legend that said that somewhere in the New World was a fountain flowing in the midst of a country sparkling with gold and gems, whose waters would give perpetual youth to the man who should drink of and bathe in them. Many willing ears were given to the stories of this wonderful fountain so that Ponce DeLeon who had grown rich as governor of Porto Rico and while growing rich had also grown old, longed to taste again the pleasures and dreams of youth. A voyage of discovery was made and on Easter Sunday, 1513, he reached Florida. The real search for this fabled fountain of youth was begun. The romantic adventurer turned in all the directions of the compass, but finally compelled to return, not perceptibly younger than when he started.

Not only have men in all ages searched for this life-giving fountain but even nations have looked for it in vain because they labored under the false delusion that it was to be found at some one particular place. The true fountain of youth is not subject to space relations but is found everywhere; its water droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. Egyptians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Greeks and Romans, and all the kingdoms which now divide Europe and Asia have searched for it in vain. Let me draw aside the curtain that hides from our view the dim vistas of the past. We now behold a picture of all ages, of the glory and power of all the empires of the world, of all that is splendid or admirable in human greatness. Every excellence is here presented, sublimity of genius, delicacy of taste, the noblest efforts of eloquence, the glory of arms. What great men are presented to our view! What powerful beings! What famous

conquerors! In short, we are transported with beholding in certain ages and countries an ardent zeal for justice, a passionate love of country which astonish and amaze us. But all these nations were marked by their rise, culmination and decline. During their period of youth, which is their period of growth, no doubt they were watered by a fountain of youth, but not the real fountain; for instead of sending forth the true life giving waters, which are none other than a right education and training, its streams were polluted by the wine of materialism, which, though pleasant to the taste, ultimately caused disaster and ruin. That, in short, is the history of ages past.

In our own dear Republic conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal, the fountain of youth is still sending forth its refreshing streams, and every little school-house as well as the largest institution of learning, almost rivaling the great Universities of the Old World is a true fountain of youth. From this fountain flow forth the streams of a higher civilization, destined to spread throughout the world in new institutions, laws, language and literature, binding hostile races together and proclaiming the sovereignty of intelligence—the *nous kratei*—of the old Ionian philosphers—with that still higher law which Jesus taught upon the mount.

The fountain of youth has not been so much polluted as many jingoists and sensationalists would have us believe. It must be admitted that there burns within the heart of the American people as a whole a religious, brave, and loyal spirit, that they have the fear of God before their eyes and feel personal responsibility to Him, so that crimes are uncommon except among the lowest and most abandoned, that family ties are strong, that simple hospitalities are everywhere exercised, that healthy pleasures stimulate no inordinate desires, that service is not held to be degrading, that churches are not deserted, that science does not attempt to ignore the moral government of God, that our philanthropists do not seek to reform the world by mechanical inventions or elevate society by upholding the majesty of man rather than the sovereignty of God. Our laws are not a mockery as they were in republican Rome, where demagogues had the ascendency and prepared the way for usurpation and tyranny.

The principles of political economy are to-day better understood than ever.

Our country to-day feels the needs of the perpetual fountain of youth in a peculiar manner. If our republic is to be successful, its educated men and women must make it so. Its future must lie in the hands of men of intelligence. If other hands grasp the helm, there will no longer be virtue in democracy, no longer a strong and healthy republicanism ; fate will but add another to her list of fallen empires. The generation now grown up is past saving, but Hope points to the children of the Republic ; under the light of education, yea under the silvery sprays of the fountain of youth they will rouse from their languor. Before another century shall close higher education will no longer be a badge of caste, it will be a universal actuality realized by mankind throughout the world. If representative government is ever to bring forward wisdom and patriotism the people—the rulers must be educated up to the knowledge of this wisdom and patriotism, they must drink of and bathe in the waters of the real fountain of youth, and it is here that the American college has open to it the greatest field of all times. The ruler of to-morrow must be a man of the most liberal education, with whom principles have more weight than expediency, the prevalence of a cause, than the predominance of a party. Well has the poet said :

> "A llttle learning is a dangerous thing ;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
> These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again."

Doing so, we shall drive from our bosom all little, dark, crooked, debasing considerations of self and substitute in their place a higher, loftier, nobler spirit, one that will consider us as born not so much for ourselves as for our country and our fellow men, and one that will lead us to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

Friends, Citizens of Allentown:—For the past four years we have been associated with you, labored and lived in common as a class in search of the fountain of youth. The healthful influences which have surrounded us have aided us greatly in the search. Your words of kindness and encourangement have dropped upon

our hearts, sweet as honey from the honey-comb. Although most of us must leave this Queen City of the Lehighs we all in our silent moments will recall your kindness to us as students of dear old Muhlenberg. May you ever fare well!

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:—Yours is a sacred privilege. Upon you depends the successful management of the institution. For your exertions we wish to show our appreciation. Our brief association with the college has taught us to love it and in after years, when we have occasion to refer to our Alma Mater, we feel assured that it will not be with a tinge of shame over any backward step she may have taken, but rather with a sparkle of pride for the pre-eminence she shall have gained. The time and labor you have put to the perfecting of our college will not fall as seeds upon a desert soil, for even now before the frosts of age have hardly tipped with silvered locks the heads of her early graduates, back from the arena of life come echoes of honors gained in the professional, business and political world. May you ever preserve Muhlenberg College as a true fountain of youth that from it may flow forth streams of living water that shall gladden the city of our God. Long may your noble work continue to thrive.

Gentlemen of the Faculty:—This is an occasion of pleasure mingled with sadness, for in addressing you we cannot disassociate him from our minds who was connected with the institution almost from its very foundation. While we cheerfully submit to the decrees of God, we cannot forget the words and works of your much lamented co-worker, Dr. Garber. As it is impossible for the artificer to carve and polish his images of gold without fine particles of the precious metals becoming entangled in the folds and texture of his garment, so has it been impossible for us to sit under your instruction during a college course, and not imbibe some of the noble traits of your varied personalities. May the sparks of interest that you have kindled in our hearts be fanned into a flame of enthusiasm. "The only jewel we can carry beyond the grave is wisdom," says Langford, so who imparts wisdom not only confers a benefit upon the people of his

day, but leaves a heritage for generations to follow. This claim is to you, honored professors. Farewell!

Our honored President:—Would that we could call from the great city of the dead some prophet of old with a tongue of fire that would express, on this occasion at least, our feelings in words that would be in the language of Solomon, that great preacher of old, like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." In our college-life you were a father to us, and what a comfort it was to repair to you when troubles thick confounded us, and neither weighing our thoughts nor measuring our words, but pouring them all right out just as they were, chaff and grain together, certain that you would sift them, keep what was worth keeping and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away. We bring you neither encomiums nor praise; let higher minds in church and state continue to do that, but we beg to tender you the best love from the altar of our hearts and with that our farewell.

Undergraduates:—We are about to shift our responsibilities upon your shoulders. We urge you to walk not simply in the "foot-prints" of your predecessors, but broaden them into a beaten road leading on to personal and class glory. We wish you success in your search for the fountain of youth, and we hope you will use the streams of education flowing from old Muhlenberg's fount to the best of your advantage. May you always fare well in your future search.

Fellow Classmates;—We too must part. For four years we have lived and labored together in common as a class in search of the fountain of youth. Henceforth our paths in life must diverge. Our pursuits will differ, but let us go forth to face the stern realities of life and never forget that our great object in life is to continue the search for the fountain of perpetual youth, then our graduation will only be the passport to scenes of greater action and higher duties. The great ocean of truth yet lies undiscovered before us. The walls of old Muhlenberg will no longer resound with our class yells. As we are about to leave, then, like the voice of a siren beckons us to delay. One impulse urges

us to be up and doing; another points out the ominous clouds that must accompany the struggle. Thus we stand upon the threshold of the wide world, as reluctant to step out as is the mariner to cut loose and launch his tiny shell upon the broad Atlantic, entrusting it to the billowy waves of that wild, storm-beaten track. But courage is inspired when we consider the sentiment of the poet:

"Ye fainting hearts, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your heads."

Thus we venture on the rugged paths of destiny, following the dictates of a mere human judgment, prayerful for the guidance of a superhuman power and *now*—one parting sigh, one tear-dimmed eye and a sad *farewell* and we will then,

"In the name of God advancing,
Plow and sow and labor now,
Let there be when evening cometh
Honest sweat upon our brow;
Then will come the Master
As work stops at set of sun,
Saying, as he pays the wages,
'Good and faithful one, Well done.'"

Latin Salutatory.

WILLIAM M. KOPPENHAVER, SECOND HONOR.

CIVES ATQUE AMICI, cari omnibus expectatique venistis. Nostri dies ludi hic praeteriti sunt. Nos classis postremum consumus. Nostri dies collegii carissimi fuerunt. Saepe inter nos tum joca tum contentiones habebamus. Multa de vita collegii narrare possemus. Tum intelligentiam tum humanum ingenium assequi laboravimus. Quod e nobis fecimus, nunc sumus. Nostri professores doctoresque quantum in ipsis fuit, pro nobis fecerunt. Praecepta bona rectaque dederunt. Illis multa gratia sit. Illis multum successus felicitatisque optamus. Nunc adsumus ut vobis quod fecimus, ostendamus. Laeti sumus vos hic visu. Pro praesentia vestra hodie maximas vobis gratias referrimus. Venistis nos visum et auditum.

Nolite nimis magnam spem habere. Notae caeruleae et censura acris nobis displicet. Speramus vobis omnibus placituros esse. Si hoc propositum non assequemur, nolite nos reprehendere.

Iterum plurimum vos salvere jubemus. Nunc vos, si vobis nostra opera placebit, et si nos ipsi neque in odio erimus, hoc signum mittatis. Sui nos existimationem merere sentitis, plausum date.

Tandem omnes auditores, vos patres et vos matres, puellae, bellae et non bellae, pueri, adulti aut parvi, vos omnes salutamus.

"The Ishmael of the West."

JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION—WILL. E. STECKEL.

UPON THE tents of the small colony pitched upon plains of Gerar the dew glistens in the dawn of a new day. One by one the little beads vanish under the increasing heat as the herald rays advance upon the arid plain. All is quiet in the prophet's household; even the slaves have not arisen from their humble beds.

The day before had been one of joy and merriment in the camp. With sound of timbrel and melody of harp all partook of the feast in the tent of the patriarch. Should any be morose or sorrowful; should any be sad when the banquet was spread for all in honor of the weaning of him whose name signified "laughter?"

The patriarch, bearing his hundred years with noble dignity, commands all to "eat, drink and be merry," for this, my son hath brought life and light to my heart.

But, while slave laughs with master, and friend with friend, the watchful eyes of the mother, Sarai, fall upon the features of Ishmael, the son of the bond-woman. "And Sarai saw the son of Hagar, the Egyptian, mocking."

Down in her mother's heart there immediately rose up a tempest of hatred against the low-born son of her hand-maiden, Hagar. Wherefore she said unto Abraham, "Cast forth this bond-woman and her son; for the son of this bond-woman shall not be heir with my son; even with Isaac."

The revelry ceased; the voices of mirth died within the tents. All was peaceful, even as the star-lit heaven above. But in the patriarch's tent peace found no resting place—"for the thing was grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son."

Can naught be done in order that the woman and her son may remain? Could not a reconciliation be effected between the two women—between the bond and the free? Must Hagar depart? And must Ishmael, his first-born, leave his sight forever?

"But after the fire" of anguish "there came a still, small voice: Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bond-woman; of the son of the bond-woman will I make a nation."

The sun now shone in all its fulness upon the homes on the plain of Gerar. Suddenly, yet as silently, the folds of the patriarch's tent fall aside, and Abraham steps into the midst of the village. He appears to be waiting for some one—possibly a messenger from Lot, or perchance a weary courier from distant Ur of the Chaldees!

Another figure and still another appear within the street of the village. Abraham's eyes grow dim as he beholds the two advancing—a woman and a youth of thirteen years. They draw near to the aged man. A few, final words are spoken; the last, tender glances fall from the patriarch's eyes, as he buckles a water bottle about the lithe form of the woman, and places in her reluctant hand the bread that shall support them in their journey. A simple word falls from the patriarch's lips—"Go."

Eastward, toward the wilds of Beersheba, the mother plods her desolate way; at her side, with agile steps, walks the youth. "And he will be a wild man, his hand shall be against every man * * * and he shall dwell in the presence of his brethren." Thus they part—Hagar and Ishmael to the wilderness; Abraham—to his tent.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning and took bread and a bottle of water and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder and the child and sent her away; and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba."

"Which things are an allegory."

To us, who are accustomed to boast of our government as the best under the sun, it is far from pleasant to know that, under its protecting care, the most absurd notions are set up as religious, and make their appeal under our constitution, for the same privileges and courtesies as are accorded to Christianity.

We would fain transform our land into a paradise of unpolluted and perennial purity, where naught that defileth ever can or will enter in. But despite our vaunted chastity, there arose in the beginning of this century an Ishmael, mocking at every institution of honor, morality and intelligence. While, with gladsome yet trembling hearts, the new nation was celebrating her weaning from the mother country; while, with holy fear, the foundations of American supremacy were being laid—in our very midst was seen the Ishmael, the son of the bond-woman, Deception, mocking—the Ishmael, who, when driven from the influences of Christian homes and intercourse, would bring forth a wild and ignoble nation, whose hand would be against every man, and who would dwell in the presence of all his brethren.

It is within the domain of history to record and recount the early life of this people; their expulsion from the State of New York; their perilous wanderings from Palmyra, N. Y., to Kirkland, O., thence to Jackson County, Mo., thence to Nauvoo, Ill. Farther and farther westward the serpentine trial of the deluded Mormon migration tends, until the arid region of the Great Salt Lake becomes the site of the fugitives' Zion.

The history of Utah and Mormonism is a long, repulsive recital of wrong, selfishness and basest ignorance—a piteous wail arising from the thousands of wrecked homes whose first key note under a monogamous wedded life was joy and mutual happiness, but now, as each succeeding wife darkens the already blackened threshold, the love and comfort of the first helpmeet vanish, and where once was peace, anxiety rules.

And yet, in their brazen effrontery, the Mormon leaders, in their bestial conceptions, would assure us that, notwithstanding the influence of polgamy, the moral standard among the young is very high.

"Out of a howling wilderness," they plead in their demands for equal representation—"we have reclaimed the fallow land

until to-day the fertility of Utah is marvelous; rivaling even the hanging gardens of Babylon."

Babylon? Aye, Babylon had her hanging gardens. Babylon had her false worship, and her drunken Belshazzar. France, too, had her proud Age of Reason, her abolition of the Sabbath. Utah, now a State—one of the forty-five stars shining in the western heaven of liberty; Utah, in the midst of these United States, surrounded by Christian and law-abiding neighbors; Utah, traversed by ardent missionaries; represented in the House and Senate of this nation; Utah, plead not thy vain, perishable fertility! The hanging gardens of Babylon, forsooth! Utah has her degraded, corrupt, cursed man-worship. Utah bids defiance to the world.

But, within the lofty-walled city of Babylon there dwelt a Daniel. Within the confines of reckless France there dwelt a Guizot and a Paul Rabaut; and behind the lowering cloud and azure sky over the irrigated dales and valleys of Utah, there still rules the God of nations and of men.

Where is our much-boasted Christian citizenship that we can unresistingly gaze upon this dragon, stretching forth its claw-like fingers upon this garden-spot of the world, and, with its foul breath, polluting every state and territory save seven?

Has the crisis been reached? Can not some certain remedy be applied to this festering wound of the Republic? Who the physician? What the remedy?

Behold! Yonder, in simple garb, unattended by any courtly retinue; unheralded by the shoutings of a fickle populace; footsore, weary, yet undismayed, come the physicians to the aid of this demon-stricken paralytic.

One carries but a single volume; the other several. The one is the herald of the true gospel; the other, the school-master.

Think you they are working in a lost cause?

And the Lord brought Abraham forth abroad and said: "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them." And he said: "So shall *thy* seed be. And I will bless them that bless thee; and *I* will *curse* them that curse *thee.*

WILL. E. STECKEL.

Commencement Week.

Sunday, June 20th.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK was inaugurated this day when President Seip delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon before the graduting class in St. John's Lutheran Church, the Rev. S. A. Repass, D.D., pastor. The church was beautifully decorated and the large edifice was filled by the students and friends of the College The baccalaureate sermon is given in full commencing on page 426.

Monday, June 21st.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

THE MOST pleasant event of the week, for the Seniors at least, was the reception given by President and Mrs. Seip in their parlors. The entire class accepted their kind invitation, and to say that they had a pleasant time would be putting it very mildly.

The principal diversion of the gathering was singing, and the Class of '97, famous in this line, contributed not a little share of it. The singing of Miss Rose Richards was one of the great features of the evening. Among those present, besides the entire class, were President and Mrs. Seip, Rev. Frank and Mrs. Seip, the Misses Hattie and Annie Seip, Adelaide and Rose Richards, Bertha Wenner, Mame Fox, Elizabeth Repass and Caroline Cooper. An elegant lunch was served.

Tuesday, June 22d.

THE FRESHMAN PLAY.

LIVY has been *cremated* by the authorities, but the Freshmen still adhere to the old custom of presenting an original play. The name of the play on this evening was "*Chronoheteroioses*,"

and the performance evoked much applause and praise from the crowded house. The following was the programme:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

C. U. Agayn, '47, an old grad, ... Claude R. Allenbach
Jack Undergrad, '99, his nephew, ... A. G. Beck
Emmanuel Luks Meakly, 1900, ... C. K. Fegley
Jim Slambang, trainer and coach to 'Varsity team, . . . Frederick R. Bousch
Robt. Eatsmud Sentear, '97, } Members of Football Team { . . . . . H. L. Straub
Ned A. Barber, '99, } Members of Football Team { . . . . . V. J. Koch
Hasn. T. Shortare, '99, } Members of Football Team { . . . . . E. Stattler
Geo. B. Rushlyn, 1900, } Members of Football Team { . . . . . R. W. Lentz
Maximilian Brightman, } Students, { . . . . . E. L. Benner
Reggy Popup, } Students, { . . . . . Albert G. Jacoby
Horatio Clasyc Vallindingham, B. H. D., L. E. M., Pres. University, R. R. Fritch
Archimedes Fahrnheit McKepheley, Ph. C., A. V. P., Dean of Faculty,
. . . . . Geo. R. Deisher
Curpayne Kutting Kutup, X. P. D., Ph. G., 'Varsity Surgeon, } Fred. L. Erb
Bully Blockley, a student, } Fred. L. Erb
Parker Swipsy, 'Varsity janitor, ... LeRoy G. Peter
Class 1900 Mascot, ... Master Charlie Price
Students, attendants to football team and other college characters.

THE PLAY IN BRIEF.

The scene of Chronoheteroioses is laid in a certain Edisyshon University, an old school with modern methods, situated any place whither your imagination may transport you—provided you stay within the United States. Imagine the afternoon of opening day in the fall term. Five or six weeks are supposed to elapse between the III. and IV. Acts.

ACT I.—A COLLEGE ROOM IN SILVERSPOON HALL.

Scene 1. Day time. "I wonder why none of the fellows are back yet." The reason why. A freshman. The skeleton in the closet.

Scene 2. Night time. "Could you loan me a V-chum." "Ow!! I'm caught." Jack's dream. "Good morning, chum."

ACT. II.—THE OLD CHAPEL.

President's address. A Sophy squelched. Agayn's speech. The bulletin board. Conspiracy. "Hits only a soft pine-shingle."

ACT. III.—THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

Puzzling perplexities. "Polonaising the tails?" A rovolving wedge split—"Another cot, quick." Tableau.

ACT IV.—THE RECITATION ROOM AND CAMPUS.

Scene 1. The recitation room. "Joined the Bloomer Club?" The Freshman Class in Implied Science. Kind Juniors. A visitor. "Adam's Pepsin Chewing Gum did it."

Scene 2. The campus. "On the chapel steps." Swipzy in a quandary. Agayn's farewell. The coach. "One more song, boys."
The songs and choruses are from old college song-books, adapted to this particular play. Specialties. Dancing girls. Musical Freak.

PATRONESSES.

IN URBE.

Mrs. Edwin Albright,
" H. L. Allenbach,
" S. B. Anewalt,
" G. C. Aschbach,
" Frank H. Bousch,
" J. S. Burkholder,
" T. H. Diehl,
" J. Edward Durham,
" H. H. Herbst,
" H. J. Hornbeck,
" Robert Iredell, Jr.,
" L. S. Jacoby,
" H. C. Keller,
" M. C. L. Kline,
" Geo. Kuhl,
Mrs. R. S. Leisenring,
" S. A. Lentz,
" John E. Lentz,
" F. G. Lewis,
" Joseph B. Lewis,
" Charles F. Mosser,
" James K. Mosser,
" H. F. Moyer,
" John Priest,
" A. J. Reichard,
" M. H. Richards,
" E. E. Rinn,
" Alfred Saeger,
" Thomas W. Saeger,
" Jacob H. Saeger,
Miss Anonymous.
Mrs. J. D. Schindel,
" T. L. Seip,
" Alex. S. Shimer,
" Henry Shock,
" Eugene H. Statler,
" R. Peter Steckel,
" Morris J. Stephen,
" E. H. Stine,
" Troxell,
" J. P. Wesner,
" J. Marshall Wright,
" Robert E. Wright,
" Mary A. Young,
Miss Eliza J. Keck,
" M. M. Hassler,

EX URBE.

Stone Church,
Mrs. Lewis Beck,

West Pittston,
Miss Cora B. Leisenring,

Mechanicsburg,
Mrs. H. N. Fegley.

Nazareth,
Mrs. Hiram D. Koch,

Lehighton,
Mrs. D. H. Straub.

Topton,
Mrs. Jacob Deisher,

Trenton, N. J.,
Mrs. J. Robert Weber,

Egypt, Pa.,
Mrs. F. Peter.

Phila., Pa.,
Mrs. Winfield Biery,

South Bethlehem,
Mrs. E. J. Benner,

Wednesday, June 23d.

JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Junior oratorical contest took place in the morning. Dr. Seip presided at the exercises. The entire class was seated on the stage of which seven spoke. The orations were of a high order both as to matter and manner.

The judges were the Rev. H. N. Fegley of Mechanicsburg; Dr. E. M. Hyde, professor of Latin and Greek at the Lehigh

University, and Oliver Williams of Catasauqua. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Humanity's Benefactor . . . . . Calvin D. Seaman
The Individualistic Impulse . . . . . Wesley E. Wenner

MUSIC.

The Colossus of the Federalists . . . . . Charles G. Beck
The Ishmael of the West . . . . . Will. E. Steckel

MUSIC.

Advolution and Coronation . . . . . Levi F. Gruber

MUSIC.

Lingering Voices . . . . . George I Lenker
Be Yourself! . . . . . Emile J. Kueling

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

SOCIETY REUNIONS.

In the afternoon the reunions of the Literary Societies were held. Both halls were neatly decorated with palms and flowers and presented a very beautiful appearance. In Euterpea the meeting was called to order by President Kistler, and the devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Waidelich.

President Kistler then called the Rev. J. A. Bauman, Ph.D., '73, to the chair, and the following was the order of exercises:

Selection—Piano Solo . . . . . E. L. Kistler, '98
Addresses by Rev. Neiman, '71, Rev. Waidelich, '86, Geo. Gensler, '96, Mr. Bachman, '91.
Song—"Alma Mater" . . . . . By Society
Addresses . . . . . Mr. Becker, '95, and Rev. Schmoyer, '93
Vocal Solo . . . . . Mr. Yerger, 1900
Addresses . . . . . Rev. Kercher, '93, and Nagel, '99
Piano Solo . . . . . F. L. Erb, 1900
Addresses . . . . . Rev. C. C. Snyder, '91, Rev. Kistler, '94, Mr. Stettler, '96
Hymn . . . . . .
Benediction . . . . . Rev. Neiman, '71

In Sophronia the meeting was called to order by the Rev. Wm. Wackernagel, D.D. The Society sang the hymn "Now Thank we all Our God," after which the scripture lesson was

read by Rev. Ritter and prayer was offered by Rev. J. A. Scheffer. The program was then carried out as follows:

Address of Welcome . . . . . H. K. Lantz, '97
Song . . . . . "There's Music in the Air"
Piano Duett . . . . . Messrs. Fritch and Allenbach
History of Sophronia . . . . . Henry Hehl, '98
Quartet . . . . . Messrs. Lantz, Case, Hartley and Erdman
Piano Solo . . . . . Wm. Hausman, '99
Piano Solo . . . . . Robt. Fritch, 1900
Refreshments.

TOASTS.

"Journalism," . . . . . David A. Miller
"Honorary Members," . . . . . O. S. Henninger
"Ministry," . . . . . Rev. J. H. Raker
"Law," . . . . . Leo Wise and M. S. Hottenstein

After an eloquent address by the Hon. C. R. Lantz, the Society sang "Auld Lang Syne" and adjourned.

BOARD MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was also held in the afternoon with these members in attendance: Rev. James L. Becker, of Lansdale; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Hon. C. J. Erdman, Allentown; Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel, East Orange, N. J.; Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D.D., Selinsgrove; T. W. Saeger, Rev. B. W. Schmauk, Lebanon; Rev. Dr. G. F. Spieker, Philadelphia; Rev. J. D. Schindel, Rev. J. S. Erb, Slatington; Rev. H. S. Fegley, New Tripoli; Rev. J. H. Kuder, Lehighton; Hon. E. S. Shimer, Rev. Dr. J. A. Seiss, Philadelphia; A. S. Ulrich, Esq., Lebanon; Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D.D.; Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, Allentown; Rev. J. H. Waidelich, Sellersville; Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, Myerstown, and A. W. Potteiger, Esq., of Reading.

Dr. Repass, President of the Board, was in the chair and Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel offered prayer.

The officers were re-elected as follows: Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, President of the Board; Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, Secretary of the Board; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Treasurer; Prof. M. H. Richards, D.D., Secretary of the faculty.

The General Executive Committee was reappointed as follows: Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, President; Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, Secretary; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Rev. J. D. Schindel, Rev. Dr. T.

L. Seip, Rev. Jesse S. Erb, James K. Mosser, A. G. Saeger, Thomas W. Saeger, Hon. E. S. Shimer and Hon. C. J. Erdman.

The Examination Committee was reappointed as follows: Revs. S. A. Repass, D.D., Jesse S. Erb, Jacob D. Schindel and Charles J. Cooper, Hon. C. J. Erdman and Thomas W. Saeger.

The Committee on Degrees appointed was Revs. Drs. J. A. Seiss, S. A. Repass, G. F. Spieker, F. J. F. Schantz and S. E. Ochsenford.

The Treasurer, Rev. C. J. Cooper, read his report, which showed these figures:

Total receipts, current fund	$13,957 38
Total expenses, current fund	13,950 55
Balance	$6 83

With the bills receivable and bills payable there is a balance on hand of $683.97.

Total receipts, permanent fund	$ 14,939 63
Investments and expenses	13,296 41
Balance	$ 1,643 22
General Endowment Fund	$ 39,341 99
Lehigh County Professorship	15,905 40
English Professorship	17,454 60
German Professorship	12,144 88
Mosser-Keck Greek Professorship	30,000 00
Asa Packer Professorship	30,625 00
Alumni Fund	400 00
Allentown School District Scholarship	800 00
Library Fund	501 00
Clemmie L. Ulrich Scholarship Fund	1,000 00
Clemmie L. Ulrich Prize Fuud	500 00
Total Endowment Fund	$148,627 87

The report of Rev. Cooper as the financial agent was also received. He reported that he had spent much of his time in the interest of the Jubilee fund of the Synod.

The bequest to the college by Rev. D. K. Kepner, of Pottstown, was reported.

The resignation of F. G. Lewis, Esq., as Principal of the Academic Department was accepted. Prof. Merkel will succeed Mr. Lewis, and Clinton J. Everett, of this year's class, will succeed Mr. Merkel, promoted,

PROMENADE CONCERT.

The Alumni's contribution to commencement week festivities was the delightful promenade concert by the Allentown Band. The campus was crowded with Alumni, friends and students. The scene was one of the livliest description.

The following was the program rendered:

March . . . . . Bennet
Overture—"Tancred" . . . . . Rossini
Selection—"The Wizard of the Nile" . . . . . Victor Herbert
Characteristic—"Maypole Dance" . . . . . Tobani
Patrol—"The Blue and Gray" . . . . . Dalby
Descriptive—"A Musical Episode" . . . . . Voelker
a. Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana . . . . . Mascagni
b. Caprice—"Twilight Whispers" . . . . . Laurendeau
Waltz—"My Dream" . . . . . Waldteufel
"Medley on Popular Airs" . . . . . Beyer
March . . . . . Reeves

Thursday, June 24th.

The thirtieth annual commencement took place in the Academy of Music in the morning. The house was crowded from pit to dome and on the stage were seated the graduating class, the Faculty, the Board of Trustees, Alumni and clergymen. "As usual, there was a liberal sprinkling of ladies in the audience, and they joined heartily in the applause of the oratorical efforts of the Seniors."

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

PRAYER, ... Rev. G. F. Krotel, D.D., LL.D.

MUSIC.

Latin Salutatory, ... Wm. M. Koppenhaver, (97.05), Second Honor

MUSIC.

Philip Melanchthon, ... Edgar E. Sieger, (96.13)
The Higher Ideal, ... Jacob A Trexler

MUSIC.

New Lamps for Old, ... Gomer B. Matthews
Die "Freiheit" in "Wilhelm Tell," . . . . . Ira O. Nothstein, (96.50)

MUSIC.

The Pennsylvania German, ... Willard D. Kline, (96.83), Third Honor
The Teaching Profession, ... Clinton J. Everett, (96-77), Third Honor

MUSIC.

No Pains, No Gains! . . . . . Archibald C. Schenck,(96.46)
Trial by Jury, ... John H. Sykes

MUSIC.

The Present Crisis, ... H. Morris Schofer
Mankind vs. Man, ... Francis Miller, (96.16)

MUSIC.

Valedictory, ... Franklin K. Fretz, (97-71), First Honor

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

Conferring of Degrees . . . . . By the President
Distribution of Prizes.
Announcements.
Benediction.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

President Seip announced that the Board of Trustees had conferred the following degrees:

Doctor of Divinity—Rev. Prof. F. W. Stellhorn, of Columbia, Ohio; Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, Lebanon; Rev. Hugo Grahn, Philadelphia, and Rev. William Ashmead Schaeffer, of Philadelphia.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the following members of the Class of '94: George D. Druckenmiller, Old Zionsville; Ira T. Erdman, Max S. Erdman, William H. S. Miller, David N. Miller, Samuel P. Miller, Fred. W. Wackernagel, Allentown; Malcom W. Gross, Perth Amboy; J. W. H. Heintz, Philadelphia; Wm. U. Kistler, Lynnville; Harry C. Kline, Philadelphia; Frank C. Longaker, Springfield, Ohio; Geo. C. Loos, Philadelphia; Warren Nickel, Applebachsville; Martin L. Trexler, Bernville, Pa.; Edwin S. Woodring, Chicago; Charles D. Zweier, Philadelphia.

Dr. Seip also announced that the degree of Bachelor of Arts had been conferred upon the entire Class of 1897.

THE PRIZES.

The Amos Ettinger honor medal, assigned to that member of the Senior Class having attained the highest average grade during the year, in all his studies, presented by Prof. George T. Ettinger, Ph.D., '80, went to Franklin K. Fretz, of Perkasie.

The Butler Analogy prize of $25 to that member of the Senior Class standing the best in a competitive examination upon Butler's Analogy, presented by Hon. Cyrus R. Lantz, of Lebanon, went to Ira O. Nothstein, of Allentown.

The Clemmie L. Ulrich oratorical prize of $25 to that member of the Junior Class making the best speech in English, as to manner and matter, at the Junior contest, presented by bequest of Clemmie L. Ulrich, Annville, was won by Will E. Steckel, of Allentown, with honorable mention of Levi F. Gruber, of Obold, and Charles G. Beck, of Hecktown.

The Eliza Botanical prize to the member of the Sophomore Class for the best essay and illustrative herbarium on "The Medicinal Plants of Lehigh County," presented by Rev. W. A. Passavant, Jr., '75, went to J. O. Henry, of Stine's Corner, with honorable mention of Wm. A. Hausman, Jr., of Allentown.

A prize of $10 to the student excelling as to knowledge of subject and proficiency in drill in physical culture, presented by Prof. H. H. Herbst, M. D., '78, was won by Will E. Steckel, of Class '98, of Allentown.

The German prizes in the Sophomore Class, consisting of books to the value of $30, presented by the Senior Class and Ignatz Kohler, were awarded as follows: First, John W. Koch, of Bath; second, Nathan Fritch, of Bethlehem; third, L. W. Fritch of Macungie.

The German prizes in the Freshman Class, consisting of books to the value of $30, presented by the Junior Class and Ignatz Kohler, were awarded as follows: First, Robert K. Fritch, of Allentown; second, Frederick W. Benze, of Erie; third, Arthur G. Flexer, of Allentown.

THE COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

Immediately after the exercises in the Academy of Music the Commencement dinner was given by the ladies to the friends of Muhlenberg at the college. There was, as usual, a large attendance and the repast was heartily enjoyed.

Our Alumni.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF MUHLENBERG COLLEGE met Thursday afternoon in the Chapel of the College. Dr. R. H. Beck, First Vice President, presided. Rev. J. J. Kuntz offered prayer. The class of '97 was admitted. Dr. H. S. Seip introduced them. The election resulted: President, Dr. Richard H. Beck; First Vice President, O. R. B. Leidy; Second Vice President, J. Q. Upp; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. G. T. Ettinger; Recording Secretary, Dr. J. A. Bauman.

Dr. Bauman read a memoir on Rev. T. F. German, '87. A motion was made and carried that the memoirs be published from time to time in the Muhlenberg. Another was made and carried that the memoirs be also printed in a separate book. The balance in the treasury to begin this year was $29.18. It was decided that the cost of a plate at the triennial banquet next year shall not exceed $1.50. The alumni scholarship committee reported progress.—*Morning Call.*

'69. Rev. R. F. Weidner, D.D., President of the Chicago Theological Seminary, will have classes in Greek and Hebrew and lecture on the English Bible, at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, Mt. Gretna.

'70. We were very glad to see Rev. Prof. W. K. Frick, of Milwaukee, in the East during Synod week. He is as enthusiastic as ever.

'73. Prof. Francis D. Raub, Supt. of the Allentown Public Schools, is attending the State Teachers' Association at New Castle, Pa.

'74. Dr. Edgar D. Shimer, Assist. Supt. of the Public Schools of New York City, paid a flying visit to his former home.

'74. Rev. J. Q. Upp, South Easton, Pa., recently celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate at St. Paul's Lutheran Church.

'78. Mr. Hiram P. Kuntz is Register of Wills for Luzerne Connty, with office at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

'78. The Philadelphia *Press* of May 30th said this of a former Allentonian: Professor Oliver G. J. Schadt, principal of an English and classical school in this city, has announced his candidacy for the head of the Central High School's department of languages, to succeed to the position made vacant by the death of Professor George H. Stuart. Among those who have recommended him as a teacher are: Dr. Patton, of Princeton; State Superintendent Schaeffer, Professor Coffin, of Lafayette; President Seip, of Muhlenberg; Dr. Hanlon, of Pennington Seminary, and prominent members of the alumni of the Boys' High School. He was born in this State in 1858, and was graduated from the Allentown High School and Muhlenberg College. At the age of 21 he was elected principal of Bethlehem Academy. In 1881 he received a fellowship at the famous Association Internationale de Professeurs at Paris, and taught Latin, Greek and English. Among the pupils there were the Prince Imperial of Japan and the ex-Queen of Naples. The President of the French College promoted Professor Schadt to a sub-directorship, and in 1882 he was summoned to St. Petersburg, Russia, as classical tutor to the sons of General Count A. Bobrinsky, grandson of their Imperial Majesties Peter III and Catharine II. Two years later he came to Philadelphia.

'78. Ex-Alderman E. F. Schock has been appointed Notary Public of Allentown by Governor Hastings.

'79. Rev. Carl N. Conrad, we understand, has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Thiel College

'79. Rev. Julius W. Knapp has completed his post-graduate work at the New York University by taking the Ph.D. degree. The subject of his Thesis was, "Indiscriminate Charity."

'79. Rev. William M. Rehrig, Ph.D., Greenville, Pa., and Rev. Preston A. Laury, '89, Marietta, Pa., for work done in post-graduate courses, have received the degree of S.T.B., (*Sacrae Theologiae Baccalaureus*,) from the Chicago Theological Seminary.

'80. Dr. George T. Ettinger, as President of the Board of Control of the Allentown Public Schools, has been appointed a member of the Committee of Sixteen to formulate the minimum requirements for teachers' permanent certificates for the United

States. Among the men on the Committee are U. S. Commissioner W. T. Harris, Col. Francis Parker, of Quincy fame, Dr. Schaeffer, State Supt. of Pennsylvania, and others prominent in education. This appointment is a special honor, as Dr. Ettinger is one of the two Presidents of Educational Boards represented on the Committee. He was also asked to appear on the programme of the National Educational Association at Milwaukee, but his duties as Dean of the Faculty of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, at Mt. Gretna, prevented his acceptance.

'81. Rev. Joseph W. Mayne, Easton, Pa., is considering a call to Ohio.

'82. For the first time in many years Rev. E. L. Miller, now of South Bethlehem, Pa,, was able to attend Commencement.

82. Dr. S. C. Schmucker, of the West Chester Normal School, is to have a most interesting series of lectures on Natural History, at the session of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua.

'84. From a recent number of the *Daily City Item* we clip the following: Rev. C. Ernest Wagner, Professor of Belles Lettres and English Literature at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, will be married on Thursday next at high noon to Miss L. Cathell, of New York. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Alexander Shaler, at Ridgefield, N. J., opposite the Palisades of the Hudson, and Rev. Dr. S. G. Wagner, of this city, father of the groom, will be the officiating clergyman. The couple will leave for Montreal, Canada, after the ceremony, and on Saturday will sail from there for England on a honeymoon trip of two months' duration, during which time the British Isles and rural France will occupy their attention. Upon their return in the beginning of September, a short stay will be made with Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. G. Wagner in this city, after which they will make their home in Lancaster. Rev. Prof. Wagner is a well-known educator and at Lancaster has made a host of friends by his unassuming manners and ability as an instructor in literature. For the purpose of perfecting himself in his line of work he has made two trips across the ocean to imbibe the benefits to be derived from the able instructors at historic Oxford University. This will be Rev.

Wagner's fourth trip, he having made the others in 1887, 1891-93 and 1895. Miss Cathell is a lady of great worth and character and is a well-known traveler. The trip will be a recurrence to them of pleasant hours spent among the places of note in the old country.

'84. Rev. S. G. Weiskotten, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed an associate editor of the *Luther League Review*, having special charge of the Department of Missions.

'85. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College, Prof. Francis G. Lewis presented his resignation as Principal of the Preparatory Department in order to devote all his time to the practice of his profession, law. The committee will recommend at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in June the promotion of Prof. J. Richmond Merkel, Prof. Lewis' assistant, to the Principalship. It will also be recommended that Clinton J. Everett, of Rockdale, now of the Senior Class, be selected as Prof. Merkel's assistant.

'86. The remains of Rev. E. T. Kretschman, the first honor man of the Class of 1886 at Muhlenberg College, who died on Sunday at Anderson, Indiana, arrived at his former home at Trappe yesterday, when services were held at Augustus Church, with addresses by the pastor, the Rev. I. B. Kurtz, and the Rev. Nelson F. Schmidt, pastor of the Schwenksville Church, who was a classmate of the deceased at Muhlenberg College and the Lutheran Seminary. This afternoon funeral services were held at the residence of his brother, the Rev. T. W. Kretschman, Chestnut Hill, by Rev. Dr. Henry E. Jacobs and Rev. Dr. A. Spaeth. Interment was made in the German Lutheran Cemetery, in Philadelphia.—*Allentown Item.*

'87. Miss Mary E. Schindel, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Schindel, of No. 818 Hamilton Street, was married on July 1st to Reuben J. Butz, Esq., a member of the Lehigh County Bar. The wedding took place at the home of the bride at 6 o'clock, P. M. Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, was the officiating clergyman. Prof. Alfred Ettinger played the wedding march of Lohengrin as the couple entered the parlor, and the march from Mendelssohn after the ceremony. The wed-

ding unites two of the oldest and most prominent families in the County. The bride is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women, Class of '86. She also studied at Darlington Seminary, West Chester. The bridegroom is the oldest son of R. D. Butz. He graduated from the Allentown High School in 1883, and from Muhlenberg College, with first honors, in 1887. He secured the Butler Analogy Prize in his Senior year. After studying law with R. E. Wright, Esq., he was admitted to the bar June 20th, 1889, and has since practiced law in Lehigh and neighboring counties, and before the higher Courts. He has for three years been the very capable solicitor for the Allentown Board of Control. He has been very successful as a young lawyer and has been actively identified in building operations, the firm of Ruhe, Butz & Saeger having erected more than fifty houses since he has been connected with it. Mr. Butz is a very eloquent and pleasing orator, both in Court and on the stump. He enjoys a wide reputation as a Republican campaign speaker. After a wedding supper the couple left on the Black Diamond Express for Philadelphia, New York, Albany and Pittsfield, Mass. At the latter place they will visit a sister of Mr. Butz. Upon their return to Allentown they will reside at No. 1435 Hamilton Street.

'89. Dr. J. Wyllis Hassler, of Philadelphia, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hassler, of this city, was married in Grace Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, to Miss Irene J. Trust, of the same city. It was an elaborate social event. The church was handsomely decorated, and the ceremony was witnessed by many of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride wore a charming gown of white moire velour, with a veil of brussels net trimmed with orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, Miss Adali Balliet and Dr. M. Margaret Hassler, both of Allentown, wore white organdie over pink taffeta silk. Miss Emily Wallace was flower girl, while Dr. W. D. Carter was groomsman. The ushers were Dr. G. A. VanLennen, Dr. W. D. Culin, Dr. F. W. Brierly and Dr. R. G. Dock, of Philadelphia. Immediately after the wedding a reception was held at the future home of the couple, 1503 Poplar street, Philadelphia.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'90. Among the comparatively strange faces at commencement we were glad to see George S. Kleckner, Moorestown, Pa., and

Reuben H. Bachman, '91, Uniontown, Ala., and Rev. C. C. Snyder, Centre Square, Pa.

'91. A Pittsburg paper gives this account of the wedding in that city of Dr. Wm. H. Cooper, who is a son of Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Cooper, of this city: At four o'clock last Wednesday afternoon Miss Harriet Lillian Bettis was married to Dr. William Henry Cooper, of Oakmont. The ceremony was read by the father of the groom, Rev. C. J. Cooper, assisted by Rev. D. H. Geissinger, D.D., pastor of the First English Lutheran Church, Grant street, Pittsburg, in which church the ceremony took place. The bride wore an afternoon dress of blue cloth with white collarette and front, and carried bridal roses. Her maid of honor was Miss Kate N Haynes, who wore an afternoon gown of gray and carried pink roses. Virginia Davis was the little flower bearer, and looked charming in a little picture hat of white and a cream flowered organdie over blue silk. The best man was Dr. George B. Moreland, and the two ushers were Dr. H. B. Bryson and Dr. J. K. Perrine. An informal reception was held in the chapel after the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Cooper go to housekeeping at once in a home in Oakmont and will be at home to their friends after May 19th. The church was well filled with wedding guests from Pittsburg, Allegheny and Oakmont, Mrs. Rev. C. J. Cooper, of Allentown, being among them.—*Daily Item.*

'93. Rev. Eugene Stetler, of Goulsboro, and Miss Soulie I. Benner, of this city, were recently married by Rev. J. Steinhaeuser in St. Michael's Lutheran Church. Rev. Stetler was graduated from Muhlenberg College in '93 and is pastor of a Lutheran charge in Monroe county. Miss Benner is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis N. Benner, of 138 North Twelfth Street, was graduated from the High School in '91, and has been teaching school in Southeast Allentown.

'93. Edwin T. Kunkel is the Principal of the Fairview Academy, Broadheadsville, Pa. He has three assistants and ninety-nine students, and is drilling a teacher's class of fifty for the County examinations. The school has never before flourished as it does at present.

'94. Rev. George D. Druckenmiller has accepted a call to the Freeburg Parish, Snyder County, Pa.

'94. Rev. George C. Loos is pastor of Bethlehem Lutheran Church, 30th and Diamond Streets, Philadelphia.

'94. Rev. Fred. W. Wackernagel has accepted a charge at Millersville, Lancaster County, Pa., and has already assumed his duties there.

'94. The wedding of Miss Louise L. Walter, daughter of Irwin F. Walter, and Rev. Charles D. Zweier, of Beavertown, Pa., took place in St. Michael's Lutheran Church, Ninth and Turner Sts. Rev. J. Steinhaeuser was the officiating clergyman. Rev. Harry C. Kline, of Hamburg, was the best man, and Miss Lizzie Gehring, of Mauch Chunk, was the bridesmaid. Rev. J. W. H. Heintz, of Stroudsburg; Rev. Charles Gable, of Reading; Rev. G. D. Druckenmiller, of Freeburg, and V. J. Becker, of Philadelphia, officiated as ushers. Miss Florence Brobst rendered the wedding marches. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of friends of the couple and was followed by a reception at the bride's home, No. 223 North Seventh Street. It was attended by only a few friends. Later the couple left for their home at Beavertown. Rev. Mr. Zweier is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1894, and of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Class of '97.—*Chronicle and News.*

'95. Of the "boys of '95," we noticed Bauer, Becker, Ellis, Lazarus, Sandt, Schadt and Snyder at Commencement.